FC3817.4
B698

Cariboo and NORTHERN B. C. Digest

WINTER 1947

35¢

A. F. BUCHANAN
[illegible] GORDEN AVE.
VICTORIA, B.C.

v3#4

p19, p.56

SERIALS DIVISION
RECEIVED
JAN 28 1976
UNIVERSITY OF VICTORIA
McPHERSON LIBRARY

Summit Lake, 28 miles north of Prince George on the Hart Highway — Photo by Wally West Studios

IN THIS ISSUE:

- BRITISH COLUMBIA ANTHRACITE
- FARM THAT TRAPLINE

Beath & Sharpe, Ltd.

FORD Sales & Service

Body and Fender Repairs, General Overhauling
Wrecker Service, Firestone Tires

SHELL

SHELL GASOLINE & LUBRICANTS

TELEPHONE **27 QUESNEL**, B.C., FOR PROMPT SERVICE

Agents for: RADIOS REFRIGERATORS TIRES WASHING MACHINES

Dunbar Motors Limited

Ford MONARCH

Complete Automotive Service

FORD and MONARCH SALES & SERVICE

Phone No. 123 Bralorne, B.C.

DR. FRASER BUCKHAM
COLLECTION
MODERN HISTORY 975.189

CARIBOO and Northern B.C. DIGEST

Published and Printed Quarterly by CARIBOO DIGEST LTD. at Quesnel, British Columbia.

Official organ of tht B.C. Registered Trappers' Ass'n.

Managing Edit., A. Sahonovitch—Ass't. Edit.,V.H. Frank
Contributing editors; J.A. Fraser, E. Collier,

VOLUME 3 — NUMBER 4

Contents

THROUGH AN EMMIGRANT'S EYES	4
A WINTER ON THE TRAPLINE	8
FARM THAT TRAPLINE	14
BRITISH COLUMBIA ANTHRACITE	19
NONE BUT THE BRAVE	23
NORTHERN PUCK CHASERS	25
WAR CANOE WATERWAYS	26
AROUND THE TOWNS	30
SPORTSMEN'S CORNER	65
THE NORTHERNER RETURNS	82
THE TREES OF YULE	87
COTTONWOOD PICTURE	90
IN ANCIENT REPOSE	104
BEAR TALES	106

Authorized as Second Class Matter by the Post Office Department, Ottawa.—No article or picture appearing in this publication may be reproduced without permission, in writing, from the author, or from Cariboo Digest Ltd.—We do not guarantee the return of articles or other material submitted unless accompanied by return postage and self-addressed envelope.

Advertising rates submitted on request.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES—$1.25 per year, $3.00 for three years (in Canada)— U.S. and Foreign, $1.50 per year, $3.25 for three years.

Editorial

'Skimmed Milk' and - 100 Years of Progress

The Hon E.T. Kenney, Minister of Lands and M. L.A. for Skeena, is reported as having stated at a recent meeting held in Terrace, that: "We must spend more money on forest protection, more on reforestation, and so manage our forests that we can be assured of a perpetual yield. . . **Let us not forget, that below the cream in the bottle, there is only skimmed milk."**

Very true. And we need only look south of the Canadian border to see what happens to a country which takes the cream off every crop, and 'devil take the future'. Since the beginning of the industrial era 100 years ago, the U.S. has been doing just that—grabbing the cream off every natural resource within her boundaries, using what she needed, and exporting the rest to world markets in exchange for gold, as fast as she could build new ships and invent new ways and means of extracting still more of the cream.

Starting in the era of the 'coal-oil lamp', with possibly 50 million people, she has progressed through to the 'atomic age' and shown the world how a nation can be made to grow, in 100 short year, to be the richest and most powerful on earth. . . A nation with the acknowledged highest standard of living, the highest per-capita income, the highest per-capita wealth. . . . A nation with most of the world's gold within her borders. . . A nation which **exploited** her resources — mined her metals, cut her forests, pumped out her oil, harvested her crops — on a grander scale, and with more efficiency than had ever been done in the world before, with the result that **the end of her resources are now in sight**, and unless she abandons her 100-year-old policy of 'taking the cream off the crop' in order to export it abroad in exchange for more, and more, and STILL more gold, she faces an economic collapse which will make the present crisis in Britain look like merely a dull day.

The fact that the U.S. has milked herself dry of resources in order to acquire the bulk of the world's gold, is not, as yet, generally apparent. However, this is the warning, which no less an authority than Secretary of State Harold L. Ickes issued to the American people: **"The U.S.A. is no longer to be listed along with Russia and the British Empire as a 'Have' nation, but ranks along with Germany and Japan as a 'Have NOT' nation."**

He went on to say that the end of U.S. mineral resources are definitely in sight; that the U.S. has less than a 35 year supply of the following minerals: petroleum, copper, lead, zinc, sulphur, natural gas, fluor spar, cadmium gold, silver, aluminum, vanadium, antimony, platinum, tungsten, nickel, chromite tin, asbestos and manganese. And on the basis of their 1935-39 continued on page 81

Over The Desk

About Game and Wolves

The Editors,
Cariboo and N.B.C. Digest,
Quesnel, B.C.

Gentlemen:

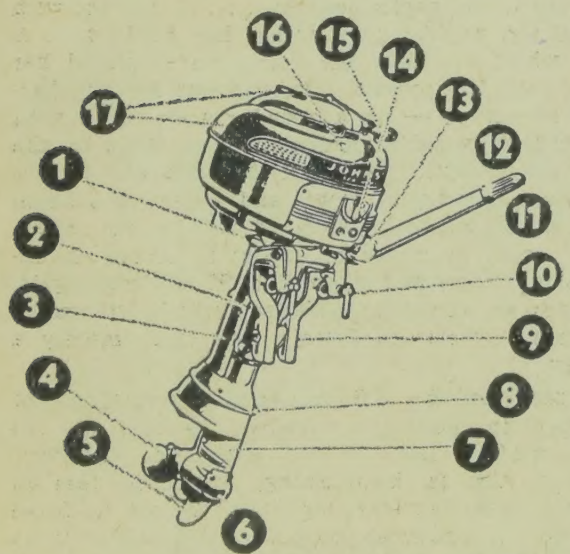
Collier's article anent predators in your Fall issue is particularly interesting and it is about this that I wish to say my two-bits worth. Last summer I had the privilege—or misfortune, depending upon the outlook — of travelling through Tweedsmuir Park. I went with a party under the guidance of Tommy Walker. We travelled from the Atnarko, on the south, as far as Big Eutsuk Lake. We saw whilst on the trail (one moose period). The distance was, all told, return, approximately 250 miles. The country is, as you well know, a barren wilderness.

Now, according to Collier's article, some person stated on the radio that most of the predators were north of the C.N.R. (As an aside, I might state that the way this character stated this piece of fiction would lead people to believe that anything north of the C.N.R. was not in B.C. but in some foreign country. Undoubtedly it is foreign to many of our (Brains) but, nevertheless, for their information, it is still in B.C.) However, as I say, we saw one moose. This particular moose was in a sad state of decomposition. All that was left of the critter was its horns, a lovely spread; its hide, a smelly proposition; and about an acre of torn up and bloody ground. Surrounding the carcass were myriad wolf tracks. According to an Indian packer who was with us, this moose was a three-year-old or approximately of that age.

Having no adding machine on the trip, it was impossible for us to compute the number of wolf tracks seen on that stretch of wilderness trail. By the sound of them at nights there must be hundreds of the varmints. By the size of their tracks, they must be as large as young horses. We passed many lakes, we crossed over the Rainbow Pass, which used to be caribou country, we camped on the Dean, on Tanya Lake, on Nahluzi, crossed the White and camped at Tesla Lake.

On the Dean, wherever there was a soft bit of shore line, there were wolf tracks. Where the trail leads north from the Dean we saw, or rather my dog smelled, a wolf den. I went to have a looksee. The den was situated on a bit of high ground. The outside of it was littered with bones; there were all kinds of bones—grouse bones, squirrel bones, deer bones, and for all I know human bones. At Tanva Lake, where the shore is muddy,

1948 Johnson Sea-Horses are here!



Check these Outstanding Features

1. Rubber mounted for smooth power
2. Co-pilot automatic steering
3. Streamlined housing, extra strong
4. Precision-built propeller incorporates Hi-Vac Cooling System
5. Strong propeller protection skeg
6. Generous size grease capacity
7. Streamlined gear casing
8. Horizontal splash prevention planes
9. Full tilting bracket, adaptable to boat transom angles
10. Positive-acting transom clamps
11. Convenient instant-stop button
12. Handy twist-grip speed control
13. Completely tilting handle
14. Visible, convenient dash control
15. Magneto — Johnson built, 2 coils, 2 breakers, 2 condensers. Waterproof
16. Ready-pull automatic starter
17. Convenient filler cap, securely attached to generous size fuel tank

And Coast to Coast Sales and Service

These are only a few of the outstanding features of the 1948 Johnson Sea-Horses. See them at your dealers today. Write for complete literature and "Know Your Outboard Motor" booklet. 947

Johnson Sea-Horse
OUTBOARD MOTORS PETERBORO, CANADA
A DIVISION OF OUTBOARD, MARINE AND MANUFACTURING COMPANY OF CANADA LTD.

the ground was interlaced, interwoven and matted down with wolf tracks. Not coyote, mind you, but wolf—tracks as big as the palm of your hand. At Nahluzi, where the beach is sandy and stretches for miles, there were literally hundreds of wolf tracks. In the country which lies between the White River and Tesla Lake there wasn't even a grouse to be seen. There was, it is true, some moose sign, and those of the party who went hunting on Cariboo Mountain, reported seeing three (3) cariboo and a herd of goat. They got one goat, although why they got it or what good those tiny horns will ever do them is beyond my wildest imagination.

Now, this whole country at one time abounded with cariboo, goat and deer. According to several alleged experts and one Indian who I believe knows what he is talking about, there were no moose in any of this park country forty or fifty years ago. Again, according to my Indian friend, who is an old man and has reached that happy period of life where he doesn't care whether or not anyone believes him, the wolves began chasing the moose down from the north and, having heard nothing of the C.N.R., they followed them. The moose grazed on the cariboos' preserves and the cariboo, aided no doubt by the influx of wolves, died out. Now the wolves are raising whoopee with the moose—and so, O learned brothers, is the Balance of Nature being carried out.

It is true that there is game in the park area. After all, it covers 5400 square miles of land. There are, according to the Indians, about sixty cariboo in the whole darned district. They are, I believe, on Cariboo Mountain above Oppi Lake, in Paradise Valley in the Rainbow Mountain country, and on the MacKenzie Mountain plateau in the same country. The moose are more numerous. There are (so I have been told) many of them. There are also (so I was told) many deer. Undoubtedly there are some grizzly, for I saw many signs of them, as well as goat. But that is the works. Guides and trappers and Indians alike give the area ten more years and then blotto! There won't be a damned thing. Then, O Brethren, the Balance of Nature will have worked itself out and, like the scales of justice, will wind up with a broken spring.

My Indian packer friend (not the old man) showed me the skulls of four wolves he had shot last year. He caught them in deep snow assaulting his cattle, and since his cattle numbered one old cow and two steers, he was annoyed about the matter. After all, one can't amount to anything in the cattle game if wolves eat up your stock. He had seen twenty-eight in one pack crossing Tanya Lake. As he said, they were 'great beeg booger." I asked him if these wolves were dangerous to humans, and he said, "He no eat me yet." But I gathered that he was impressed with their size, numbers and weight. "Ten year this country have nutting," said he. Now I willingly admit that this chap has no letters after his name. He belonged to no sorosis . . . sorority . . . whatever it is. He is not an educated person,

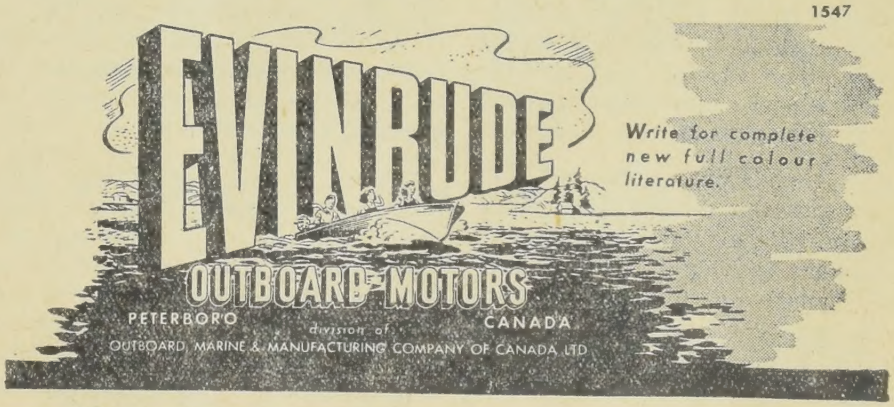
continued on page 83

Evinrude, always pioneering outboard motor developments, now presents a motor of unequalled efficiency. It's the new Evinrude WEEDLESS drive available in two favourite fisherman's models, the Sportsman and Sportwin. Thickest weed beds are no hazard for this new motor. It slices through them at high or low speed with no danger of fouling the propeller. It gives outstanding performance in open water too.

Backed by years of outboard motor experience and endorsed by thousands of satisfied owners, Evinrudes are masterpieces of modern engineering design and construction . . . and Nation Wide Sales and Service guarantee years of carefree enjoyment from your Evinrude. See the 1948 Evinrudes at your dealers now.

Write for your copy of "Know Your Outboard Motor" booklet.

1547



Through an Emmigrant's Eyes

by 'PEG' DEEDER

An emmigrant from the U.S.A., well known to readers of Cariboo and N.B.CS. Digest, gives her opinion on what's holding back Canada.

Much is being written about Canada's current immigration policy, both for and against. Personally I haven't been able to uncover the policy at all. I doubt if one exists, and if it does, it must be clothed in the utmost secrecy. If anybody actually knows what the policy is, I wish they would have it printed in black and white, so we dumb ones can understand it.

I migrated to Canada from the U. S. some fifteen years ago. I was not a furtive undesirable unwanted in my own country. I left a much higher standard of living, to land in Canada in the midst of a great depression. I came with banners flying, joy in my heart and eagerness in my soul. To me, Canada was a vast, glamorous country with a wonderful future. No one need tell me to go back where I came from if I don't like it here, because I do like it here, I still think Canada is a vast and glamorous country with a wonderful future, but I am convinced that I shall be dead and buried a long time before my adopted country comes into the heritage that is rightfully hers.

As an immigrant, I did not like the dole of the dirty-thirties. As a Canadian citizen I do not like the baby-bonus. Possibly if I had a half dozen youngsters I might appreciate it, but I don't think so. I cannot feel that a country so rich in natural resources need resort to any sort of dole nor subsidize the raising of children. I think that money, which must come in some manner from the tax-payer, could be better used in developing our potential wealth.

How many of us have stopped to wonder why a million of our Canadian born are living abroad? These are the cream of our youth that we have lost—and are losing every day: young people graduated from our universities, artists and scientists, or business men and women who have refused to be strangled by primary taxation and limited opportunities for expansion. There is scarcely a clinic, scientific laboratory, or big business anywhere in the world where we cannot find a smart Canadian or two—at, or near the top.

As an immigrant, I have never found Canadian opportunities what they were 'cracked up to be'. Due to a sparse population, we do not have the purchasing power to consume our present production, which we must assume to be merely a fraction of what it might be with extensive development of our latent resources. Our export trade is all very good. We export a lot of wheat and other commodities but why is it we import so much in the line of manufactured goods from the U. S. when we are quite capable of manufacturing our own?

Millions of people in Europe want to come to Canada. Many of these people are from the colder regions. These people would not hesitate to take jobs in Northern Canada if the jobs were provided. Far better to let these people in, as our industry expands, than to settle colonies of religious sects who are difficult to assimilate. The inherent conception that Anglo-Saxons are superior to all other races must be scrapped before Canada can progress as she might. I am a mongrel mixture of French, Irish, Norwegian and English, and I know that I am just as intelligent, and just as capable of good citizenship as if I were of pure British stock. I am an immigrant, but I know I have just as much love and loyalty in my heart for Canada as though I were born a Canadian citizen.

It is all very well to talk about international good-will, and good-neighbour policies, but, again speaking as an immigrant, I say that Canada is leaning over backward in trying to be a good fellow among nations. She is giving away more than her people can afford. She is slinking along in the shadow of her great neighbour to the south, and allowing her people to be exploited. Immigrants and Canadians can hardly be expected to develop a healthy pride and interest in Canada and all things Canadian while we continue to nurse our inferiority complex. It is high time Canada stepped forth with her chin up and shoulders squared and proclaimed to the world that she is a great democracy, and one of the leading nations of the world. We have a great heritage, which we must remember and cherish. During the civil war in the U.S., Canada gave sanctuary to Negro slaves and established the underground railway which brought many of them to freedom. Canada has always stood for freedom and justice. She has the great opportunity today of proving to the hapless victims of totalitarianism in

G. S. Wood

PRESCRIPTION DRUGGIST

Phone 1 *P. O. Box 38*

PRINCE GEORGE, B.C.

Europe that she still stands ready to welcome the oppressed and give them sanctuary.

Canadians are a reserved people, but we are inclined to boast about our high standard of education. Tak ing the most tolerant viewpoint, an immigrant may well question our right to boast. I have a high regard for our Canadian universities, but in regard to our system of rural education I can only blush with shame. The little log or frame schoolhouse of rural Canada is a most unhealthy place for a child to be. It is the place where epidemics originate, and where serious ailments not easily recognized are allowed to progress. It is the place where Normal School graduates go to get their first experience in handling children. It is the place where many a backwoods child ruins his eyesight because of inadequate lighting. This is the place to which many little children must walk or ride horseback several miles in the severe cold of winter; where their noon lunch consists of cold sandwiches and water; where their sanitary arrangements consist of an outdoor toilet and cold well water or ice water from a frozen lake; where their laboratories, if they are lucky consist of a few specimens in the corner of a one-room school, and where their gymnasiums are nonexistent. Finally, this is the place where many thousands of Canadian children receive their entire formal education, because their parents are too poor to send them out to boarding school, or too isolated to get them into town highschools.

do well to study the policies of our ment and education of our young people and of our immigrants, would

Anyone interested in the develop-Canadian publications. As an immigrant and a writer, this, to my mind is the most confounding problem of them all. Often, I have written an interesting bit from the Canadian scene, and sent it on the rounds of Canadian publications, only to have it returned again and again. So, eventually, I have sent it south of the border to have it published. Those same Canadian publications,

One of the highest tresles in the British Empire - is this P. G.E. tresle spanning Deep Creek, 55 miles south of Quesnel. In this unusual angle shot, the train looks like a toy.

however, fill their pages with news of U. S. movie celebrities or interesting events taking place in the good old U.S.A. We have pages of feature articles from American news agencies and syndicate services. We have American cartoons, medical columns, agricultural news, even columns of advice to the lovelorn all originating in the United States.

A certain weekly magazine recent ly announced that it would, in the future, be an entirely Canadian publication. In a recent issue I noted that the leading article was written by a well-known American writer. Turning the page, I saw that the scene of the first short story was laid in the U.S.A. Grinding my teeth in impotent rage, I turned to the next feature article. It was written by a woman living in Mexico City. Anything Canadian in that magazine was not discovered by me, because by that time I was so mad that I threw the danged thing in the fire. It's a good magazine too, one of my favorites.

This is the sort of thing that the Canadian artist and writer is up against. I can't imagine any other country in the world where such a state of affairs would be allowed to exist, least of all in the U.S.A. In

WRIGHT WAY CLEANERS

TOURISTS! - Drop your travel-worn togs of with us for EXPERT DRY-CLEANING & PRESSING —while you go on to your favorite Hunting or Fishing spot

-: TWO WEEKS FREE STORAGE :-

Prince George, B.C.

Corner of 2nd Ave. & Victoria St.

Telephone 209-L-1

Russia there would probably be a purge! What's the matter with Canada? Have we no great statesmen, no beautiful gals or cute kids? Has Canada no history, no human interest, no glamour, no culture. Have we no artists or writers capable of portraying the Canadian scene? Is it any wonder that our most talented youngsters are making tracks to the U.S.A. just as fast as they are graduated from our universities?

I listened recently to a quiz program originating in New York City. (Incidentally, the reason I listened is because this powerful station drowned out the weaker one where I had attempted to follow a C.B.C. broadcast) The woman contestant had asserted that she was widely travelled, and was answering geographical questions. "What country lies north of the United States border?" she was asked. Believe it or not, she answered, "Alaska". When prompted that it was Canada, she replied, " Oh,yes. One doesn't hear much about Canada, and I just forgot it."

As an illustration of the snail-like progress of Canada, I shall use my own beloved province of British Columbia as, it is the third largest of the provinces, and one of the richest in natural wealth. Ninety percent of its population is crowded into the extreme south; ninety percent of all development has taken place in the extreme south. The actual centre of this huge province is very near Burns Lake, a tiny dot on the map halfway between Prince George and Prince Rupert on the C.N.R. North of this line there is no development, excepting B.C's. portion of the Peace River country. There are plans afoot now, after many years of complete indifference, to provide a west-coast outlet for the 'Peace'. Only the good Lord, and He alone, knows whether the P. G. E. will ever connect the 'Peace' with Prince George. It is things like the P.G.E., that fabulous railroad which started out from somewhere and ended up nowhere, that have drained the wealth from the province, and sucked the producers of the interior dry.

The hinterland of British Columbia has always been a potential producer of vast amounts of pulpwood. Ambitious politicians have talked for countless years about the desirability of establishing pulp mills in the north. Only now, when the Celanese Corporation of America is building a fifteen million dollar plant at Port Edward, has anything been done about it. We spend millions on useless railroads, gives billions away and sit back and wait for American capital and ingenuity to come in and exploit our country.

In the northern half of B.C. we have two large ice-free harbours. We have an estimated billion feet of merchantable timber, the great Groundhog coal belt, and other well known basic mineral deposits. These are, at present, mostly inaccessible by rail or highway. Surely, when these vast resources are there for the developing, it is not necessary to think solely in terms of agricultural settlement. Alaska and Northern B.C. have long urged that a highway be built from Hazelton to Fairbanks, which would complete a transcontinental highway. The existing Alaska Highway does litle good to any part of Canada, and none at all to the most settled portion of British Columbia. A railroad across country from the Peace to Prince Rupert would open up a whole new empire, and make proper use of the northern ports Pr. Rupert and Portland Canal, which incidentally, are closer to the orient than is the port of Vancouver.

The only meat processing plants of the province are in Vancouver, the south-western corner of the province. The farther from Vancouver the producer lives, the higher his freight costs. Beef cattle are not produced in Vancouver, but far out in the hinterland. Henry Ford once said that eventually the processing plants would have to be moved close to the source of production. It is economically sound that this should be done—and the quicker the better.

Our tourist business, here in the northwest, could amount to many millions of dollars. We invite the tourists, but our roads are nothing more than an invitation to broken bones and contusions. The excuses

SAM STEVENS

PLUMBING, STEAM AND HOT WATER
HEATING - LARGE STOCK OF FIXTURES, PIPES, FITTINGS

Agents for FAIRBANKS - MORSE
Automatic Coal Stokers
and Water Systems

PRINCE GEORGE, B.C.

CARMICHAELS
SHOE STORE

'Service In Shoes'

Prompt attention to all orders for Men's, Women's & Children's HIGH QUALITY SHOES

Box 190 Phone 186-R-1
PRINCE GEORGE, B.C.

G. B. Williams

SUPPLYING PRINCE GEORGE and DISTRICT
with QUALITY MEATS and GROCERIES for 33 Years
TRAPPERS, HUNTERS, PROSPECTORS & RANCHERS Outfited

On Third Avenue — PRINCE GEORGE, B. C.

we are constantly given for poor roads is the shortage of manpower and machinery. Here again, I say, 'Let the immigrants in!' Let them work on the roads and on the farms. Let them go into the logging camps. Let them develop our mines. We'll have to pay them for their work, but they will spend the money for Canadian-produced food, clothing and manufactured goods. More production means greater purchasing power; greater purchasing power means greater equalization of the tax burden.

Conditions in British Columbia are little better, and no worse, than in other parts of Canada. We are too cautious about expansion. We pour too much money into the pocket of our neighbour Uncle Sam, which we could just as well keep at home. It is time the Canadian public was sold on the idea that we have no reason to be apologetic about our country. We can call ourselves Canadians now, and that's like the first step forward of a baby standing on its own two feet. We have a good heritage of bone and marrow, and we can grow to mighty stature in a short time, provided we cast off our chronic 'inferioritis'. We have examples of the wrong spirit of national pride all over the world, so it should be easy for us to develop the right spirit. While we make Canada a good place for Canadians to live, we should be able to, by our own example, show the world that democracy can really work.

* * *

Stop us if you've heard this one

"Good morning madam. I'm from the gas company. I understand there is something in the house that won't work."

"Yes, he's upstairs asleep."

A clergyman and a Scotsman were watching a baseball game together. The Scotsman continually took nips from a bottle, and the clergyman, no longer able to restrain himself, at last cried out, "Sir, I am sixty-nine years old, and never in my life have I touched alcohol."

"Well, dinnae worry yoursel' tae much," replied the Scotsman with a pronounced burr, "you're nae ginna start noo."

The tailor, selling his friend a new suit, was raving about the garment into which the other was strugling. "It's beautiful!" he said. "Even your best friends won't recognize you in that suit! Just take a walk outside for a minute and examine it in the light."

The customer-friend went out and returned a moment later. The tailor rushed up to him with a smile.

"Good morning stranger," he beamed rubbing his hands together, "what can I do for you?"

First spinster: "Is it true that you are going to be married?"

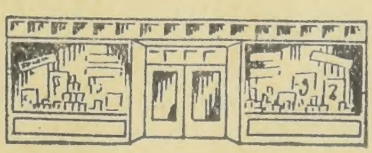
Second spinster: "No, but I'm thankful for the rumour."

OVERWAITEA LIMITED
THE 100% B.C. FIRM

"THE BIG THREE"

Quality - Service - Low Prices

TEA BLENDERS
COFFEE ROASTERS
IMPORTING GROCERS



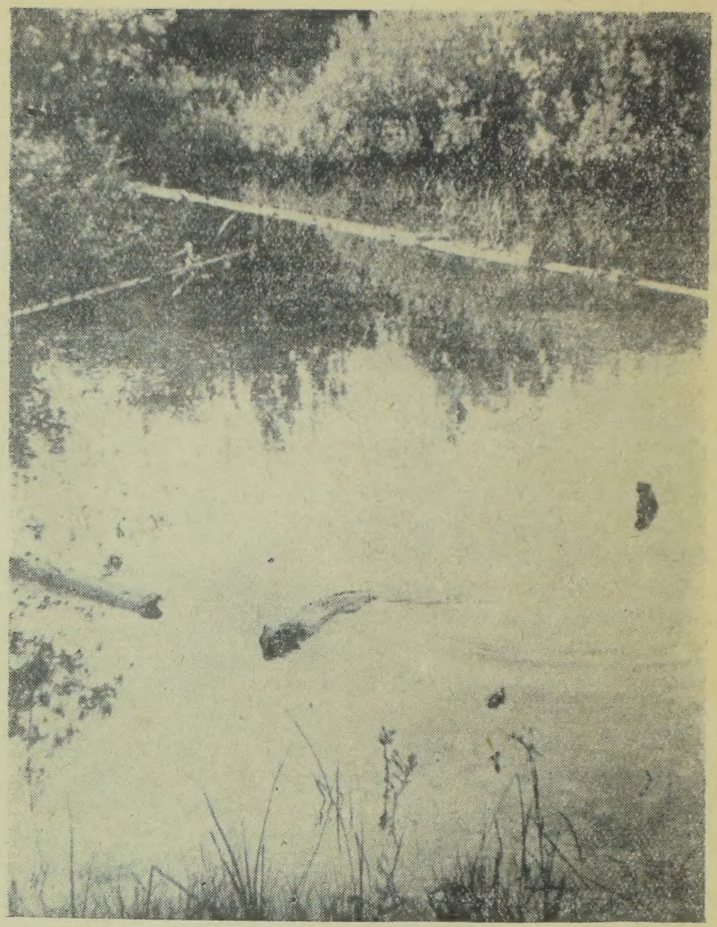
THREE STORES
AT YOUR
SERVICE

Quesnel & Prince George, B. C.

A Winter on the Trapline

by A.W.A. PHAIR

'Artie' Phair had taken a self-styled 'expert' out with him for a season on the trapline. Like most such experts, however, he proved to be far from capable, and though the results of his endeavours were often humorous, it ended in Harry's unwillingness to learn ,and jealousy, getting the best of him. We left them, in the fall issue, arguing over the similarity between a Hudsn's Bay dead-fall and a pig-pen, and take up the yarn from there.



Beaver - in his native habitat

Harry wanted to know how a bear could be caught in 'that pig pen', as he called it, so I showed him how it worked, but he wasn't satisfied.

"The way I make 'em," he explained, "catching them is a sure thing, and they're easy to make."

"Fine," I said. "We'll make another one, and make it your way."

He protested, saying that we didn't need another one, but I insisted. We went over to the next gulch about a hundred yards away. "OK," I said, "now where do want to build it and how do we go about it?"

Said Harry, "One pig-pen in this part of the country is enough."

I was insistent. "You forget that it's my kind of trap that's supposed to be a pig-pen, and that yours is much simpler and more effective. Now tell me what to do. I'll cut the kind of timber you want and you build it."

Harry flatly refused to take the initiative in building another bear trap, so we fell to and made another Hudson's Bay dead-fall.

It was late afternoon when we reached the cabin. He dropped his axe and said disgustedly, "There, we have spent the whole day making pig-pens. There never was, nor ever will be, a bear trapped in a pig-pen."

'Forget it." I snapped back. "Let's get supper. I'm tired, and I think you are too."

We had our regular bill of fare, and then sat back to discuss our next day's work. "We'd beter start our trapline tomorrow," I suggested. "You take one direction, and I'll take the other. We can each take twenty five steel traps to set on the near end of our lines, and make up some figure 4 wooden traps for the far ends of our lines."

Harry thought this over for awhile and came out with, "It's too much trouble to have half steel traps and half wooden traps. Besides, there's none of the right kind of wood on the line I intend to run."

"Have you ever seen a figure 4 trap?" I asked him.

"Not by that name," he replied.

"Hmm," I pondered aloud. "If that's the case, then you had better take all the steel traps except two. I want two for around the camp."

Harry took the offer of the traps as though that were a fair arrangement, and so, after playing a few games of cribbage we turned in. The next morning, following our usual breakfast, Harry gathered up some traps ,put them in a sack, and was starting off down the creek to the place where he had seen all the squirrel tracks, when I called out, "Don't go down there, Harry," I said. "The tracks you saw are squirrel tracks, An old trapper line you should know that."

He changed his course and went up the hill. I went down to look at my 'pig-pens'. I had a one-year-old bear in the first one. I took it out and had it about skinned and was

reaching out to break off some spruce boughs to put under it when I rolled it over, when straight in front of me on the rim of the gulch I spotted the mother bear walking slowly along the top. I drew my gun and downed it. I finished skinning the first bear, and then went over to the second trap. To my surprise, there was the other young bear. I left it there, and went back to the first bear, and took a hind quarter and the skin back to the cabin. By chance, I met Harry there. He had forgotten to take his scent and bait, and had returned for them.

His eyes popped out when he spotted the hide, and he said sneeringly, "Why did you shoot? Why didn't you let him get into the pig-pen?"

"The main thing," I replied, "is that I have the bear I wanted. Come and help me carry the rest of it in before the magpies and camp-robbers pick it to pieces."

Away we went, and when we arrived at the 'pig-pen', Harry looked first at it, then at me, and asked, Did it actually get in there all by itself? And if so why did you shoot him. I heard the shot y'know."

"I didn't shoot this one. I shot that one over there," I said pointing to the one on the rim of the gulch.

His mouth fell open and he stared at the animal in the 'pen'. "I never would have believed it!" he exclaimed. I took him over to the other trap to show him what had happened there, after which he almost had a fit, he was so excited. He kept muttering softly that he couldn't believe it, and that he wished he'd been there so that he could have 'plunked one'.

"If shouting could kill bears, you certainly would have bagged all of them easily," I retorted as I set about skinning the other animals.

Before the day was over we had all three hides tacked to the wall of the cabin, and had all the fat cut off and stored away for use in place of lard for cooking. We did not reset the dead-falls as it was too late in the season and there was little chance of bagging any more.

That evening we had bear steaks, with fried potatoes and onions, beans and bannock, which meal I always remember as being one of the most enjoyed meals of my life. It is not what a meal is composed of that makes it enjoyable, providing that it is reasonably well-cooked and wholesome food, but what you have gone without immediately and for some time before a meal, which decides how much you will enjoy it —and we had been without fresh meat ever since we had set out on the trip.

We worked late that night, smoking the meat so that it would keep. After setting aside what we figured we could use fresh, we cut the balance into long thin strips, built a rack, laid the meat on it, and built a fire under it of old rotten wood, sprinkled some salt on the meat, and covered the whole thing so that the smoke would flavour and cure the meat. It turned out very good. We didn't get finished until quite late, but Harry was in fine spirits all evening. The bear steak must have put him in good humour, for over a late cup of coffee, he favoured me with his version of his favorite song 'The Banks of The Wabash'. He was very jolly and hopeful. He could see all kinds of business ahead, having spotted all kinds of martin and other tracks on his line when he was out that morning. I told him that if we worked it right we could clean up a nice tidy sum, but Harry already knew that, and regarded success as a foregone conclusion. After telling me a ghost story he dropped off to sleep.

After a breakfast of bear steaks, I went to a small creek which trickled past the door to get a pail of water, and got the surprise of my life. All around the edges of the little pool from which I drew my water were the tracks of a huge Silver Tip bear. I came back with the water and told Harry about it. He got so excited he didn't know what to do. Finally he said, at the same time dashing for the flour sack, "I'll get him! I'll get him! Leave him to me.'

He dumped about a pound of flour into a pan, and followed this with about a pound of plaster of paris, poured some water on it, mixed it, and when it was a thick paste. dumped it into a piece of cloth and tied the ends with cord. He went out, found a pole, tied the cloth to it and suspended it over the trail down which the bear had gone. He came back to the cabin laughing.

"That's the last time old Silver-Tip will ever go up that trail," he announced. "When he comes back tomorrow, he'll eat the flour and plaster of paris and it will set in his throat, and he'll drop dead in his tracks."

"How do you know he'll be back

Service For The CARIBOO and NORTHERN B.C.

WARD R. TAYLOR, Accountant

INCOME TAX CONSULTANT

CONFIDENTIAL ADVISER

Quesnel, British Columbia

Assessor with Income Tax Dept. at Vancouver — 1943 - 47

tomorrow." I wanted to know.

"Oh, they're in the habit of coming back," he replied, "and besides, he won't be able to resist the smell of the flour."

I got a hearty laugh out of that. I could see his ball of plaster of paris and flour swinging from the pole over the trail. By morning it would be set hard, but it would have been useless to point that out to him. As it turned out, it swung there in the wind for a long time.

The following day we both set out to string out our marten traps. As Harry had all the steel traps I set out the figure 4 wooden trap. On my way back to the cabin I stopped to adjust one of my traps. After doing this I sat down on a log to light my pipe. Just then I saw a caribou walking over the top of a small hill. I reached for my gun and took a quick shot. He was almost out of sight and I thought I had missed him. Running up to the top of the hill thinking that I might see it again on open ground and get another shot I came across it lying about fifty feet from where I had first seen it, and it was quite dead. It had been a lucky shot. I bled and cleaned it, and taking the liver, set out for the cabin. Hanging it outside to cool off, I proceeded to get supper ready. Harry arrived in time to join me.

"Did you see any sign of caribou?" I asked.

"No I didn't," he answered, I heard a noise in the bushes once, but didn't go to investigate it."

I told him about shooting the Caribou on the way home, and about bringing the liver home to have for breakfast.

"You sure have all ahe luck," he growled in a peeved tone of voice.

"Maybe if you'd investigated the noise you heard you would have run into something worthwhile too," I suggested. But he only stared moodily at the floor.

The following day I was again lucky. On the way out to set more traps on the end of my line I found two nice marten caught in the traps I had set the previous day. On the way back I skined the caribou and brought the skin and a hind quarter back to camp. Later I soaked the hide for a few days to loosen the hair, scraped it, and stretched a piece around the broken stock of Harry's gun. When it dried it pulled tight and made a good splice. Upon reaching the cabin that day, I had hung the hind quarter up in a tree, skinned and stretched my two marten, had cleaned up and with the kettle merrily singing on the fire, was busy preparing supper when I heard the familiar 'Banks of the Wabash' and Harry presently showed up. " Hello," I said, "what luck?"

"No good," he replied. "Did you get anything?"

I pointed to the two marten skins stretched out on two cedar boards which I had planed down thin and smooth. Harry looked at them but didn't comment on them, but instead expressed a desire for tapioca pudding for supper. I told him that he could cook it while I got the potatoes and steak ready. He got a pot and filled it about three-quarters full of tapioca, put water in covered it and set it on to boil over the hottest part of the fire. Soon I saw him jumping around the stove dumping part of the tapioca out into another pot. He again filled the pots with water and soon he had a half dozen pots full.

We sat down to our meal minus tapioca—it was scattered all over the stove and floor. "Gosh," he said 'I don't know why it didn't cook right. I used to make swell tapioca."

I explained how it swelled and how

The work of a Game Warden is full of new experiences. Not long ago I was called upon to be the mother of four black bear cubs. The real mother of these cubs had been killed by an Indian who had been forced to kill the beast in self-defence.—The picture shows one of the school boys of Smithers layin on his back while the four cubs romp over him. Age of the cubs when the above picture was taken was three weeks.

A.M. Vinson, Game Dept., Smithers, B.C.

McRAE HOTEL

FULLY LICENSED — COMFORTABLE ROOMS

SMITHERS, BRITISH COLUMBIA

he had used too much water, and suggested that perhaps it had been quite a while since he had cooked any and had forgotten about it.

" Did anything touch your traps?" I inquired.

"Oh, sure. And some of them were sprung. But I can't understand why I don't catch anything," he went on. "I have plenty of bait in them, and they're all set right—the way I always used to set them, and I never used to miss one."

"Maybe you'll be luckier to-morrow," I said encouragingly. "And by the way, you didn't see any sign of the big Silver Tip, did you?"

"No, but don't worry about him. As soon as he eats that plaster of paris he'll be stone dead."

In theory, Harry's idea might work, providing no water were mixed with the plaster of paris and flour. But it cetaily wouldnt kill as puickly as Harry believed it would, if at all. If a bear were to eat the mixture, intestinal secretions might provide sufficient moisture to 'set' the plaster of paris, and the bear might die a lingering death of indigestion weeks later. And again it might pass through the bear without causing more damage than a mild case of indigestion. Someone had apparently suggested at one time to Harry the possibility of killing bears in this manner, and Harry hadn't heard right. His mixture, to which he had added water was now set as hard as a baseball, where it hung suspended from the path by the water hole.

We went up to where I had shot the caribou and brought down some more meat. Looking at its feet Harry remarked that they were similar to the feet of a cow.

"Yes, they are," I remarked, unable to pass up the opportunity, "altogether different from the ones in Montana." He agreed.

The weather was a little colder, and ice was forming on the creeks. The following morning we each set out along our respective lines, Harry going one way, and I in the opposite direction. On my line there was a small canyon which I crossed each time when visiting my traps. In the summer a small creek trickles down the canyon, but it dries up in the winter, leaving only a shell of ice over the creek-bed. I noticed the fresh tracks of two otter on the new snow that had fallen, and I knew those otter would be looking for a place where the water had settled in a pool and had not frozen to the bottom. I returned to the cabin and brought the two traps which I had left there, and followed the trail of the otter to where they went under the ice for the last time. There I set my trap. On the other side of the canyon was another hole in the ice. I set the other trap there and covered them both over with fine snow. I left no mark of footprints and went on my way.

My luck was not very good that

JOHN A. FRASER & CO. LTD.

Established in **Quesnel, B.C.** for 54 Years

General Merchants

Distributor for

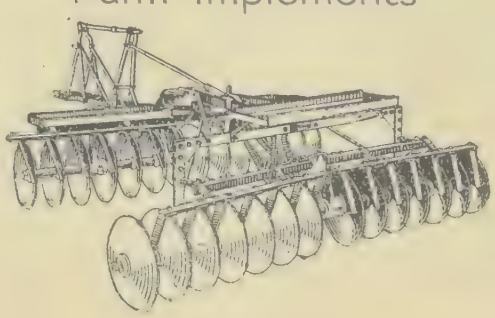
Robin Hood Flour

Milled From Washed Wheat

Agents for

International Harvester

Farm Implements



day. I caught only one marten, and saw a few tracks. I baited my traps as I went along the line with a preparation which I made in the cabin. I did not bait the otter traps, but set them in such a position that the otter could not help but step in them when coming out from under the ice. I got back to the cabin early that day, skinned and stretched the marten, and then took a stroll up the creek in the direction of Harry's trapline. Soon I came to two of his traps. Upon seeing them I could not restrain a good hearty laugh.

The traps were set on the ground with a piece of porcupine tied on the plate of the trap and the whole works doused in cheap perfume.

I turned west and walked about a quarter of a mile when I came upon a huge bear track pointing in the direction of my line and the big meadows. I returned to the cabin and found Harry busy preparing a meal and singing his favorite song.

"What luck, Harry," I asked.

"No good." was his answer. "Did you get anything?"

I pointed to the fresh marten skin on the board. "One marten."

He threw the dish cloth across the room to a table. "It's darn funny that I can't get anything!" he exclaimed.

"If you set your traps right, you'd get some too."

"Oh, don't worry about my traps, they're set alright," he exploded indignantly. "There's nothing the matter with how they're set."

I shrugged. "Okay," I said. "A man of your experience should know."

"You bet I do' And one of these days I'll come in with a whole pack load of those cunning dam marten. I'll outsmart 'em yet."

"I hope so," I said, and meant it.

We had supper, and after putting the cabin in snug order I started to split out some cedar boards with the intention of shaping them into marten boards and a couple of larger ones also, just in case I was lucky in regard to my two otter sets, when Harry suddenly broke in excitedly to say that he had run into something very interesting.

"Someone trapped here last year, and I found one of his old traps," he exclaimed excitedly. "They're just like the ones I used to make. He went on to explain just how the trap was made. A notch was cut in a tree about eight feet from the ground, and the bait was put in the notch. Then a heavy pole was set up with one end on the ground and the other end up near the notch in the tree. When the marten came to get the bait the pole fell in and caught the marten across the back, killing it in a jiffy - so he explained.

"What keeps the pole away from the notch until the marten comes for the bait?" I asked.

"Why, the other end stands on the ground. That's what does it."

"Yes, I know about that," I said patiently, "but what makes the pole fall when the marten goes in?"

He looked at me as though I were a greenhorn. "Why, the marten of course, just like in any other trap. It's the animal that releases the trip that catches him."

I was going to give up then, but asked instead. "What kind of a trip do you use?"

"Don't you see?" he asked in an exasperated tone. "The upper end falls into the notch and catches it."

"But what makes the pole fall?" I persisted.

He threw up his hands in disgust. "By the marten geting the bait. And if you can't see that, you shouldn't be trapping," he concluded.

"Well, don't tell anyone else about it Harry," I advised, "or they might want to know how a standing pole can fall into a notch when there's six feet of frozen snow banked all around it."

"You're just a little too thick in the head to understand it," he countered. "I'll have to make you one and show you how it works, and then you might learn something about this business."

I knew the type of set that Harry was talking about. It is an old method of trapping used by people who could not take steel traps to the place where they wanted to trap. To set this kind of a trap, a deep notch is cut in a tree about six or seven feet from the ground and a figure 4 wooden trap is set in this notch. A heavy pole is then run from the tree

BANK SERVICE STATION
" Your FRIENDLY Dealer "
Bob Lattman
HOME GAS
QUESNEL, B.C.

with the notch to another tree ten or fifteen feet away. The small end of the pole is kept in place by a peg driven into the tree at a forty-five degree angle. The pole then lies horizontally with the large end resting on the trip of the figure 4. The marten reaching in past the figure 4 under the end of the pole, pulls the bait out trips the trigger and the pole drops down catching him across the back jamming it against the side of the notch. The pole is kept from sliding on down the tree by a peg driven in at a forty-five degree angle at the botom of the notch.

It was obvious that Harry had never seen that type of trap set. If he had been a different type of person, I would have explained the whole thing to him, and would have given him all kinds of pointers on how to catch marten and other fur-bearers. Instead, we played a few games of cribbage and turned in for the night, and Harry talked me to sleep.

I had more luck the following day than I had hoped for. I got two marten and one otter. I took the trap in which I had caught the otter to the cabin and washed it so as to kill all smell on the trap and then went back and reset it in the same place. I covered all the tracks with light snow, and returned to the cabin. Harry was there ahead of me. When he saw my catch I could see at once that he envied me. "What luck did you have?" I called out.

"Luck, be darned," he snapped at me. "All my traps were full of camp-robbers. I would have had a good catch if weren't for them geting in my traps."

"Why don't you set them so that the birds will not get in them?" I asked.

"And how would I do that," he enquired sneeringly, turn 'em upside down?"

"No," I said, "but don't put ahalf pound of porcupine on the pan of your trap. Cover your trap and hide the bait under it. Cover it with snow and the birds won't find it."

"How in the devil will the marten get into the trap if the bait and the trap are covered with snow—you're talking through your hat."

Maybe so, but I get results my way, and you haven't caught a thing yet," I pointed out.

That silenced him. I had not meant to be so pointed, but I couldn't help myself. I pulled my otter over to the door and was preparing to skin it. Harry came over, looked at it, and said, "That's a good wolverine. How did you get it?"

"In one of the two traps we left here at the cabin," I replied. "I took them out and set them where I saw their tracks."

While I finished skinning the otter, Harry busied himself preparing his bait and perfume for the next day. I was pretty well pleased with my catch for the day, but I would have liked to see Harry bring in something worthwhile. It is discouraging to look over a trapline day after day and not catch anything but birds. Still, that very seldom happens to a practical trapper, or even a beginner, provided he has sense enough to learn. The sight of a trap on the ground will frighten away most animals, although mink and marten are not very easily frightened and their great curiosity often leads them into serious trouble. The coyote, otter and timber wolf are always suspicious of anything out of the ordinary and they have such a keen sense of smell that it behooves anyone trapping them to use the utmost care in the handling of bait near the trap.

When Harry had finished with his bait I started supper and said, "Let's go out to the lake tomorrow and catch some trout. Our traps can stand over one day, and a mess of trout would sure taste fine. We can get up early and get there in time to return early."

"Fine with me," he said

After supper I took my axe and chopped into an old rotten log and found enough white worms to do us. I put them in a can along with some

continued on page 100

IT'S NEW! IT'S EFFECTIVE!

The 'SCOTCHLITE' Reflective Sign

THERE'S NOTHING ELSE LIKE IT — Made to your specifications in varity of colours, they are the last word in billboards. We erect them anywhere in the Fraser Valley, Fraser Canyon, Lillooet-Brodge River District, Cariboo and Northern B.C.

NOVA / LITE
ADVERTISING LIMITED
George, St., - PRINCE GEORGE, B.C.

SPECIALISTS IN :— Scotchlite reflective signs. Neon signs, Neon Interior and Exterior lighting, 'Colovolt' cold cathode lighting, Aluminum Products. Glass and Glass Products and Silk Screen work — For CARIBOO and NORTHERN B. C.

The Trapper's Page

Conducted by - ERIC COLLIER

Farm That Trapline

I am not, I think, deviating very far from an actual truth when I say that in almost two centuries of fur trading here on the North American Continent little, if any, endeavor has been made by either trapper, fur buyer or government agency responsible for the administration of our raw fur resources to examine ways and means whereby the entire status of raw fur production might be lifted from that—what I would like to term catch-as-catch-can mire—in which it has seemingly been bogged, and placed upon the same pedestal as agriculture, forestry, fisheries, or any other of our natural resources. Some individual trappers have, I know, gone to prodigious labor and embarked upon considerable research work in an effort to prove—to themselves, at least—that, after all, the farming of certain types of fur-bearing animals in their wild state is not altogether beyond the realm of sound, economic theory; but trappers as a collective whole have ever been content to take whatever a benevolent Nature placed in the wilderness for them to take without pausing to ask themselves if there did not exist ways and means by which that same Nature might be given a hand with the task. And certain it be no Game Department has ever explored hidden channels which, if charted, might increase the fur-bearing assets which come under their administration perhaps five and ten fold.

I say that there are some trappers who have scratched their heads and looked at this whole picture a trifle more closely in an effort to place the trapping business on a more sound footing and two such cases which come into my mind are rather close neighbors of mine (if one can apply the term to men who live thirty and forty miles away from you, respectively) and both have proved (to themselves, anyway) that, after all, a registered trapline is not altogether unlike a quarter section of agricultural land; a certain amount of what one takes out MUST be plowed under again if the investment is to yield dividends. A fact that seems to have been entirely overlooked where the fur trade of the North American Continent is concerned.

It was, I think, somewhere around 1930 that Mr. E. Bobb and Mr. A. Parker moved back into the country where they both now reside and embarked upon the somewhat hazardous venture of attempting to glean for themselves a pittance from that wilderness; through the propagation of certain fur-bearing animals in their natural habitat. When an individual pre-empts one hundred and sixty acres of land with a view to farming its soil, he usually has this much in his favor: that soil is virgin and the only prerequisite to raising a crop is that of turning the sod with a plow. Neither Parker nor Bobb had such a legacy in their favor. They had an assortment of derelict beaver dams, in which no beaver had lived for a quarter century or more; several hundreds of acres of marsh land, upon which there was no water; and several thousands of acres of jackpine and scrub fir timber, which, in the way of fur-bearers, held little but coyotes and red squirrel. Said E. R. Bobb (who had had a little experience with fur-bearing animals in the state of North Dakota) when he sized the situation up: "I reckon this country harvested a pile of fur—about the time Queen Victoria was wearing pinafores."

Where one man—or group of men—can tear down and destroy, perhaps another can re-build. Past generations of Indian—and other—trappers had seemingly stripped that country of the fur-bearing animals it once harbored. And in the case of the Indian we should refrain from lifting our hands in mock reproach; for the Indian did exactly what the more intelligent ! ! ! (pardon the exclamations, Mister Editor) white man encouraged him to do—took every fur-bearing animal foolish enough to place a foot upon the pan of the trap. All he left was the coyotes—and neither white nor Indian has yet proved smart enough for them.

Where one can tear down and destroy . . . . . Any given piece of wilderness can be almost raped of its very last fur-bearer, but if an adequate food supply be available such fur can definitely be brought back. As Mr. Bobb and Mr. Parker have both adequately demonstrated. Before embarking upon this article

I solicited certain data from Mr. Bobb's books and discovered in the first winter of his occupation of that "line" he harvested sixty-seven dollars worth of fur therefrom. Not, I think, because he knew little of the finer art of running his traps but because the fur was not there to trap. Then, flipping the pages, I moved on some ten or twelve years. In April, 1943, I discovered that the line had sold eleven hundred muskrat pelts. In February of 1942 there was an entry of fifteen mink (wild) sold. Weasel, otter and one or two other articles dotted the pages. I was curious about those muskrat and mink pelts, so I asked Bobb how many rats and mink might have been taken on the "line" that first year he took it up.

"It's this way," Bobb explained. "If I had taken every rat upon the "line," I might possibly have got seventy-five pelts. As it was, I had to leave the rats more or less untrapped for three years in order to get a decent supply of breeding stock established."

"And mink?"

Bobb grinned, a trifle sourly. "H--l, the first two years I was in here a mink track around this neck of the woods was as rare as a natural blonde. But once I got the muskrat back into the lakes again the mink came without invitation."

Another item of interest read, under date September, 1943,—two pairs beaver liberated. And under date April, 1947,—eleven beaver colonies. Or a population of some seventy or eighty beavers. The original two pair were live trapped on the Bowron Lake Game Reserve and liberated on the Bobb "line" by the B.C. Game Department.

A record of the Parker "line" over a like period of years would provide very much the same material. And there is a story to such figures, a story that has as its entire theme the single word "conservation." A story of two men attempting to rebuild what others had wrecked, of two men giving back to that wilderness some of the life, wealth, which insane and greedy exploitation of other years had taken from it.

I certainly have not the space in this article to embark upon the full chronicle of how these two traplines were "farmed" into yielding the healthy dividends they are at present yielding their present owners, for its telling would be a lengthy business indeed, one which dealt with persistent war waged against the horned owl, the otter and like predators which wreak such devastating havoc with all wild life, furred, feathered and otherwise. It is a saga of dams erected so that the melting snows of spring might again be conserved upon the marshes, of ditches dug, of entire watersheds being diverted, of lakes created where before there had been no lakes. Lakes in which aquatic roots—food for muskrat—began to take seed, around which dense stands of poplar and willow crowded the water's edge. And all the most fastidious of beaver asks from life is a sufficient depth of water in which to splash his tail and a plentiful supply of shrubs which furnish it energy. Give him these things, give him protection against both two-legged and pawed predators, and the colonies will increase rapidly.

The two registered trappers to whom I have been referring are not the only ones of their calling engaged in what I would term "conservatively farming their traplines." In the higher altitudes trappers are increasing their breeding stock of marten through intelligent trapping methods, and up north are those who conscientiously farm their beaver colonies. But the job is certainly not being done upon the provincial-wide scale upon which it might be done. Especially does this apply to the Indian traplines, hundreds of which have not a single beaver left upon them.

The two fur-bearing animals most successfully propagated in their native state are the beaver and the muskrat. And I believe that the pelts of these two animals are most likely to remain at a profitable value in the years ahead. Especially the latter. For the pelt of the muskrat is very durable, has that soft underfur so desirable in a finished coat, and can be sold under a variety of different trade names. Most registered traplines embrace within their boundaries a certain acreage of rivers, creeks, sloughs and lakes. And, providing such waters are not too glacial, my own knowledge of this business leads me to believe that the returns from sale of muskrat pelts alone would yield the owners of such lines very good profit indeed. If conditions can be made suitable for such muskrat.

If the waters possess a natural supply of the feeds upon which a muskrat lives, then there will—or should—be muskrat there. The quantity, of course, depends entirely upon the amount of feed and the protection the owner of the line is able to give his muskrat. By protection, I refer to his ability to keep poachers away from such waters and the endeavor he dis-

HOUSTON Cash & Carry
J. . Goold, proprietor
GROCERIES — DRYGOODS
HARDWARE
QUALITY Merchandise At
Prices You Can Afford to Pay
HOUSTON, B. C.

LOUIS KRAUSE
General Stores
— *A COMPLETE LINE OF GENERAL MERCHANDISE* —
New Enlarged Premises -:- Coffee Shop -:- Rest Rooms
— *SHELL GAS and OIL -s- AUTOMOBILE ACCESSORIES* —
MARGUERITE, B. C.

A heavy stand of starchy feeds - such as seen in this picture - are essential to good rat production.

After thirty days of trapping comes the pay off. The writer grading and packing 1,000 muskrat pelts before shipping to the Hudson's Bay Co. for sale.

plays in keeping the horned owl and otter to a minimum. In regard to the former, I might say that Mr. Bobb, Mr. Parker and myself (our countries more or less link together) each have about fifty traps out for horned owls both winter and summer. During the winter months we run these "owl lines" where our lines for the short-haired fur-bearers are run; in the spring and summer months the traps are moved to the beaver and rat swamps. Mr. Bobb has, I know, taken close to one hundred and fifty owls in one summer. Parker, next door to him, carries on a like feud against this destructive bird. I myself, three years ago, took one hundred and twenty in the months May through to November. If we can presume—and I think we safely can—that one horned owl—once it gets onto the game—will get away with at least a half dozen muskrat during the course of a summer, then time spent in trapping such owls is not, by a long shot, wasted. At the same time, with each owl thus destroyed, the lives of countless ducks, grouse, as well as small fur-bearing animals are saved. It seems to be all part of the job of farming the trap line.

For certain reasons, which I think will be quite obvious to any trapper that has had any experience with the animals, I cannot generalize upon the activities of the otter in regard to his destructive habits among muskrat and young beavers. For reasons best known to themselves, the B.C. Game Commission enforce a closed season upon otter from May 15th to November 1st. In some portions of the province from May 15th to March 1st of following year. Any of us with actual knowledge of these things realize that one pair of otter will destroy one hundred muskrat in the course of a year. I would like to quote an experence that befell Bobb in this respect. Unknown to him a couple of otter moved into one of his rat colonies in January. They apparently moved in a violent snowstorm and thus their drag was covered. Some fifty-three rat houses were in the lake, yet in March, when trapping operations commenced, **not one single rat was left in the lake.** The otter had taken over a large rat house, settled down for the remainder of the winter, and fared very well on muskrat meat. The value of the otter themselves ran about sixteen dollars per pelt. Value of the rats they destroyed (pelt value alone) was over a hundred dollars. We also suspicion otter of "cutting" beaver dams in the winter months. We have evidence that they do kill young beavers if they can catch the kits away from the old female. And we are not raising either rat or beavers as feed for otter. Therefore, if we are to get the returns from this business to which our labor entitles us—like the horned owl, we have got to destroy every otter that makes a slide around our beaver or rat waters. How we do so is something best kept to ourselves.

But what if such waters have no

GRANDVIEW HOTEL
Frank Suomi, proprietor
LICENSED PREMISES — HOME COOKED MEALS
Clean and Comfortable *"HOME" Gas and Oil*
SOUTH HAZELTON, B. C.
On The Main Highway — Overlooking The Skeena Valley

LAKESHORE LODGE
Comfortable, Clean & 'Homey'
ROOMS & CABINS
—DINING ROOM—
Situated on the shore of Lovely BURNS LAKE
Three Blocks South - on the road to - Tweedsmuir Park
BURNS LAKE, B.C.

story. It is part of what I mean when I use the term "farming a registered trapline."

If Nature has not provided those waters with a quantity of the different feeds essential to the production of a heavy muskrat pelt, then perhaps the owner of the line can produce those feeds himself. It is troublesome, I'll admit, but then there is a bit of labor attached to breaking and seeding one hundred and sixty acres of sod with wheat, oats or barley.

About twelve years ago I got the crazy notion into my head that one could actually make a decent living for himself farming muskrat and beaver in their natural state. Experienced gleaned in those years has furnished me no valid reason for changing my mind. However, such experience has left me with this conviction: If one is going to reap those dividends from the business which might be reaped he has got to help Nature along in her tasks. And this applies to both beaver and muskrat. I told the Editor of Cariboo Digest that the present article would run about three thousand words. He'll be lucky if he gets by with less than five thousand. So because all editors are long-suffering, overworked animals, and because they have scores of manuscripts to pore over from which to make their selections for the coming issue, I'll leave the beaver for some other time and devote the remainder of this article to the muskrat.

There is as much difference in muskrat pelts as there is between a well-fed two-year-old Hereford steer and an old stag of a Texas longhorn that has been up in the hills for the last six or seven years. In both cases it is feed that determines the quality of the salable product. Two years ago my heavy seal rats fetched three dollars and seventy-five cents per pelt. The light, or ordinary, rats averaged but two dollars. Last spring the heavies fetched two-thirty, the ordinaries one twenty-five. I do not particularly want to sell ordinary, or light, rats if, by investing a little money and time—by plowing back into the line some of those returns which I take from it—I can produce one hundred per cent heavies. Neither do I want to have upon my trapline any areas of water which yield me no income if, through my own agency, those waters can produce revenue. If a creek, lake or river is to produce heavy seal rats, then it must grow a variety of the starchy feeds which so determine the quality of the muskrat. Unless those feeds are heavy in starch content, the best one can hope for is an ordinary or light rat. There are roughly about eighteen different types of rat food, some of which grow native in the waters of interior British Columbia, some of which do not. In the first class we have, among others, cattail, Burreed, the sedge grasses, spatterdock, the pondweeds—both sago and brownleaf—bulrush, and one or two others the names of which I do not know. Of these cattail, spatterdock, sago pondweed and bulrush possess the highest rating in starch content. The latter class embraces such feeds as wild rice, wild celery, deep-water duck potato and the wapato or rat potato. Perhaps some of these aquatic plants do grow in British Columbia; I have never seen any in the Interior though.

I believe ANY of these aquatic plants can be sown in waters lacking such feeds, providing conditions be right. And by conditions I refer to the nature of the waters and soil content of the lake, creek or river bottom. I have studied and experimented with many of the aquatic grasses and tubers mentioned and believe that wild rice will perhaps produce more rats per acre than any other single growth, providing that some deep-water feed such as sago pondweed or wild celery or spatterdock be grown in

Hawker's
Meat Market
Wholesale and Retail
VANDERHOOF, B.C.

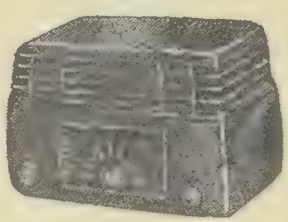
E. A. AHLM
HARDWARE, RADIOS, HOUSEHOLD GOODS — NEWSSTAND
Agent for Massey-Harris Co.
VANDERHOOF, B.C.

FORT FRASER HOTEL
E. M. Burr
HOME COOKED MEALS
LICENSED PREMISES
FORT FRASER, B. C.

NECHAKO MOTORS
G.E. Johnston, mgr.
General Motors Products
"SHELL" Gasoline & Oil:
VANDERHOOF, B.C.

FRASER'S STORE
(Bruce Russell proprietor)
GENERAL MERCHANT
"SHELL" Gas & Oil
on the Lakeshore
FORT ST. JAMES, B.C.

L. C. FRENCH
General Merchant
Groceries - Hardware
John Deere Farm Machinery
VANDERHOOF, B.C.



Bryant Motors Ltd.

DODGE and DeSOTO CARS

DODGE TRUCKS

★ *Chrysler Industrial Units*

★ *Lawrence Yarders*

★ *H. K. F. Sawmills & mill accessories*

All Lines Stocked at Prince George

Complete Automotive Service

Central B. C's. most Modern Garage

We carry the largest stock of CHRYSLER parts in Northern B. C.

Free Maps - Tourist Information

WIRE **WRITE**

Prince George, B. C.

aquatic growth in them suitable for muskrat? That question brings me to the core of this article, and my answer to it is the plot of the entire conjunction with it. Certain it is that my own experimentations with wild rice leave little doubt within my own mind but what muskrats prefer it to any other type of feed. If wild rice attains a good, healthy stand, its stalk below water level is almost an inch thick. And such stalk is, I believe, very heavy in starch content. One such stand upon my line this year reached a height of seven feet; but for reasons I have not the space to mention here that stand, although loaded with seed on the 21st day of August, did not produce a crop. The seed failed to go into the milk.

But to purchase a quantity of wild rice seed, toss it into the water and expect it to grow will probably culminate in the purchase price of the seed being entirely lost. I know, because my first two years of experimentation with this seed produced no results whatsoever. The first year, only in one of the seven different pieces of waters sown was there any likelihood of success being achieved. And this proved of short duration. Not because the seed was no good, but because I knew nothing about what I was doing.

If wild rice be given a certain treatment before it is sown, it will take root in almost any type of water save alkali. However, the fact that the seed sprouts and forms growth does not, by a long shot, foretell a crop which will go into the grain come next September. For unless conditions be right very little will ever reach even the "floating" leaf stage. Or, though the entire sowing does survive to the floating leaf stage, it is doubtful whether the main stem will ever go into the tassel.

If wild rice is to be grown successfully—as I believe it can be on hundreds of traplines in the province—it MUST be sown (a) where there is a rich mud bottom, and (b) where **there is a free exchange of water.** This latter requirement is definitely more essential than the

continued on page 95

British Columbia Anthracite

by STEPHEN SANDERS

Coal is headline news all over the world, and Mr. Phillip Barchard, Chief Engineer of the BCER gas division, speaking to the Pacific Coast Branch, technical section, of Canadian Pulp and Paper Association, in Vancouver, this Spring, sees a grave question facing them if increased cost of coal and coke continue to "brake" western British Columbia's industrial expansion.

Mr. Barchard declares **"there is urgent need for forward planning"** and also makes the statement "the picture on fuel oil and heavy industrial oil is not too encouraging."

Mention of "forward planning" brings to mind the final reading by The Commons, during the month of July, to a Bill providing for the cancellation of $55,416,164 of the relief debts built up by the western provinces during the depression, and for the refunding of $60,233,379 borrowed from the Dominion during the same period. Finance Minister Abbott said $165,000,000 is involved.

While part of the relief debt, namely $55,416,146, will be cancelled **the remainder will be repayable with out interest during the next 30 years.** British Columbia received a cancellation of an amount of $8,342,190 and will now refund to the Dominion by a new issue of treasury bills but without interest an amount equal to the cancelled debt, $8,342,190.

This terrible burden on the taxpayers of British Columbia was contracted in the now famous depression years of the "thirties", and is double the amount estimated by experts, needed to develop an area in British Columbia, that would have changed not only the conditions of the depression, but, would have industrialized the northern portion of the still undeveloped rich natural resources so urgently required by everyone, not only in British Columbia, or Canada but throughout the entire world.

Here in Canada, however, Canadians building new homes do not know what type of heating systems to install - this fuel is scarce - that fuel will be unobtainable - do not put in oil, etcetera, etcetera, etcetera. Those with gas furnaces suffered last winter when consumption was cut during the most needed cold period. Those using oil had their tanks exhausted and suffered clogged filter systems with sediment sucked through their oil pipes by straining after the last drop of much needed warmth.

Coal was scarce and of a poor quality in spite of tremendous shipments brought into Canada each year, mainly from the United States and the United Kingdom. Importations for the first six months of 1945, 1946 and 1947 respectively are as follows: $98,065 000; $105,763,000; and $51,475,532. (1947 figures to the end of May only).

Oil will stay in short supply for sometime to come. The sawdust will be utilized more and more for industrial use such as wall-board, etc., - gas and coke require coal in their manufacture, - so that leaves us with coal as our fuel of the future.

Where is the coal to come from? Production in England is faltering - that of the United States uncertain and each year showing added requirements within their own borders.

The only known body of Anthracite or Semi - Anthracite west of Pennsylvania, brings us to Canada, where here at home in Northern British Columbia, is an estimated tonnage of 1,141,440,000 from a survey of only 8 seams of semi- anthracite of the Groundhog Mountain Coal Field. Here is a coal of quality that will give a clean, intense heat. A **dustless, smokeless** fuel that would benefit as well by enabling us to keep our homes and cities clean.

NOT UNKNOWN TO OTTAWA

A special Committee of the House of Commons at Ottawa named to enquire into the Fuel Supply of Canada, received Evidence regarding this British Columbia coal field, on the 13th day of May, 1921. The following extracts are hereby taken from this Evidence;

"This coal field in British Columbia, which would seem to be of very great national importance, offering naval fuel, similar in character to an abundance of hard, smokeless Welsh coal used by the British Navy.

"This coal field covers an area of about 1,200 square miles, and is situated in latitude 56*45' about 150 miles north of Hazelton on the Canadian National Railway.

"The quality of the coal according to the British definition is anthracite,- according to that of the United States it is semi-anthracite. The analysis gives 74 to 86 per cent of fixed carbon. It breaks in bright, hard lumps and will stand transportation over long distances, and in this respect is unlike the lignite and some of the bituminous coals of Western Canada, which are friable and go to dust.
(A sample of this coal taken from one of the seams in 1910 is still as bright and as intact as ever.)

EXAMINED BY FOUR MINING ENGINEERS

Four well-known mining engineers and geologists have examined these deposits at various times, and all united in declaring the coal to be of the finest quality, and a coal similar to the Pennsylvania Anthracite.

Through the years, the chief difficulty encountered in attempting to make this coal field productive, and the Northern British Columbia a centre of great activity, was - and still is - TRANSPORTATION.

"There are three routes by which a railway may reach the field -

first, a branch northward from Hazelton on the Canadian National Railway, which would follow the valley of the Skeena River a distance of about 150 miles; secondly an independant railway for which the Legislature of British Columbia gave a Charter. TheNaas and Skeena Rivers Railway from the mouth of a little north of Prince Rupert, to the Naas river on the Pacific coast, the coal field. A distance of one hundred and eighty miles. To the first hundred miles of which the Dominion Parliament voted a subsidy of six hundred and forty thousand dollars in 1912; third, an alternative line could be built from Alice Arm or Stewart on the Portland Inlet, a distance that way of a little more than one hundred miles. These are the three routes by which this coal could be moved to seaboard, and from there shipped all over the world.

"This Groundhog Coal Field is a nationl project well worth the attention of Parliament, and if it could be realized - and I am sure it will be realized eventually - will cause the reproduction in Northern British Columbia of all such industries as are caused by, or have resulted from the development of similar classes of coal in Pennsylvania."

MR GUSTAV GROSSMANN PENNSYLVANIA ENGINEER.

In 1912 a Pennsylvania engineer visited the Groundhog Mountain coal field from May until October, for the purpose of investigating its economic value. His Report on one property only, reads as follows: (in part).

"Forty- seven sections,- thirty thousand and eighty acres, - situated in the western part of the Groundhog Mountain coal field, a considerable portion of which is favourably located as containing coal seams of superior quality and of workable dimensions.

"Number of workable seams uncovered, (at that time) 6. Aggregate thickness of 28 feet.

"Quality of the coal; Anthracite. Very bright and hard and of excellent steaming quality, comparing favourably with the Pennsylvania product.

"Sufficient development work has not been done to produce definite evidence as to what may be calculated as the workable coal resources of the whole property, but in my judgment they should be very large; inasmuch as the property is not thoroughly explored, new discoveries of commercial coal seams are likely to be made. In any event it is evident that there is more than sufficient coal here to warrant the building of a railway for its development. No extraordinary or unusual engineering difficulties will be encountered in the opening up of this property, which should be capable of producing a large daily tonnage of a superior quality fuel, and I would consider the development of this group of coal claims an inviting business proposition which should be attractive to investors.

"There is no coal mined in the Dominion of Canada of the same or similar quality as this either in physical or chemical properties, and so far, no such coal has been discovered in commercial quantities in the Dominion. Practically speaking, there is no anthracite west of Pennsylvania in the United States. It may readily be seen what a gap in the coal supply in the West will be filled by the opening of this field.

"The smokeless character of this coal should open for it a large market in the coast cities where the smoke is a nuisance. Its cleanliness for household use and its steady burning properties should bring it in to general use for domestic purposes. For steam purpose, with proper grates, this coal although lower in British thermal units than a bituminous coal, will give a greater amount of effective heat. This is due to the fact that the great waste of unconsumed hydrocarbons in the case of bituminous coal is avoided, or at least reduced to a minimum, with anthracite.

"As illustrating the comparative importance of such an area as this, it may be stated that this area alone probably contains as much coal - possibly ten times as much - as is found in all the present known coal areas in the province of Nova Scotia."

The Evidence further stated the natural resources of the Naas valley, which if opened up could supply timber and after the timber is taken out - the country is capable of producing agriculturally.

The Groundhog coal field has never been more completely examined than by the late Mr. R.C. Campbell-Johnston, M.E., M.M.E., who reported on that area for Sir Donald Mann, also examined and reported for B.C. Skeena Coal Co. (Quebec Anthracite Co.) and also National Finance Co., and others, making three separate and distinct trips of survey. He amalgamated all holdings in that area for the late Lord Rhondda, who intended to build a railway to bring the coal out to seaboard.

A brief summary of part of Mr. Campbell - Johnston's exploration work in the Groundhog coal field, this exploration work covers a number of years, and are the most accurate and extensive reports dealing with the Groundhog coal area,

continued on page 22

BURNS LAKE PLUMBING & ELECTRIC

(F. Hurstfield, proprietor)

● CONTRACT PLUMBING & WIRING
Electrical and Plumbing Fixtures and Appliances

Write, Phone, or Wire : BURNS LAKE, B.C.

FELLS BUCKS CROSSCUTS & UNDERCUTS

It Costs Nothing to investigate the Money-Making Possibilities of

The P.M. "One MAN" POWER CHAIN SAW

Does a thoroughly efficient job cutting logs, pulpwood, mine, bridge and construction timbers, ties, poles, posts and cordwood. . . . yet it's light . . . WEIGHS ONLY 35 lbs. WITH 14" BLADE . . . and perfectly balanced for easy carrying and operation. Cuts hard, soft or frozen wood. Economical to use, too.

Write TODAY, for full information to:

Paragon Supplies Ltd.

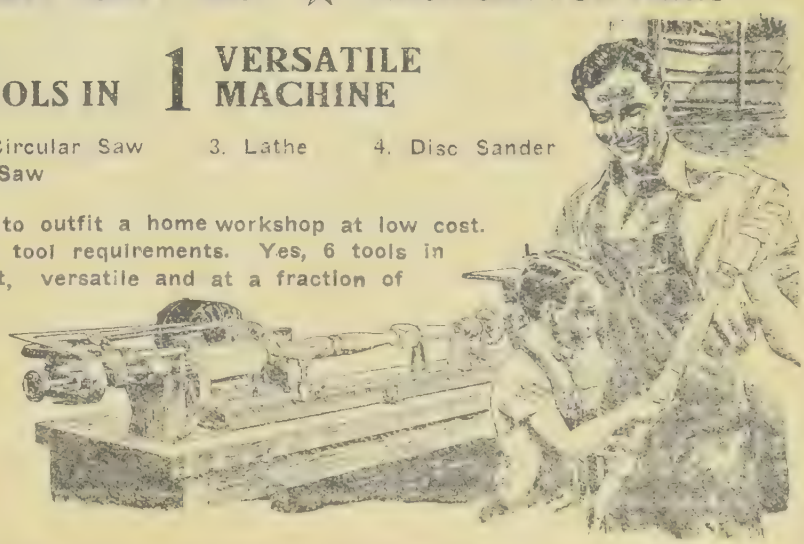
845 East Hastings St., Vancouver, B.C.

★ **IDEAL FOR HOME HOBBY SHOP** ★ **PRACTICAL FOR FARM**

PM BENCHBOSS

6 EFFECTIVE POWER TOOLS IN 1 VERSATILE MACHINE

1. Drill Press 2. Circular Saw 3. Lathe 4. Disc Sander 5. Grinder 6. Jig Saw



The P.M. BENCHBOSS makes it possible to outfit a home workshop at low cost. ONE unit, yet it provides ALL the power tool requirements. Yes, 6 tools in one ingenious, patented machine. . . compact, versatile and at a fraction of what they cost individually. Base only 16" x 48". Cast iron and aluminum construction, high grade steel moving parts. Operates from only 1-3 H.P. motor. Price (not including motor) $129.00.

Write for illustrated booklet to

P.M. PRODUCTS (1947) LTD.

845 East Hastings St., Vancouver, B.C.

B. C. ANTHRACITE

continued from page 20

positively identify the following seams of coal, and locates them in specific areas;

Seam	Width	Fixed Carb.	Vol. Mat.	Sulh.	Ash	Moisture
Benoit	6ft.	84.00	4.5	1.0	5.00	4 .5
Scott	9ft.	81.10	4.6	0.8	10.00	3.5
Garneau	4ft.	82.56	4.0	1.0	6.50	4.0
Ross	20ft.	80.94	9.33	0.77	8.96	——
Pelletier	6ft.	83.50	3.50	1.00	7.50	4.5
No.1	4ft.9in.	71.76	13.51	0.16	14.57	——
No.2	3ft.	73.36	6.74	0.12	19.74	——
No.3	5ft.9in.	86.74	6.98	0.15	6.15	——

Estimated 1,141,440,000 gross tonnage from 8 seams.

Experts of that era estimated the working capital needed to purchase, develop, equip, construct the railway terminal, own a fleet,and aquire depots abroad,still leaving a comfortable margin to cover promotion expenses and produce profits, at approximately $9.000,000.

The Hon. J. Allison Glen, minister of mines and natural resources has announced "it has been decided that the area (Groundhog coal field) clearly warrants further attention." and it is further stated that geological mapping, as well as topographical surveys will begin in this area in 1948.

Utilization of previous reports and data from the surveys and exploration already done, could speed up the process of industrializing this great natural resource of British Columbia. Industry would welcome the supply of this anthracite and could possibly effect many economies. The West Coast of North America could enjoy a smokeless, dustless, sootless atmosphere, and improve the health, appearance, and moral of its cities.

BLACK GOLD - INDUSTRIAL DIAMONDS - COAL, yes, they're hard to get - UNNECESSARILY hard to get.

Classified ad in a big daily paper: "Lost: One gold cigarette lighter. By a blonde, blue eyes, five-feet-four, weight 114, age 21, good dancer, fair drinker, glib conversationalist. Reward for return. Phone.... after 6 p.m."

The gentleman was boasting about his baby. Someone asked him if the child could talk yet.

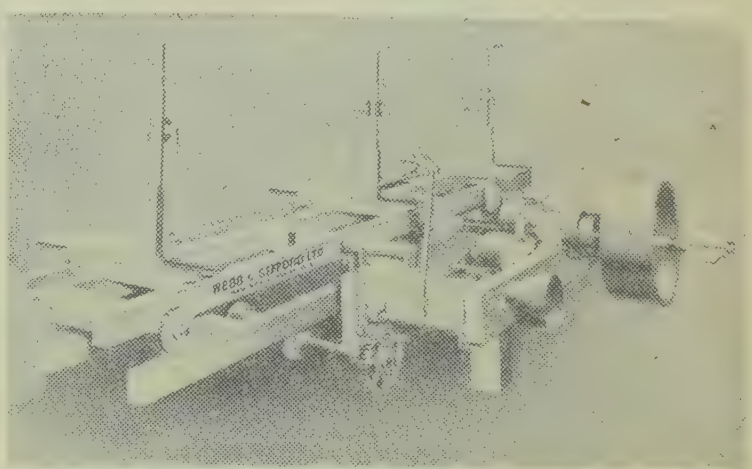
"Talk?" said the proud father. "What's the sense of him learning to talk when he gets everything by just yelling."

A New Sawmill

► For Immediate Delivery ◄

- A RUGGED LOW PRICED UNIT
- DESIGNED FOR THE SMALLER OPERATOR
- PRODUCES ACCURATELY SAWN LUMBER
- HIGH PRODUCTION WITH LONG LIFE

Manufactured By:
WEBB & GIFFORD LIMITED—222 FRONT ST.
New Westminster, B.C.



► ► ► CONSULT YOUR LOCAL DEALER ON OUR COMPLETE LINE OF SAWMILL MACHINERY

POLLARD BROTHERS Ltd.

CHRYSLER & PLYMOUTH Cars. FARGO Trucks, T-120 Power Units "B-A"I Gas & Oil Products. SEIBERLING Tires. ' FAFNIR & TIMKIN Bearings — Large stock of INDUSTRIAL and AUTOMOTIVE PARTS.

PRINCE GEORGE, B.C.

None But The Brave....

by W.D.M.

- About a Skull that was haunted - and a hunting trip -

As is always the case, once the hunting season rolls around, what with hearing men talk of their respective prowess at stalking game and seeing hunters, armed to the teeth, strolling provocatingly along the roads, I was, this first day of October, 1947, filled with a primitive eagerness to match wits with the denizens of the woods. As I happened to be passing the offices of the "Cariboo Digest" late that afternoon, I decided to drop in on the boys to find out what they had to suggest in the way of an outing. Not knowing the country very well, I thought that they may be able to advise me where I could go with the likelihood of finding game and return, all in the brief span of time at my disposal, which was two hours.

The boys greeted me cordially, answering my every question, though at the same time never losing a moment at their job of getting the "Digest" ready for circulation. As we chatted, an out-of-towner entered the office and after salutations and introductions had passed between us, joined our conversation. This man was a wonderful story-teller and it wasn't very long before he had Verne (Assistant Editor) and me all agog with amazement at the things he had seen and done. He dwelt at length upon bears, their dispositions and habits, and ended by saying that the best places to find bears was in the vicinity of slaughter-houses and abbattoirs. This man claimed that bears frequenting these places were always fatter and in much better condition than those which had to wrest their livelihood from the depths of the forests.

After the stranger had gone Verne suddenly remembered that there was a slaughter-house only about four miles from town, so, eagerly, we planned to put our new-found knowledge to the test.

We were soon waiting patiently behind a much-used slaughter-house. Everything pertaining to butchered animals, not used by the consumers, including the vicious stench, was just dumped at the back of the building, in an infamous pile, that attracted flies, bears, coyotes and us, two erstwhile hunters. The reason five o'clock p.m. October 1st, 1947, found Verne and me absorbing "Attar of Abbattoir" was primarily due to the great shortening famine. Our wives were laboring under quite trying circumstances, endeavoring to maintain attractive menus without benefit of lard or other fats, and with an eye to improving the sitaution Verne and I had generously offered to acquire a supply of much-vaunted bear grease, hence our patient but stifling stance behind the slaughter-house.

At this particular moment we were crouched down behind an old cottonwood windfall. There wasn't quite enough cottonwood to enable us to hide our heads, the wind was blowing from the pile of putrefaction directly towards us; and, to make matters worse, we couldn't turn the other way, because the bears, if any, would have to come from the direction in which we were facing.

The wind began coming in hefty gusts and after one particularly malicious blow, Verne muttered through clenched teeth: "My Gawd, ain't that horrible?" I didn't have to ask what he meant, because his meaning was so evident. **Poof!** Another blast of **"Shamele No. 5"** engulfed us and necessity being the mother of invention, I suggested to my companion, "Say, Verne, what do you say we take turns in keeping a lookout. You keep your head up for a while, then I will have a look around while you get your senses back again?"

Verne snapped at my suggestion as a drowning man would grasp at a floating log. "Yeah! That's a darned good idea. You take the first turn while I get some oxygen down here!" he exclaimed as he dived beneath our breastwork of cottonwood. Now, Verne's action peeved me a little as I thought, and rightly so, that in as much as I was the one who first thought of the idea, then in all justice, I should have the first chance to pull my neck down. However, that was not to be, and in resignation I stood my trick as lookout over the gory landscape.

It seemed like twenty-four hours later—I know I was going down for the third time—when Verne shook my shoulder. "O.K., Bill. It's your turn to duck." Dazedly I furled my neck between my feet and was soon almost back to normal. Believe me, the air was sweet down there and I was enjoying myself immensely when all of a sudden I felt Verne go tense then begin to tremble violently. Breathlessly, I cautiously

continued on page 84

1
2
3
4
NORTHERN ALL STARS

Northern Puck Chasers

by CECIL STEELE

The Northern British Columbia Hockey League was organized in 1946 for the purpose of building up hockey in the north. In the short time the league has been in operation the senior league has been improved greatly, and while junior and juvenile hockey has made no outstanding forward strides it is hoped that this season will show some improvement.

To date, two all-star teams have been sent to Vernon to compete for the Coy Cup. In 1946 an all-star team made up of players from Vanderhoof, Smithers and Prince George made the long trip by bus and came very close to being the winners at Vernon, but the team work was not of the best as the players were not used to playing together. The All-Stars of 1947 made up of players from Quesnel, Williams Lake, Prince George, Vanderhoof and Smithers, while they played very well against Revelstoke, could not get organized against the different style of play of the Vernon Legionaires. The decision of the league this year is to have the winning team of the northern league compete for the Coy Cup, rather than another all-star team, in which the individual players, though tops, lack teamwork.

February 1947 marked a new step in northen hockey when Revelstoke Kinsmen mainline champions journeyed to Prince George to play the series to determine which of the two teams would go on to Vernon for further playoffs.

In this two game series the Northern Stars won easily by one-sided scores in each game, and northern fans were very pleased with the exhibition put on by both teams. Large crowds came to Prince George from as far west as Smithers and from Quesnel to the south.

The 1947-48 season looks like more and better hockey in the north. Wells has entered a team, making it a six team league, and from all reports competition will be very keen, Prince George has arranged for an exhibition series to be played at prince George between their club and Vernon, the series to take place around the end of December. This will give the northern fans a chance to see this team in action. All in all it looks like the north is finally getting recognition in the western sports world.

(1) The Revelstoke Kinsmen and the Northern All-Stars are grouped around referee Jack Beech as he gives them final instructions before starting the first game of the 1946-47 series.

(2) Dave Wall of Vanderhoof smiles happily as Phil Brown of the Sports Shop presents him with the cup for being the most outstand ing Junior player of the 1946-47 season.

(3) A similar presentation being made to Jack Beech of Prince George for being tops in the senior class. This presentation is being made by Harry Geise, also of the Sports Shop.

(4) The Northern All-Stars after their double win against Revelstoke. Players — standing back row left to right, W. Watson, H. Sugden, K. Warner, K. Silver, R. Regnier, W. Smith, R. Anderson, H. Waller, J. Corliss. Seated, from left to right, C. Gabrielle, J. Rebman, M. McIntyre, W. Keen, W. Leach. W. Mitchell, and C. Steele - Coach, for the All-Stars 1946-47.

A negress had frowned on her husband for days. Then like a burst of sunshine from a cloudy sky, she smiled.

"Does that mean you forgive me, honey?" he asked.

"Get away, you rascal," she replied, "I was just restin' my face."

Reo Theatre Circuit

OPERATING 35 AND 16 MM.
SHOWS FROM SMITHERS
TO FT. ST. JAMES, B. C.

We are trying to give the North
The Entertainment It Deserves
Your Patronage Has
Helped Us - Help You

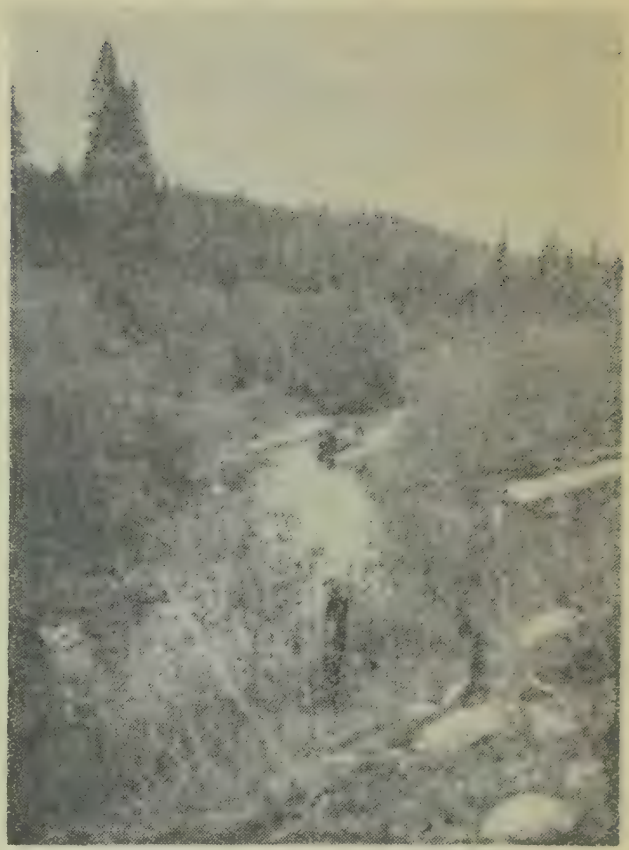
Head Office

Vanderhoof, B.C.

R.C. Steele & Sons, props.

War Canoe Waterways

by **HARRY E. TAYLOR**



Frogging up the Crooked River

At the south end of Summit Lake you load your outboard with a month's fuel and rations.

At the north end of Summit Lake you enter Crooked River.

Summit Lake is twenty miles north of Prince George. The Crooked River flows into the Arctic Ocean, after mingling with the tumultous Peace and the mighty Mackenzie.

Thus, only halfway up this vast province of ours, there is a height of land which divides the flowing waters, sending them southwards to the Pacific and northwards to the Polar seas.

Crooked River is very little wider than our flat-bottomed outboard, which gives but scant space for four men and supplies. The chap who named the Crooked River probably baptized it when tired and dizzy from its serpentine convolutions. After travelling all the second day, you camp at nightfall a scant hundred yards from the camp you left in the morning.

There are bars along the Crooked. Not the refreshment kind, just sand bars and gravel bars. The river men call them riffles. And when you hoist yourselves overboard and slosh through the water, dragging your craft over those riffles, that is called "frogging" the boat.

The greensward crowds the water, sweeping low, a quiet green avenue where trout hide in deep pools and wild life ashore is often heard but seldom seen.

Anon the waterway widens into placid lakes, whose narrow outlets are dammed and re-dammed by persistent beaver.

Through McLeod Lake, past historic Fort McLeod and a Hudson's Bay post, into the Pack River; then downstream on the broad Parsnip. Shallow in its wide reaches, the Parsnip has riffles too. The best time for travel is usually September, between high summer water and the too-low levels of late fall.

The outboard purrs without discord, with no stream to buck. Perhaps twice in fifty miles a trapper's log cabin is passed, set in a small clearing on the river bank. Perched high on pole supports, like an oversize bread box on stilts, sits the trapper's "cache." In this, grub is stored, and fur, awaiting the trip "outside." Around each stilt is a circle of tin, made from flattened gasoline cans. This slippery surface offers no toehold for marauding animals, which, given a chance, will chew their way through anything. Boats and canoes are similarly stored. Porcupines, particularly, have a great yen for varnish and will chew up a canoe in jig time.

Wide straight stretches, never-ending curves, the noiseless highway of Indians for countless hundreds of years. Up and down the waterways their canoes glided—trapping, fishing, hunting, camping, monarchs of all they surveyed, in a lotus land where no policemen tarried and no game wardens harried.

But when winter clamps its rigid lock on stream and lake, it is a different story. Beneath the ice-piled waterways the dark stream flows, muttering and surly. False ice, air-holes, snow-covered crevices, all are death traps for the unwary. Bowed low with a burden of heavy snow, trees and bushes stand unmoving, one with

the whiteness of the hills—silent, ghostly, coldly asleep. Through these frigid days the trappers now tread warily their narrow trails, visiting traps to renew bait and to gather the harvest, huddling at nightfall in crude shelters.

Freedom comes anew with spring break-up. Freedom, sunshine, roaring water, a trip to the "outside," release from unvaried grub, long lonely nights, and the eternal noiseless solitude which saps the courage of the strongest.

Five days, more than two hundred miles of waterway, down to Finlay Forks, the three-way intersection where placid Parsnip and roaring Finlay flow into the Peace, which tears eastward to Peace River Landing before swinging northwards on the interminable journey to the Arctic.

All things are comparative. After the unending melange of trees, rocks, cutbanks, and swirling water, the sparse handful of cabins at Finlay Forks was as big, relatively, as a teeming city to a small-town visitor.

In those days of the early twenties, Ole Johnson was known as Mayor of Finlay Forks. Trapper, boatman, carpenter, mailman, cook and philosopher, Ole was host to all and the encyclopaedia of the north. A little man with a big moustache and a trifle of an accent, he had the energy of a bobcat, the eyes of a lynx, the story-telling flair of a modern Munchausen. It was Ole who told us about the "canoe tree." According to him, it was a landmark on the upper reaches of the Finlay. It stood near the shore, not far from a high cutbank where two Indians, out after meat, espied a big black bear. Silhouetted against the sky, he was staring down at the fast brown water, like stout Cortez, silent upon a peak in Darien. Whilst one Indian paddled inshore at the foot of the cutbank, the other went ashore to develop a rear attack. Creeping to a vantage point, he shot the bear, which promptly wriggled and slithered over the edge of the bank. Unknown to its killer, it fell kerplunk into the canoe beneath, turning it over. The terrified occupant swam ashore, but bruin was wedged between the canoe seats. When the shore hunter rushed up to the bank top, to look for his victim, he saw an upside-down canoe, travelling at a fast clip downstream. As he watched, bug-eyed and disbelieving, he saw the canoe turn inshore, crawl up the beach, then climb a high fir tree. With a strangulated yelp, he ran, pausing not until he reached the camp of the tribe, four miles away. There his story was received with a loud, rude equivalent of our modern raspberry. For three days he was regarded as one with bubbles in his belfry until his companion finally returned and explained.

There was a game warden at Finlay Forks, and a couple of trappers. Only that, and nothing more—but for a whole day we had a change of diet and some new faces to look at.

It was a day of sadness, too. Some weeks previously our boatman's young son had drowned in the Ingenika River, which drops into the Finlay above Fort Graham. The day before we reached the Forks, a lone boatman, chugging up the Parsnip, crossed over to tell us that the youth had been found and that the body was at Finlay Forks. We buried him on a high point overlooking the three rivers, in the country he loved. No one had a prayer book, but one of us remembered the words of the burial service. It was an impromptu ceremony, without trappings or music; but, somehow, it seemed more fitting that way, with the wind whispering through the high trees, the waters seething and swirling below, and the sunset colorings of the wide sky forming a vast backdrop of glory.

Finlay Forks was the end of our effortless travelling. The sixty-five miles to Fort Graham was upstream, and the Finlay River is fast water. The faithful outboard strained and wheezed for twenty long hours. Snags and driftwood were a constant danger, in addition to the whirlpools and the ever-changing channel of leaping deep water. Huge trees swirled past, their whitened branches lifted like suppliant arms, dipping, bobbing, temporarily disappearing. At some of the bends, log jams had built vast promontories of debris far into the river, and the channel had to be cautiously explored. During those two long days the outboard

Indians camped on the Parsnip Riv. drying moose meat.

Trapper Toni's cabin on Weston Creek, Parsnip River.

Going up Harrison's Rapids

Typical trappers cabin on the upper Finlay

was the object of many an anxious glance, many a muttered prayer. Should she conk, we would be swept downstream, with no way on for proper steering. And the jagged trees and the log jams and the swirling flotsam were waiting, hungrily expectant. So we crouched and watched, fending off the driftwood with long poles, punting madly through shallow spots. To run ashore for midday camp was too hazardous. The night landing was a close shave. We almost missed the tiny bay, whirled around in a vicious eddy, crashed ashore a scant foot from a razor-edged rock.

There is another Hudson's Bay post at Fort Graham, and the Indians had a small village there, which they frequented between their many wanderings. Still seminomadic, they lived mostly in the woods, following the ever-roaming herds of game.

Across the river from the Fort reared the Butler range of mountains, where mica was being mined and freighted down the Peace. As we watched the purple line of peaks, a thunderstorm rolled swiftly down, and jagged lightning speared and crackled viciously. Thrice, in quick succession, trees on the mountain skyline were shattered, bursting into flame, starting bush fires at their bases. Countless forest fires are wrongly attributed to man.

What a spate of musical names for the tributary streams of the Finlay! Omineca - Missalinka - Ingenika - Missinchinka! They trip from the tongue like lines from Hiawatha.

On, northwards, past Fort Graham, to the Ingenika Canyon, where we met Indians from the Liard country; big men, who walked with assurance, and had seen no whites for three years.

This is a land of fabulous mineral wealth, where the famed Ferguson silver mine was discovered soon after our visit. The Indians had tales, too, of great gold and copper finds, and of veins of lead and silver stretching ad infinitum, a constant lure for the ever-optimistic prospectors, who bob up in the most unexpected places.

When Joe, our second boatman, succumbed to a violent attack of gold fever, the cook cured him in a cruel way. Going down to the river before breakfast, with a wash basin and soap, for his daily catlick, the cook scooped some gravel into the basin, then scraped into it some brass filings from a 30-30 cartridge.

"Hey, Joe," he yelled. "Come an' lookit. What's this?"

Tumbling from his couch of balsam boughs, Joe ran, pantless, to the river bank.

One glance at the cook's wash basin sent Joe into a gabbling delirium. Whilst the cook returned to make breakfast flapjacks, Joe scrabbled and sluiced and panted, ignoring the enticing smell of coffee and the call of the breakfast gong. Finally, disillusioned, he hurled the wash basin at the cook and for three days criticized his burnt offerings with caustic growlings.

Back to Fort Graham for a clean-up and a fresh stock of grub. Store supplies are freighted from Summit Lake on scows by a hardy breed of pole-wielding river-cats. Freight cost seven cents a pound then, with a resultant reflection in over-the-counter prices. But we were three hundred miles from plenty, and we did have to eat.

On the trail between Fort Graham and the Ingenika we found an old Indian who had been deserted by his tribe, who were travelling northwards after game. He was quite blind, crouching under a scrap of canvas, a fly-covered hunk of moosemeat and a billy of cold tea beside him. He was quite resigned to his plight and seemed to take it for granted that he must stay there and die.

"It's all right for me," he quavered. "What to do, when you get too old, and you can't see? If the strong ones and the children are to have meat, the hunters must travel fast. No place in the hunting tribe for the old and the sick."

The old law of self-preservation, and the weakest to the wall!

We took him back to Fort Graham, but he wasn't really grateful. He thought we were taking a lot of needless trouble over one whose course was nearly run.

The sixty-five miles from Fort Graham to Finlay Forks was

travelled in seven hours, as against twenty for the up-stream trip. At times it was a cross between a ride on a bucking Brahma steer and a whirl on a wobbly Giant Dipper. A fast slither! But from Finlay Forks back to Summit Lake was a long, long pull. Halfway, the outboard gave up the ghost. Our mechanical expert diagnosed the trouble as leaky heart valves, congestion of the carburetor, gallstones in the exhaust, and ulcers in the fuel tank. We camped for a day, fishing for (and catching) Arctic trout, whilst he dissected and operated. When the patient finally sat up and buzzed, he was so flattered by our applause that he spliced the feed line for an encore.

The last two days it rained. "Frogging In The Rain" would make a good blues song. When the dragging got too heavy over the worst riffles we would rig a towline and two would scramble ashore and pull, whilst two stumbled through the water and pushed, and one stayed aboard and poled. The water gets warm with all-day immersion, but when you make night camp in the rain, and eat a sloppy supper in the rain, you sorta wish you could dry out a bit, but the rain refuses to let you. So you go to sleep wet, and you get up wet; but when you start "frogging" next morning, you at least don't have to worry about getting wet all over again.

We thought of Crummy Louis, the Fort McLeod Indian, who told us about the time he got caught in the world's worst rainstorm away back in from the Pack River.

"She comes down, that rain, just bang! bang! in big, flat sheets—all same side of a house," Crummy said. "You can't see nothing an' you can't hear nothing, and that rain beats you down so hard all you can do is crawl on your hands and knees. Presently I comes alongside a big tree stump, and I climbs up, and drops down inside that stump for some shelter. But she's lots deeper inside than I figures. The sides i all wet an' slippery an' I knows I can't climb up agen to get out. Well, I sits there in kinda dry; then, along comes a big bear who's got the same idea as me about getting away from that rain. First thing I knows, bingo! Right down on top of me lands that bear. I bet he weighs nine thousand pounds. Flattens me all same bannock. My breath she starts not to come any more, and I says, 'Louis, when they buries you they won't need to dig no deep hole—you'll be so flat six inches will be plenty deep for a grave.'

"After a while I gets one hand free, and I works it around till I gets my knife outa my belt. I has to work mighty fast, 'cos every minute I'm getting weaker with

continued on page 86

Fred Langeler

REAL ESTATE GENERAL INSURANCE

15 *Years residence in the Cariboo gives us invaluable experience in helping you get settled in CARIBOO, land of the finest hunting and fishing in Canada*

WRITE or SEE ME for INFORMATION

Phone 59-R2, Box,856, Offices in Cariboo Digest Bldg. QUESNEL, B.C.

- Specials -

GOOD FARMS & RANCHES for sale in a district that really produces.

A FEW SITES left for Hunting & Fishing Lodges in real Game district.

BEAUTIFUL acreage - 5 acres and up - for home sites close to Quesnel.

A FEW going business concerns for sale - information upon request.

Prince George Machinery Depot

— 24 Hour — EMERGENCY SERVICE — 24 Hour

- MANUFACTURERS Of SAWMILL EQUIPMENT, LOGGING BUNKS & LAND-CLEARING EQUIPMENT
- PORTABLE ELECTRIC and ACETYLENE WELDING UNITS AVAILABLE FOR FIELD WORK
- 'CLETRAC' Tractors, 'CARCO' Blades and Winches. 'CONTINENTAL' Motors from ½ to 100 H.P.
- UNIT CRANES & SHOVELS — ATECO CARRY-ALLS

Telephone 19-R 3 PRINCE GEORGE, B.C. On 3rd Avenue

Around The Towns . .

WHAT'S GOING ON IN CARIBOO AND NORTHERN BRITISH COLUMBIA — as noted in the Weeklies, and by the Editor in his travels,

Hope, B.C.

$350,000.000 MONTHLY PAYROLL

Commissioner J. Vanderspeck got busy during the early part of the fall and made a wages survey of Hope and the immediate district, and came up with the surprising total of from $16,000 to $18,000 per day — which brings the monthly payroll near the one-third of a million mark. He stated that it was rather a difficult task, as new businesses and indutries were springing up almost daily. If the lumber market holds up and new business keeps coming in as it has been for the past 18 moths, the payroll is expected to reach the half-million mark within the next 12 months.

GLOOMY OUTLOOK FOR HOPE-PRINCETON ROAD

The following excerpt from the report of the Fact-Finding Committee of the Southern Interior Asociated Boards of Trade indicates that the Hope-Princeton Highway project is badly bogged down. It reads: **"A hundred men and a handfull of ill-suited machinery, some of it idle, is the major task force.. of British Columbia's top priority Highway project. At the vital summit, the odd mile gap, are one bulldozer - not working, one jeep - not working, one truck-not working, one power shovel - not working, and one compressor - also not working. On the Hope end a gang is at work taking gravel from the Hope-Princeton Highway to the Fraser Canyon road."**

Earlier this year a great deal of machienry was reportedly moved off this job into the Okanagan and the Kootenays - along with the operators of said machinery. As one old-timer put it, "For a top priority job it stinks! And I don't believe they (the government) want the road finished—any more than they wanted it finished thirty years ago. We're getting the same old run-around as in the past!"

Hope B. of T. Report Favourable

Two months after the above report was submitted, the Hope Board of Trade appointed a committee to make a thorough investigation, taking with them an independent observer. Their report, based on observations and the advice of construction company officials and government officials, who accompanied the committee over the road, shows that: (1) The project is from 60 to 70 percent completed. (2) The road will not be fully completed until, at the earliest, the late summer of 1949 (3) Sufficient men were not employed during earlier stages of the construction work. (4) Over 50 percent of the equipment is modern (and not absolete - as claimed by other observers) (5) Work had been slowed owing to non-delivery of several hundred thousand dollars worth of machinery ordered two years ago. (6) Non-delivery by the Government of steel and cement for bridges (the gov. suuplies all such material under the terms of the contract) has resulted in isolated pieces of finished road here and there requiring bridges before connection can be made with the road on either end. (7) Both the Government and the contractors have done everything that could be expected of them to try to complete the project on time. . . (road was slated for completion in the Fall of 1947)

HYDRO-POWER

Board of Trade members are not content with the B.C. Power Commision's decision to 'consider' (at some future date) the installation of a hydro-electric plant near Hope, but are pressing for immediate consideration and action. G. Huerling, of Laidlaw, suggested that the Board endeavour to persuade the B.C P.C. to take over the 1500 H.P. hydro plant at Jones Creek, which is in use only two months of the year.

Banking Facilities Inadequate

Board of Trade efforts to have one of this country's banks open a branch there resulted in the establishment, by the Bank of Montreal, of a Sub-Agency at Hope, open two days a week. Businessmen are not satisfied, and are requesting at least three banking days each week.

FAULTY CONSTRUCTION
Alleged In New School

October 20th was the opening date of the first wing of Hope's new $250,000 school building. The 6-room wing houses grades one to six, in what was believed to be a well-constructed building, as modern in design as any to be found in western

Hells Gate - 40 ft. wide 200 ft. deep below Boston Bar on the Fraser.

BRETT'S (HOPE) LTD.

► General Motors Dealer ► B-A Oil Products

G.M.C. CARS & TRUCKS — B.A. OIL PRODUCTS

Complete Garage & Towing and Wrecking Service

-: A Complete Line of Hardware and Sporting Goods :-

Game and Fishing Licences

Day Phone - 293 HOPE, BRITISH COLUMBIA Night Phone - 211

GATEWAY GARAGE

IMPERIAL OIL PRODUCTS

Complete 24 Hr. Garage Service

TOURIST INFORMATION

YALE, British Columbia

Spuzzum General Store

COFFEE SHOP

INDIAN BASKET & LEATHER WORK

GENERAL STORE & POST OFFICE

IMPERIAL GAS & OILS

W. K. BOWERMAN & Co. Spuzzum, B. C.

Alex Gammie

DEPARTMENT STORE

Quality Groceries, Meats, and Dry Goods

'Servel' Kerosene Refrigerators

LYTTON, B.C.

LYTTON DRUG STORE

Prescriptions

MAGAZINES - SOFT DRINKS-

24 Hour Emergency Service

LYTTON, B.C.

FORT HOPE GARAGE

'IMPERIAL' Oil Products - HUDSON Cars

Complete Automotive Repairs and Wrecker Service

TEL. Wholesale - 443 (Henry Hockins) — Retail - 461 (Grant Carlaw)

HOPE, BRITISH COLUMBIA

Alexandra Lodge

Good Beds - Good Meals

- Rooms, Cabins, Dining Room -

on the Cariboo Highway

On Fraser Canyon Highway

180 Miles from Vancouver

BIG HORN CAFE

ICE CREAM - SOFT DRINKS

CONFECTIONERY

Excellent Home-Cooked Meals

4 Miles from Spences Bridge

Canada. Less than a month after the opening date however, the smart looking new building was suffering from sagging foundations, cracking walls, and water-damage inside, caused by inadequate drain pipes and plenty of rain.

Schoolboard Chairman, Henry W. Johnson, reported that apart from the above, he was not satisfied with various aspects of the construction, claiming that roof supports were only tacked in place and that insulation was haphazardly applied. In defence. the firm of McCarter & Nairne, architects of the building, assured the School Board that every thing was up to specifications, and that any defects in roof construction would be remedied to suit the Board. Builders of the school, Doyle Construction, then found themselves answering questions, and assured the Chairman Johnson that the soil on which the school was built had been thoroughly tested and inspected, and that the Provincial Inspector had approved construction of the foundation of the building and other stages of construction . . . . Where that leaves the blame is anyone's guess.

BUSINESS

The Grant Electric, a well known Chilliwack firm, have opened a branch store and service shop in Hope. Carrying a complete line of household electric appliances, with repair department in the rear, the store will be under the management of R. 'Dick' Thompson, well-known expert electrician of Chilliwack. A new hardware store, measuring 40 by 54 ft. is getting its finishing touches on the corner of 1st Ave. and Wallace St. It is a two storey building with large plate-glass windows and black vitriolite finish on the ground floor and a stuccoed second storey. Owner-manager I.F. Corbett states it will be one of the most modern stores in the interior.

19 Trips Over the Hope-Princeton Route—ON FOOT

At a recent meeting of the Hope-Yale Centennial Association, who are very busy just now raising ten thousand dollars to finance a celebration marking the hundredth anniversary of the two towns, the Rev. John Goodfellow, of Princeton, in the course of an address, stated that he had traversed the route of the Hope-Princeton Highway 19 times -on foot.

Ashcroft

LILLOOET or KAMLOOPS?

The question as to which electoral district, Kamloops or Lillooet, Ashcroft should belong to, is being mooted by residents of that town. Following is an editorial reprinted from the 'Ashcroft Journal' in which editor R.D. Cummings covers the ground thoroughly and expresses his opinion as to why it should belong to Lillooet.

"Some years ago the town of Ashcroft was 'redistibuted' from the Lillooet to the Kamloops district. No explanation or reason of necessity was given for such a change, and the Ashcroft voter as a whole was never consulted. There is a strong suspicion it may have been politics, but no town should permit itself to be made into a football in the interests of any politician. At any rate the people of Ashcroft made no protests at the time, no doubt because it is a peace-loving community, or because.. many thought.. it made no difference, while others knew nothing of the change until the day of the election.

However, the time seems to have arrived for a 'show-down'. Being in the Kamloops district was very annoying during the last provincial election, the town being divided in two, those on the north side of the river being in the Lillooet district and those on the south side in the Kamloops district. North side residents had to vote in Ashcrot as absentees, or walk to Cache Creek or Ashcroft Manor, where a booth was opened at the eleventh hour.

Apart from all that, ever since the completion of thet C.P.R., when Ashcroft became the Gateway to the Cariboo, all her affiliations, commerially, industrially, socially, sentiment ally and historically have been with the Lillooet district, and we are sure that a large majority of the voters would not only agree to, but would WELCOME a change back."

"Of course this is no reflection on Kamloops, or on the friendly relations which have existed between us two in past years, and our respect would be just as great were we good neighbours instead of living in the same house—perhaps better, since familiarity sometimes breeds contempt."

"The 'Journal' would appreciate expressions of opinion on the matter either by letter or by personal call."

There seems little room to think that the 'redistribution' was made for any but political reasons. As long as Ashcroft remains in the Kamloops riding it cannot help but be overshadowed by her 'big brother' to the east, whereas back in her old riding her voice would undoubtedly carry further. . .

Irrigation and Rehabilitation

Ashcroft, situated in the heart of B.C's. dry belt, the Thompson River valley, with its dry, parched benchlands supporting a meagre growth of sage brush, tumble weed and stunted firs, presents an uninviting

Freight team leaving Ashcroft around the turn of the century.

T. U. AUTO CAMP

CABINS - MEALS - GAS - OIL CAMP SUPPLIES

Hunting and Fishing Information

CACHE CREEK, B.C. *"GATEWAY TO THE CARIBOO"*

PARKIES

General Store

GROCERIES — DRY GOODS — LADIES & CHILDRENS WEAR

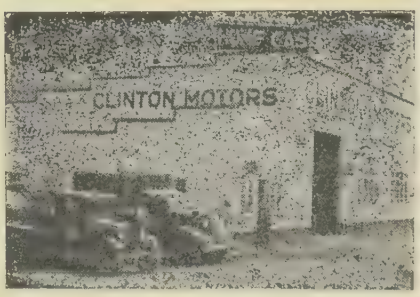
SOUVENIRS — TOURIST INFOMATION

Clinton, British Columbia

CLINTON MOTORS

Limited

- Ron Dyer - Bruce McTavish -
- Bill McDonald -



HOME GAS

Fully Equipped

Complete Garage and Wrecker Service

GENERAL MOTORS PRODUCTS

CLINTON B.C.

BOYDS GARAGE

Dodge & De Soto Cars

Dodge Trucks

Complete Modern Service

Trucking - Wrecking Service

CLINTON, B.C.

ROBERTSON BROTHERS

General Merchants

A COMPLETE LINE OF QUALITY MERCHANDISE

CLINTON, B.C.

W.G. SUMNER

► REAL ESTATE

► INSURANCE

Fruit & Farmland

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES

In The Lillooet District

Write Box 87 Wire

LILLOOET, B.C.

COLUMBIA Paper Co. Ltd.

VANCOUVER and VICTORIA

Wholesale Paper Merchants and Manufacturing Stationers

Paper of Every Description and For Every Purpose

DISTRIBUTORS OF THE PRODUCTS OF PACIFIC MILLS LTD., OCEAN FALLS, and BARTRAM PAPER PRODUCTS. BAGS OF ALL KINDS

Manufacturers of

"Columbia Quality" Writing Tablets, School Supplies Etc.

picture from the agricultural viewpoint. But the fact is, that like the Okanagan, the benchlands of the Thompson can grow virtually any fruit or vegetable if **properly irrigated.** And it is to this end that the Ashcroft Board of Trade is endeavouring to have the Prairie Farm Rehabilitation Act extended to B.C. on a more elaborate scale —extended specifically to include the Thompson River Valley, it being their contention that as a land-settlement project there is none better.

The tourist driving the length of the Thompson from Lytton to Kamloops, seeing in a few isolated spots a few hundred acres of irrigated ground, would be surprised to know that a portion of these 'few' acres produced during the current year sufficient canning tomatoes (in addition to countless carloads of fresh tomatoes shipped) to yield some 2500 TONS of tomato juice at the local cannery. This is in addition to over 325 tons of pumpkin, and hundreds of tons of famous 'Ashcroft' potatoes.

In many cases, where it has been impossible to secure water from a stream, irrigation has been carried out by using diesel-powered pumps to raise the water from the Thompson River. Such is the productivity of the soil throughout the valley, that many such projects are being carried out on small acreages, and have proven to be finnancially sound ventures. This would seem to adequately demonstrate that a large-scale irrigation project carried out by the Dominion or Provincial Governments could be made to yield enormous crops—in a world that is crying for food.

APPRECIATION

Residents of Ashcroft are very pleased with the steamlining of the roads into and around the town, and Board of Trade members unanimously agreed that a letter of appreciation be sent to Minsiter of Public Works, E.C. Carson (M.L.A. Lillooet) Appreciation was also expressed for the efforts of D.C. Schubert, district head of the Gov. Telegraph Service, which have resulted in the installation of a C.B.C. booster station in the town .

ROAD DIVERSION

Residents of this important crossroads settlement are on edge awaiting official word as to exactly where the new road is to go. Work was suspended after a fill was made to the edge of the creek about 200 yards below the auto camp, but the district is a-buzz with rumours. It is obvious, however, that whoever owns the land at the crossroads (to be) will have a mighty valuable parcel of land, for upwards of 500 cars will pass the spot every day during the summer months. Some say that the delay in completing this diversion is over the fact that two oil companies are waging a battle and bringing all the political pressure at their command to bear in order to have the new road pass through the particular parcel of land which they have acquired.

Others have it that the route has already been decided on and that it will pass through neither oil company's holdings, but will pass over the property of B. Collins, former owner of the T.U. Auto Camp, who has established a small hotel on the east bank of the creek.

It seems rather obvious that there must be some truth to the rumours. With the money appropriated for the job, adequate work crews and hundreds of thousands of dollars worth of power machinery on hand during the summer (engaged in completing the Ashcroft Manor-Cache Creek cut-off) the road could have been completed the extra half-mile around the east side of Cache Creek to connect with the big bend in the road just north of the settlement at a minimum of expense. The machinery is now gone, and the cost will, as a result, be much higher when it is done. Only a political skirmish could have stymied completion of this link at such a time.

Lillooet - Br. River

Irrigation Prospects Good

Hopes for the early development of the irrigation of Lillooet's benchlands were raised when the Hon. E. C. Carson, Minister of Public Works (M.L.A., Lillooet) and Dave Fulton, (M.P., Kamloops) stated in an opening address at the Kamloops, 2nd. Annual Fall Fair that if Alberta is granted Federal aid under the P.F. R.A. then B.C. will certainly have it.

Said Mr. Carson, "The Okanagan is past its prime. . . . and with irrigation the Lillooet area will become greater than any other agricultural area in western Canada. These benches will grow anything, and fi developed will add considerably to our national economy."

Proving the Point

As if to prove Mr. Carson's statements as to the possibilities of the

Looking east along the Thompson River from a point near Spences Bridge.

ASHCROFT HOTEL

owned and operated by the new
Ashcroft Hotel Company
E. Bergeron

EXCELLENT DINING-ROOM SERVICE

ASHCROFT, B.C.

Gateway to the Cariboo

NEW CARIBOO LODGE

George Gibbons, proprietor

-:- NEW— ULTRA MODERN FIRST CLASS DINING ROOM -:-
Located In The Heart of Excellent Hunting and Fishing Country
GAS and OIL -s- TOURIST INFORMATION
CLINTON, B.C.

LILLOOET BOX SHOOK & BUILDERS SUPPLY LIMITED

► BUILDING CONTRACTORS ► ESTIMATES GIVEN
— A Complete Line of Lumber and Builder's Supplies —
LILLOOET, BRITISH COLUMBIA

LILLOOET CO-OPERATIVE GROWERS ASSOCIATION

Packers and Shippers of Lillooet Fresh Fruit and Vegetables

LILLOOET, BRITISH COLUMBIA

SIMPSONS GENERAL STORE

FULL LINE OF QUALITY GROCERIES & MEATS
MEN'S and LADIE'S WEAR - DRYGOODS - HARDWARE
Goldbridge, B. C.

14 MILE CREEK STATION

GAS - OIL - GROCERIES
Confectionery, Soft Drinks
14 Miles North of LILLOOET
LILLOOET, B.C.

MINTO HOTEL

Modern Rooms - Coffee Shop
FULLY LICENSED
12 Hours Scenic Travel from Vancouver by Rail or Road
MINTO, B.C.

I do not believe in a fate that falls on men however they act, but I do believe in a fate that falls on them UNLESS they act.
— G.K. Chesterton

LARRYS GRILL

1 Mile- from Bralorne

► GOOD FOOD
► QUICK SERVICE
► ON MAIN HIGHWAY

OGDEN, B.C.

Hotel VICTORIA

Headquarters for Commercial Travellers and Sportsmen
LILLOOET, B. C.

OGDEN GENERAL STORE

Groceries - Confectionery
Ice Cream - Soft Drinks
OGDEN, B.C.

benchlands of the Lillooet district, N.C. Jörgenson again took top honours and the cup with his entries at the fair, with a score of 109 points. Lillooet Ranch was runner up with a score of 69 points.

And More Proof if Needed

When one of the coast papers announced the fact that a coast gardener was proudly displaying a 22 ounce tomatoe, Lillooet residents felt sure it was nothing to blow about, and to prove it came forth with a 26 ounce tomatoe. Farmers in the district say that they have had them as heavy as 30 oz. but did not think it was worth telling anyone about, while the news that Mrs. Mary E. Eagleson had been picking strawberries in her garden in November, received a scant inch in the local paper.

TOBACCO and CHERRIES

Farmers of the Lillooet district are branching out. Two of the latest crops to be added to the long list, are tobacco and cherries. With experimental plants provided by the Imperial Tobacco Co., the Bob Mitten Ranch south of town produced an excellent crop of high-grade leaf. While the Imperial Tobacco Co. had hoped for leaf suitable for wrapping cigars, the Lillooet leaf proved to be too light, but on the other hand was of excellent quality and texture for blending in Turkish and other cigarette tobaccos. Mr. Mitten is well pleased with the results and will carry on with further test plots. Tobacco was first grown in the district by the late Jonathan Scott in the late sixties.

In addition to the experiment in tobacco, Kelly Douglas has supplied several growers with over 1000 young cherry trees, all of which are reported to be thriving. Varieties include, Royal Annes, Bings, Lambert and Black Tartarian. The young trees, which cost from 75 cents to $1.50, were supplied by K.D. in order to encourage the planting of cherries to supply their food manufacturing plant with good early cherries. First crop is expected in 1948.

BOOTLEGGING

Several months ago when the Lillooet Co-operative Association took over the local cannery, the majority of growers in the district agreed that it was a tremendous step in the right direction, but agreed also that it was going to require the full co-operation of all the ranchers and farmers in the district—and most of them promptly signed contracts with the cannery.

Man is a strange animal, however, to say the least. And when one of the farmers who had 'signed up' thought he could make a few more cents per case by shipping direct to coast markets himself, he endeavoured to do so, but was caught red-handed in the act of loading 200 cases of his 'bootleg' tomatoes into a P.G.E. car. The shipment was re-routed to the cannery, and upon inspection was found to be over-ripe with 47 percent culls. . . If they had ever got to their destination as originally packed, it would have seriously hurt the excellent reputation which the Association has been building up for Lillooet-grown fruit and vegetables.

Rich Land Goes A-Begging

A choice tract of 300 acres of benchlands held by the P.G.E. Railway, capable of producing a $100.000 tomatoe crop each year is going begging for a tenant.

Though the P.G.E. has refused to sell, it HAS offered to lease the land to the Farmer's Co-operative for $1.00 per acre per year, which rental appears to be very reasonable Stumbling block is that it would cost at least $20,000 to put water on the land, and there is guarantee that the lease will not be terminated from one year to the next.

Airport For Lillooet - Perhaps?

With the announcement by the Dept. of Indian Affairs that the site chosen by Lillooet boosters for a landing strip is definitely NOT on the Indian Reserve, but is the property of the Crown, it is felt by residents that they now have the green light to go ahead with their plans for a 4,000 ft. runway, which will be designed to handle even the large T.C.A. planes.

The Airport Committee of the Lillooet Board of Trade has made a call for volunteer labour to help get the project under way, and it is expected, as is usual in such cases, that the engineering staff of the P. W. D. will assist in laying out the runway.

The Lillooet 'News' states that the Dominion Department of Transport is 'anxious' to provide such an emergency landing strip in the Lillooet area as it is approximately halfway between Prince George and Vancouver. (If the Department's interest in this field reached as far as their finnancial coffers, their 'anxiety' could be quickly allayed).

Two thousand dollars worth of (Cariboo) gold nuggets.

BRIDGE RIVER MEATS

-:- General Store -:-:

Full line of Groceries - Meats

Mens' and Ladies' Wear - Drygoods - Hardware

Minto Mines British Columbia

MODEL BAKERY

Quality Bread Cakes, Pastry

GOLDBRIDGE, B.C.

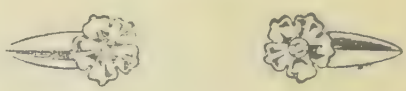
Marge's STYLE SHOP

Ladies & Childrens Wear

WILLIAMS LAKE, B.C.

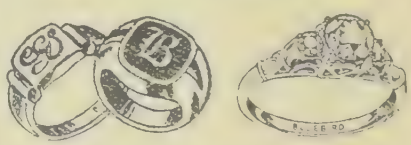
G.E. SPEER

Watchmaker & Jeweler



LADIE'S & MEN'S WATCHES
RINGS, BRACELETS and
Costume Jewelry

Guaranteed Repair Work
Prompt Attention Given To
MAIL ORDERS



LILLOOET, B.C.

MAPLE LEAF HOTEL

Wms. Lake Hotel Co. Ltd.
"Benny" Abbott

LICENSED PREMISES - - CAFE IN CONNECTION

Central Heating - All Modern Conveniences

Hunting Parties Arranged — Guaranteed Licensed Guides

WIRE — WRITE — or PHONE 25

"In the heart of the Cariboo"

WILLIAMS LAKE, B.C.

RANCHERS RETAIL

(H. Place, proprietor)

► GENERAL MERCHANT ► POST OFFICE ► GAS & OIL

Indian Buckskin, Bead and Basketwork

DOG CREEK, British Columbia

BRANDLY Drug Store

Rexall & Nyal Agencies

Harriet Hubbard Ayer
Toiletries

STOCK REMEDIES & SERUMS

WILLIAMS LAKE, B.C.

PIERCE GARAGE

INTERNATIONAL TRUCK SALES and SERVICE
— WELDING — STORAGE — GENERAL REPAIRS

QUESNEL, B.C.

AROUND THE TOWNS — WHAT'S GOING ON IN CARIBOO and NORTHERN BRITISH COLUMBIA (In Breif)

Clinton

INCORPORATION ISSUE

Incorporation is still being hotly debated by Clinton residents. Opinion appears to be equally divided between the pros and cons. Whether the town incorporates in 1948 or 1958 depends on how diplomatic those in favour choose to be.

One of the big stumbling blocks so far has been that one of the leaders of the incorporation movement is reported to have stated publicly that when the town became incorporated, they would really be able to 'soak' the big money maker (the hotel—with its beer parlour) 'plenty' in the way of taxes. Molotov or Vishinsky might call this diplomacy, but there will have to be a change of tactics before the movement gains many more adherents.

Eventually, if it is to be at all properly administered, the town MUST incorporate. In the past two years several new businesses have sprung up, including, a modern new cafe (Terry's Grill), a new fully modern auto camp and service station (Aurora Auto Court), two new stores (Parkie's and Clinton Hdwe.) a modern cold storage plant (Clinton Cold Storage), a leather shop, billiard hall etc. Such expansion is but a beginning. It has been definitely promised by Public Works Minister E.C. Carson that the first nine miles of the road north of Cache Creek (through to Hat Creek) will be 'black-topped before another summer passes, and that the road from the top of Clinton Hill to Mile 59 will be rebuilt and hard-surfaced starting in the spring. The result of such improvement in roads coupled with the increased publicity that the country is receiving can only result in vastly increased tourist traffic with its attendant new businesses.

Clinton will soon have grown to a size where it can no longer be properly administered by a lone government official representing distant Victoria, especially when said government official has manifold other duties.

Cutting the ribbon officially opening the new highway between 70-Mile House and 59-Mile, is Minister of Public Works E.C. Carson, with Mrs. 'Matt' Porter looking on.

THE ROAD NORTH

About ten miles north of Clinton, just a few hundred yards short of the historic old 59 Mile House, is the beginning of a new section of highway completed in November. From a narrow, twisting rough road the traveller emerges suddenly on a broad, smooth highway, straight for the most part and with easy grades (7 percent or less) The clearing of standing timber is at least 100 feet wide, the timber having been cleared off well beyond the ditches (and, unlike most of the Cariboo road, there ARE ditches), while the road itself is up to all specifications of a No.1 gravelled highway. The road continues for 10.4 miles where it again meets the old highway at the 70 Mile House, the first 'road house' ever built on the Cariboo Highway.

As soon as the weather permits it in the spring ,C.M. "Mat' Porter, owner of 70 Mile for the past 25 years, expects to get under with the construction of a new service station and lunch counter, to be built at the junction of the new and old roads.

Birth of a 'Mile House'

From 70 Mile to the 83, the road is unimproved, but starting at the top of the hill north of the -83 is another 10 mile stretch of new highway through to 93 Mile House.

Ten years ago at the 93 there was but one small log cabin set back a couple of hundred feet from the road, and a sign indicating that gas was available (from drums) . Today 93 Mile is fast becoming an important stopping place on the highway,

150 Mile Store

General Merchandise

SOUVENIRS

on the Cariboo Highway

URE LAUNDRIES

OUT OF TOWN WORK

— Given Special Attention —

MENDING ON REQUEST

WILLIAMS LAKE, B.C.

Maple Leaf Cafe

Soda Fountain—Soft Drinks

- Ice Cream -

"The Home of Good Cooking"

WILLIAMS LAKE, B.C.

Williams Lake Dry Cleaners

- CLEANING
- PRESSING
- ALTERATIONS

Agents: *TIP TOP TAILORS*

Special Attention Given To MAIL ORDERS

WILLIAMS LAKE, B.C.

LAKEVIEW HOTEL

"THE HOUSE OF COMFORT"

Dining Room & Coffee Shop In Connection

Williams Lake, B.C.

QUESNEL BROTHERS

Ford Sales and Service

TRACTORS, FARM IMPLEMENTS,
WRECKER SERVICE
FAST BATTERY CHARGING - STORAGE

"Your Friendly Dealer"

"It will take you Further"

We have a four foot by eight foot Hunting and Fishing Map — made especially to guide YOU to choice spots Throughout the Cariboo

Williams Lake, B. C.

DOG CREEK STAGES

► GENERAL FREIGHT ► MAIL & EXPRESS

Scheduled Truck and Stage Service between Wms. Lake and Dog Creek — Tuesdays and Fridays

DOG CREEK DISTRICT TAXI SERVICE

DOG CREEK, British Columbia

PAT'S TIRE SHOP

Specializing in

Tire and Tube Vulcanizing and Recapping Service

Wliliams Lake, B.C.

WILLIAMS LAKE LUMBER CO. LTD.

FIR and YELLOW PONDEROSA PINE for Local and Export Market

Lumber cut to your own specifications in our own mills

CHASM BRITISH COLUMBIA

offering cabin accommodation, garage and lunch counter service to all who pass. And now the framework of a large fully modern (to be) garage and service station is all but completed. Apart from these services, the proprietors conduct a truck and taxi service into the Bridge Lake area 50 miles to the east ,and have built up a solid reputation as game guides, having taken out some 13 moose and 20 deer for visiting sportsmen. . . thus are roadhouses of the Carbioo born.

MYSTERY

Despite the fact that contracts were let in the early spring (at $28.500 per mile) for rebuilding the highway from 93 Mile to 100 Mile, the new road extends for only a half mile north of the -93. What happened to the contract or the contractors is one of the major mysteries, of the many mysteries surrounding the Cariboo road-building program. District residents, however, feel certain that this section is to be rebuilt in 1948. . . Why are they certain? — Well Joe got it from Dick, who got it from John, who in turn got it from Si, who's brother got it straight from higher up (?) **(We too, were optimistic once—that was away back in 1945, when Minister of Public Works Carson publicly promised the people of Cariboo a paved road as far as Williams Lake BY THE END OF 1947)**

NEW STORE FOR 100 MILE

100 Mile's new store, built on the site of the old store, destroyed by fire over a year ago, is one of the most modern along the highway, and ranks along with the up-to-date premises of Western Rife & Pigeon in Williams Lake. It is brightly lighted and has modern asphalt tile floors. Shelving is done in the new style, making for better display, being broad and low, while in the centre of the floor are 'islands' on which goods are attractively displayed in the most modern manner. . . A far cry from the dingy conventional country store with its dark corners, shelves from floor to ceiling. (See photo of last picture taken of 100 Mile Store)

HUSH - HUSH!

Along the shore of Lac La Hache, the new profile of Twilight Lodge is all but completed. Only a few hard-to-get materials stand in the way of completing fully the program of expansion to this, one of the most attractive of all lodges along the highway. In addition to six new guest rooms, there is a new dining room with huge windows overlooking the lake, which room when completed will be furnished tastefully in solid red maple. Adjoining the dining room is another room, also with one wall of almost solid glass overlooking the lake —said room being nicely finished in knotted pine and furnished with deep chairs and small round tables. . . Perhaps we shouldn't say any more about this room, for fear of offending Mr .Kennedy, who would like it kept on the 'hush - hush' list.

No publicity must be given it by the proprietor, Mr. Gunn. Why? Ask Mr. Kennedy. For our part, not being connected with Mr. Kennedy we feel free to say that this room is one of the most pleasant and comfortable tap-rooms, beer parlours beverage rooms (call them what you will) that we have ever been in —and **the only one with a view.**

More Mystery

Exactly why Mr. Kennedy has chosen to put a ban on all advertising relating to the sale of beer by the glass, in establishments to which he has granted licenses, is a connundrum of the first water. Manufacturers of any type of alcoholic beverage were prohibited, during war years, from advertising their products in magazines, newspapers, or other media, but were allowed to foot the bill for advertising which urged Canadians to be more patriotic, and buy War Bonds etc.

In the meantime the government-owned retail liquor business continued to pile up enormous profits by virtue of watered stocks, and by virtue of their undisputed monopoly. Recently the ban on 'manufacturer-advertising' was lifted, but now comes the latest ban — on all advertising, of any sort, informing the public that a hotel has premises in which it is licensed to serve beer. Not even the old conservative 'licensed premises' is to appear in any printed advertising, and proprietors are to be allowed only one sign, and that sign must be attached to the premises, with which to advertise the fact that the thirsty traveller can procure a glass of beer on said premises. . . **If it is such a shameful thing, this drinking of beer, . . by what set of principles does the government operate its (shameful) profit-making monopoly.**

We seem to have wandered a long way from the Cariboo Road, but we DID very much want to get in our 'two-bits-worth' on this question. If Mr. Kennedy can, without shame, sit back and profit to the tune of several millions a year, and also 'earn' his living, by administering a 'liquor monopoly', we feel that with such a precedent, there can be little to be ashamed of in advising thirsty travellers of the new service at the above lodge, and thus enabling another man to earn his living. (This is not a paid advertisement)

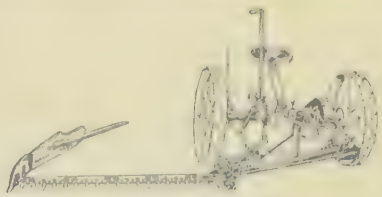
The last picture taken of the old 100 Mile store. It burned to the ground.

P. W. OGDEN

GAS - OIL - POST OFFICE
Tourist Information

LAC LA HACHE , B.C.

R. M. BLAIR



WILLIAMS LAKE, B.C.

Agent: "IMPERIAL OIL" PRODUCTS & "MASSEY HARRIS" FARM IMPLEMENTS

LIKELY General Store

(C.J. Zirnhelt, prop.)
HUNTING and FISHING SUPPLIES
LIKELY, B. C.

HODGSON BROTHERS

Chilcotin - Mail, Freight & Passenger Service

Williams Lake — — Anahim Lake

WILLIAMS LAKE, B.C.

Tony's

Leather Repair Shop

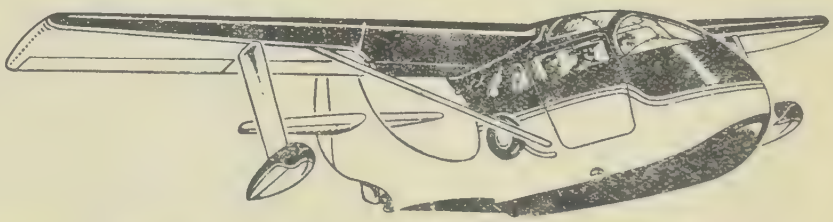
WE REPAIR ANYTHING IN *LEATHER*

WILLIAMS LAKE, B.C.

C. H. Dodwell & Co.

- ROBERT BEAUCHAMP -
NOTARY PUBLIC
- **Insurance**
- **Real Estate**

WILLIAMS LAKE, B. C.



Save Time - TRAVEL By AIR!

CHARTER TRIPS - SIGHT-SEEING - AIR EXPRESS

ADD MORE DAYS OF PLEASURE TO YOUR TRIP BY FLYING DIRECT TO YOUR FAVORITE CARIBOO HUNTING OR FISHING LODGE.

It's QUICKER - CHEAPER - SAFER

PARAMATTA *Airways*

LIMITED

Phone, Write or Wire PARAMATTA AIRWAYS, Wms. Lake Airport

Public Accountant

- Accounting Systems Installed -
Monthly Servicing of Accounts

Don't Worry
.. Over your Income Tax Returns ..
BRING THEM TO

W.J. THOMAS

Phone 25 - Williams Lake, B.C.

Williams Lake

Tourists Not Getting Through

Ken McKenzie, who has been doing an excellent job catering to tourists at the 150 Mile Hotel for the last two years, states that the tourist business during 1947 was only a fraction of what it was during 1946. It is his opinion, as well as the opinion of virtually everyone up and down the Cariboo Highway, that POOR ROAD CONDITIONS are to blame for this falling off of tourists—poor road conditions and certain 'anti north country' propaganda.

Said Mr. McKenzie, "Tourists' have told me repeatedly that they were advised by government officials at the border, and by 'others' as they head north, that it is virtually impossible to get through to Prince George, and that there is only a trail west of there. . . Something must be done about this."

(See pg. 81 for what is being done)

NO SCANDAL

Says editor Geo. W. Renner, of the Williams Lake Tribune, "Every week some of our town and country friends ask me what the latest scandal is, so this week (Sept. 8) we made the rounds looking for some SCANDAL to publish in order to keep them happy.

We asked gossipers, so-called 'scandal mongers' policemen, hospital attendants, school teachers doctors and government officials—everyone in fact, and the only thing we found out that might come under the heading of 'scandal' was that there were two drunks last week, and one person was caught driving without a license. . .Some reporters would no doubt feel like quitting such a community," the editor went on to say, "but we are proud to be able to make such a report."

Telephone Rates Unbudged

Efforts of the Board of Trade to have the Government Telephone rates revised downwards have come up against a blank wall. Recent increases is rates brought a wave of protest from outlying ranchers, one of whom is faced with paying a toll everytime he phones from one end of his property to the other.

Protests by the Board and a request for revision made to Wm. Irvine, M.P., and the Dept. of Public Works at Ottawa, resulted in the receipt of a letter, part of which read, ". . any attempt to digress from the Department's present rate structure would be discriminatory and indefensible. . . " In the meantime the ranchers feel that they are being 'indefensibly discriminated against.'

THE $64 QUESTION

Arterial Highway or No?

(Note: If a road through a town is gazetted as an arterial highway, the cost of upkeeping the road is born by the Provincial Government. If gazetted as a 'secondary highway' the municipality pays one-quarter of the cost of upkeep. If it is given neither status, the town pays the full cost.)

Fifteen years ago the highway leading to the Chilcotin which forms one of the main streets of the town, connecting with the Cariboo Highway in the heart of the town, was to have been gazetted as an 'arterial' highway, by the (then) Minister of Public Works — thus sparing the town the expense of its upkeep. But it never came to pass. Recently,, a group of new residents, suddenly aware of the situation for the first time, and motivated by a desire to save the tax-payer's money, urged Board of Trade to have the road gazetted at once, so that government rather than town monies be spent on its upkeep.

The Board however, refused to be stampeded into action. "Why not let sleeping dogs lie," said, old- timer Geo. Renner in effect, as he pointed out the fact that the highway was not gazetted as either 'ar-

For Sale!

Moored at Fraser's wharf, Fort St. James, B. C. Length, 30 ft., Beam 7 ft. — flat bottom, shallow draft. Built at Vanderhoof by Reid Bros. for lake and river work in 1946. Powered by new "Utility-Four" Universal Motor. Boat can make 12 m.p.h. at full speed. Planking, full-length Sitka Spruce (full inch thick) fastened to fir ribs with galvanized screws. Chine and guard are oak. Has double berth in cabin, yacht's lavatory, galley and electric lights. Suitable for extended trips. Fully equipped with anchor, spare propellor, etc.

For further particulars, apply Box 3, Cariboo Digest Ltd., Quesnel, B.C.

FOR EVERYTHING IN HARDWARE

INSPECT OUR COMPLETE LINE OF

Hardware - Furniture - Plumbing Supplies and Farm Implements

We are sole Agents for such well known lines as:

Beatty Washing Machines and Haying Equipment, McCormick Deering, DeLaval Separators, Case Farm Machinery, Planet Jr., Renfrew, Fridgidaire, Westinghouse Radios, Irons and Appliances, Johnson Outboard Motors, Lawson Inboard Motors.

Smedley & Sharp Limited

Williams Lake - British Columbia

BLACKWELLS
PHOTO SERVICE

- PORTRAITS
- FINISHING
- Commercial Photography

WILLIAMS LAKE, B.C.

Lake Taxi

BUS DEPOT INSURED CARS

Courteous Service *Careful Drivers*

WILLIAMS LAKE, B.C.

Curly Bryce
BIG GAME GUIDE

Specializing in MOOSE & DEER in the BIG LAKE district Pack Horses and Accommodation provided.

Write: C. Bryce, Big Lake, P.O.

Bring Your TROUBLES To:

J. & G. MACHINE SHOP

GENERAL LATHE WORK & REPAIRS

Electric and Acetylene Welding

OIL BURNER sales & service

WILLIAMS LAKE, B.C.

STAN DOWLING

ANAHIM LAKE TRANSPORT
SPECIALIZING IN
CATTLE HAULING

Anahim Lake, B.C.

NUGGETT CAFE

for **26** Years

WE HAVE BEEN SERVING THE BEST MEALS NORTH OF VANCOUVER

QUESNEL, B.C.

CARIBOO HOTEL

Quesnel, B. C.

terial, or 'secondary', the government had been paying the full cost of its upkeep all these years, and that in the event they were successful in having it gazetted as only a 'secondary' highway, the village would then be forced to pay one-quarter of the maintenance costs —whereas it was now getting off scott free. (And who knows? If Victoria awoke suddenly to what it has been unwittingly doing these past 15 years, it might not give the road either classification, and might instead demand payment of all money spent on maintenance retroactive for 15 years—truly a $64 question)

Pending Development Not So Good

In our Fall issue we reported that the Airport Committee of the Wms. Lake Board of Trade reported making some headway in the matter of having a proper airport constructed for the town, at a site chosen by the committee. After showing various government officials over the proposed site, they were advised to 'hold the ground pending further developments'.

The 'pending developments' however, proved rather shocking. Part of the maintenance equipment of the existing landing strip was ordered removed to the Quesnel airport. . . Only quick action on the part of some influential citizens prevented the local landing strip reverting to a 'jack-pine flat'. The all-clear came in the form of telegrams from Liberal Party sources stating that the equipment was to be left at Wms. Lake permanently.

BUSINESS and BUILDINGS

Paramatta Airways, (who supply, gratis, the labour for the upkeek of the local landing strip) and who have been rendering excellent service within a 200 mile radius of Williams Lake with both land and sea planes, have now equipped their Seabee with skis for winter landings on the countless lakes of Cariboo. Former Provincial Policeman W.H. Sharpe has retired from the (Wms. Lake) force and opened a new home furnishings store next door to Marge's Style Shop in the old Elk's Hall building. The stock and fixtures of the shop formerly known as Beaton's Ladies Wear has changed hands and is now known as Lee & MacArthur. New retreading equipment for passenger car tires has been installed at Pat's Tire Shop. The new unit is designed to produce the 'knobby' tread which is so effective on Cariboo roads against winter snows and spring mud. Just across the street from the town's new J. & G. Machine Shop which has been doing a bang-up business these past months, the framework of the new Elks Hall is all but completed. It will be at least twice as large as the old hall and until the South Cariboo War Memorial is a reality, will be the civic centre of the town.

A fine new stuccoed business block is getting its finishing touches after almost a year of hard work fighting the materials shortage on the part of the Borkowski brothers, Joe, Tony and John. The building houses a photographic studio (Blackwell's), a beauty parlour, tailor shop (Bryans), the Borkowski Mens Wear, and Tony's Leather Shop. The block is the realization of years of planning by the three brothers, two of whom served overseas. The example set by these vets is one which could be followed anywhere to advantage. .

High Class Ladies For Sale!

Unattcahed males who were seeking a spouse, and who happened to glance at the 'Tribune' of Oct. 31st, must have thought that some kind soul had come forth with the object of their desires. In the paper of that date, a headline read:

"6 Registered Females To Be Sold"

Further reading however would have left them downcast, for the headline referred to cows not cuties.

Bella Coola

- by CLIFFORD R. KOPAS -

Timber Shortage Hampers Building

In spite of the fact that Bella Coola is in the heart of the logging district, lumber shortage is a factor retarding progress. But in spite of this shortage, building is still proceeding. A dozen new homes have been added to the community which spreads over the lower fifeten miles of the valley. At Hagensborg the Northern Co-operative Timber and Mills Ass'n. completed a large garage. This is primarily for the servicing of their own trucks and cars but the garage is open to the public also.

Build Own Roads

The Northern Co-operative, probably the only co-operative logging concern in B.C., have put many miles of road up the Noosatsum River, a tributary to the Bella Coola River. One of their chief costs is putting in new roads and maintaining old ones. They had added two new gravel trucks to their fleet and have co-operated with the Department of Public Works and maintained a power grader on the highways.

New Businessmen's Association Pushing for Interior Connection

The business men of Bella Coola joined together in the Bella Coola Business Mens's Association, with Clifford R. Kopas as president, and have as their aims the increasing of tourist traffic and business. They are making plans for a big publicity campaign to bring in tourists this coming summer. "We have something," says the association, "and we are going to let people know about it. **We are going to drive for the completion of the road through to the interior and to Wms. Lake, so that we will be able to ramble up through the. ranching.. country with gas buggies.. instead of "hay-burners".**

You'll feel 'at home' when you stop at

The TRAVELLERS REST

- owner, H.C. Graham — proprietor. F.J. Searle -

ROOMS:-$1.50 Single — $2.50 Double

QUESNEL, BRITISH COLUMBIA

E.J. NORMAN

SPECIALIST IN PLACER MINING
& Glacier Channel Geology
40 Years Field Experience

BOX 158 QUESNEL, B. C.

QUESNEL TOBACCO COMPANY

- ERNIE C. DAWSON -

Smokers Supplies and Confectionery

Agent: 'Tip Top' Tailors

QUESNEL, BRITISH COLUMBIA

NUGGETT

Barber Shop

PERSONALITY HAIR CUTS
for
Discriminating People
cordiality shown to tourists

Next door to Nuggett Cafe

QUESNEL, B.C.

Yvonne's Style Shoppe

Ladies, Childrens and Mens Wear

QUESNEL, British Columbia

Fardal's

MEAT MARKET

QUESNEL, B.C.

S. N. WILLIAM & Company

FULL LINE Table Supplies - Ladies & Men's Wear - Boots & Shoes

WE BUY GOLD and FURS

QUESNEL, B.C.

ALLISON
Drug & Book Co.

Rexall DRUGS

REXALL & NYAL AGENCIES

Dorothy Gray Toiletries

- BOOKS and STATIONERY -

QUESNEL, B.C.

QUESNEL TAXI

33-R-3 **TELEPHONE** 33-R-3

CAREFUL DRIVERS -s- COURTEOUS SERVICE

Charter Bus Service Anywhere - Excursions

QUESNEL, B.C. *'Centre of the CARIBOO'*

WELLS

Photo Service

The Finest in Photo-Finishing

COMMERCIAL PHOTOGRAPHY

Coloring in OILS our Specialty

A. Luckow **Wells, B.C.**

AROUND THE TOWNS — WHAT'S GOING ON IN CARIBOO and NORTHERN BRITISH COLUMBIA (In Brief)

Quesnel

Quesnel, B.C., "town of the three bridges"—loking north.

Building Nears Half-Million Mark

With some 60 new private dwellings having been pushed to various stages of completion during the year, and several new business buildings and additions having been completed, total construction for the year is crowding the $500,000 mark. Despite the boom in housing construction, the housing situation is still so acute that many family men who would like to take jobs are forced to move on.

Village Takes Over Water Works

In common with most towns in the north country, virtually all of which are suffering from growing-pains of various sorts, most of which come under one of the following headings: inadequate light and power facilities, poor water facilities, inadeqate school and hospital accommodation, Quesnel has been suffering from, more than anything else, lack of water, and in order to insure adequate expansion of existing facilities, the Village has acquired the water system from the Quesnel Light and Water Co. at a reputed cost of $20,000.

Despite predictions that (following so closely on the heels of an approval by the ratepayers to spend $168,500 on a new school) the proposal to spend an additional $100,000 on improvements to the water system would be turned down, there were only eight opposing votes. Quesnel is lagging behind Prince George and Williams Lake, both of which towns made a good start by laying new water mains in the business sections before the winter freeze-up. Construction of Quesnel's new waterworks is expected to get under way immediately after the spring thaw.

Town Property Re-assessed

Property throughout the town is being re-assessed by both Government assessor and A.B. Mills, Village Clerk, and it is expected that the valuation of most property will be considerably higher.

Obsolete System May Go Out

In place of the trades license system, the Village is considering a business tax. It is felt by the Commissioners that a business tax would place revenues on a more equitable basis both for the Village and the business men.. The matter, however, will be thoroughly discussed before action is taken.

British Columbia and Prince Edward Island are the only two provinces still maintaining the obsolete trades license system.

No Enthusiasm

Claiming that, try as he might, he could not instill any enthusiasm into the members of the Board of Trade, president Harold Cleland, (proprietor of Quesnel's 'Cariboo Hotel) resigned, in anticipation of someone else having more success. For the remainder of the term, former vice-president Harry Tuffly will head the Board, with Harold Box named to succeed him as vice-president.

Hospital Badly In Debt

With an average monthly deficit of $600.00 the indebtedness of the Quesnel General Hospital had reached a total of $8,000.00 by the end of October. A special cash grant from the government of $5,000 eased the situation temporarily, but unless definite steps are taken to increase the revenue, the monthly deficit will again pyramid the indebtedness to new highs.

Only Partial Payment

The inadeqate income is traceable directly to the following: (1) Only 43 percent of private patients fulfill their finnancial obligations to the hospital. (2) The Municipality, which prior to April 1st of this year had been paying in 70 cents per day per patient, has been relieved of this obligation, while there has been no increase in the Government grant of 70 cents per patient day to offset this loss. (3) The Workman's Compensation Board is still paying only 48 percent, and the Indian Department only 49 percent of the actual cost of hospitalization of their patients.

Ask For Increased Grants

In the mean time a resolution was passed by the Hospital Board requesting that the government grant be increased by 100 percent and that all other government Departments, Indian, W.C.B.,etc., be requested to pay the FULL amount of the cost of hospitalizing their patients. If these requests are not granted, it has been decided that the hospital may have to be restricted to emergency use only.

By The Dozen

Most unusual shipment of agricultural produce to leave Quesnel in many moons was a 25 ton car of potatoes shipped by North Cariboo Growers to Hong Kong. The potatoes were all of them very small, commonly called 'marbles', and will be sold in the Hong Kong markets 'by the dozen'.

Barkerville Stages

Harry Tuffley, proprietor

QUESNEL - WELLS - BARKERVILLE

Island Mountain Kitchen & Bakery

F. HENNESSY, proprietor

BREAD -- CAKES -- PASTRIES

ROOM and BOARD — By the Day, Week or Month

WELLS, B.C.

K. H. SING

GENERAL STORE

Groceries, Dry Goods' Hardware
Miners Supplies, Shell Gas & Oil

FOOD MARKET

Fresh Fruits Vegetables and Groceries

TWO STORES AT YOUR SERVICE

WELLS, B.C.

Mackenzies Ltd.

The Model Store of CARIBOO

Miners Supplies — Ladies and Mens Wear
Radios, Washing Machines, Furniture

► SERVICE ► VALUE ► QUALITY

WELLS, B.C. and WILLIAMS LAKE, B.C.

COTTONWOOD HOUSE

(Established Since 1864)

►HOTEL ►POST OFFICE ►GAS & OIL ►STABLES

Stage Station -- Telephone

-s *ONE OF CARIBOO'S HISTORIC STOPPING PLACES* s-

COTTONWOOD, B.C. — — 21 Miles East of Quesnel

Chris'

Self Serve Grocery

Best Quality Groceries

You'll enjoy shoping at

Chris'

WELLS, B.C.

CARIBOO ROOMS

COMFORTABLE ROOMS

- *Good Home Cooked Meals* -

by the day, week or month

WELLS, B.C.

CRAINE'S CAFE

(under new management)

Alma Williams

Home Cooking and Baking

WELLS, B.C.

RILEY'S

Confectionery

and TAXI

WELLS, B.C.

Wells B.C.

In view of the fact that Wells, as a town, would be non-existent but for the two gold mines, Island Mt. Mines Co. and Cariboo Gold Quartz Mining Co., it seems advisable to review what we choose to call:

THE GOLD MINING MUDDLE

With no labour priority, Cariboo (and Canadian gold mines elsewhere) suffered severely during the six war years. Virtually every mine in the north country was reduced to a skeleton crew comprised of men not acceptable into the armed services and which the Selective Service could not use elsewhere. With the end of the war, it was hoped that men would again return to the gold mines so that they could get back into full production. But there was no great rush back, for wages 'outside' had almost doubled in the six-year period, and along with the wages, the cost of living had also gone up. The $6.00 per day basic rate, offered the miner was on an average $2.00 per day less than the wages paid for truck drivers, woods workers or unskilled ditch-diggers and men would not go under ground for 25 percent less wages than they could get above ground.

There was a slight influx of men to the mines, but the labour turnover was great, and the mines, which were handling the one commodity on which the price had been 'pegged' by international agreement, did not feel that they could equal the wages paid 'outside'. . . which led to a strike. . resulting after 5 months in an increase in the basic rate of pay to miners to $7.11 per shift—still below par compared to wages outside the industry, but the mines did get more men as a result.

In rapid succession came two increases, one to the miners, one to the mines. In October, mines in the two major gold-producing camps in the Cariboo announced basic pay increases of from 60 cents per day for general workers, to $1.00 per shift for miners. . . "in recognition of the increased cost of living", said the mines. . . A short time later came the announcement of the $7.00 per oz. bonus on all gold produced over and above production for the year ending July 1st., 1947.

The fact that this voluntary raising of wages came before and not after the announcement of the bonus thereby suggesting a 'leak' of information, is immaterial. The important thing is that the miner's basic wages are now over $8.00 per shift and on a par with wages paid in other industries for skilled men which will undoubtedly result in more manpower for the mines.

Precarious Position

Contrary to the popular belief that the mines are now 'away to the races', with little to worry about, their position is in reality, quite precarious. Payment of present wages is possible only so long as the gold-bonus continues. And even if the bonus were on **total** production rather than on **increased** production only, it would be an increase of only 20 percent, whereas wages have increased 30 percent in less than a year, and the increase in the cost of timber, lumber, steel, diesel oil and the innumerable supplies that are required to make a mine operate, have risen anywhere from 10 to 125 percent.

With overall cost of production up 25 percent or more, the mines have been given a temporay increase on a part of their production in the form of a bonus, which bonus can be withdrawn at a moments notice.

At best the bonus means an increase in revenues for the mines of from NIL, for such mines as do not increase production, to 5 percent for those which increase production by 50 percent, and 10 percent to such mines as can double production.

It is readily apparent that Cariboo gold mines are not in a very favourble position. By dint of expert management, cutting expenses to the bone and swelling production to double the pre-June rate, they might be able to weather the storm of increased wage demands and soaring material costs—but when the bonus comes off, they will be left out on a limb.

In the meantime, the British Columbia hard rock miners adopted a resolution at a recent meeting of the International Union of Mine, Mill and Smelter Workers, which has the "Kimberly wage scale" of $9.28 per day as their target in pending negotiations with the mines.

With the mines ability to pay depending almost solely. on a. 'withdrawable' bonus, the prospects for a stable gold mining. industry are still slight.

Offices, Mill and warehouses of Island Mt. Mines Co.

FOR GIFTS - That are different
BOOKS - First Editions and reprints
Magazines, Stationery, School and Office Supplies
Costume Jewelry, Notions, Leather Goods
Coutts Greeting Cards

PANAMA NEWS
Limited
GEORGE STREET - PRINCE GEORGE, B. C.

REFRIGERATION
Service *Shop*

- Commercial Installations and Repairs
- Farm and Home Quick-Freeze Cabinets
- Ice Cream Cabinets — Show Cases

Anywhere in the Northern Interior
Write **Prince George, B.C.** Wire

Stand: BUS DEPOT 24-HOUR SERVICE

VETS TAXI
GEORGE COWELL - A. J. LENEHAN
SAFE COURTEOUS DRIVERS

TELEPHONE
75
PRINCE GEORGE
BRITISH COLUMBIA

CARIBOO . MEAT . MARKET

-: Quality Fresh & Cured Meats :-
On Third Avenue • Prince George, B.C.

Astoria Cafe
Good Food - Prepared
- as you like it -
PRINCE GEORGE. B.C. on George St

Your Fuller Brush Man
When in need of Brushes,
Dusters, Mops or Brooms,
Think of Fuller Brushes
And Mr. G. O. Toombs
Box 831 Prince George, B. C.

Nechako Bakery
Quality Products
Phone 55 - R 1 *Box 301*
PRINCE GEORGE, B.C.

JOHN McINNIS
DEALER IN LUMBER
AND BUILDERS SUPPLIES
P. O. Box 51 - PRINCE GEORGE, B.C.

SIX MILE LAKE
SAWMILLS LIMITED
Manufacturers of Western
White Spruce Lumber
Box 396 PRINCE GEORGE, B.C.

Red Bird Cafe
Mang Fu, manager
GOOD FOOD
QUICK Courteous SERVICE
opposite McDonald Hotel
on George Street
PRINCE GEORGE, B.C.

Prince George

Willow River Hydro Project

The most important question confronting the people of Prince George today seems to be the one of how, where and when, it is going to get more and cheaper electrical power. General leaning of the populace appears to be towards establishing a hydro-electric plant at Willow River. Mayor J. Nicholson, who has been working tirelessly for many months to advance the proposed $1,300,000 12,000 h.p. project, will put the question to the people at the December elections.

Pros and Cons

While city officials, under Mayor Nicholson, are anxious to get the project under way, claiming that inadequate power facilities and high costs have hampered the growth of the city, and that new cheap hydro-power will induce new industry to become established there, and that in view of the impending completion of the P.G.E. it is a MUST, there have been many advocates of less haste and more speed in another direction.

Publisher H.G. Perry of the Prince George 'Citizen' (and former M.L.A. and Minister of Education) pointed out editorially that the amount of money involved is far higher than the legal borrowing powers of the City as set forth in the Municipal Act, and that the estimates of engineers were often far short of the actual cost of the finished undertaking. It is his opinion that the City should first do everything in its power to try to persuade the B. C. Power Commission to build the hydro-electric plant, or guarantee the city more and cheaper power before plunging into such debt that its borrowing powers would be impaired for years to come.

The town's Junior Chamber of Commerce wanted to know many things before lending the support of their organization. Chief question put to advocates of the project was, "How is the hydro-electric plant to be financed? At the present rate charged for electricity, and the amount consumed, the revenue saved will be absorbed by the interest on the loan. In other words, the total revenue is approximately $102,000, and the interest on the anticipated loan will be $100,000. Will the capital then be paid off by increased taxation, or how will it be paid?

Alderman F. Hale, who bore the brunt of answering the long questionnaire submitted by the J.C.C., said that taxes would not be raised, but failed to point out just how the principal would be paid.

In the meantime, purchase of the power house used by the army during the war from the War Assets Corporation at a cost of $55,000 was approved. Being connected with the city's lighting system, the new power can be htrown into use on a few minutes notice.

New Business and Buildings

Largest of the buildings completed in the business district in the past month is the newly completed Karl Anderson Building. It is a two-storey structure with full basement, which houses on the ground floor the Bank of Nova Scotia and a new medical centre to be known as the Northern Medical Centre. On the upper floor will be nine private offices. W.A. Jarmson, local manager of the Overwaitea store, announced the letting of contracts to J.N. Dezell & Son for construction of a new store to measure 80 by 30 feet, and featuring all the latest merchandising methods, to be completed for occupancy by spring. Location of the new store will be on third Ave. opposite Prince George's fine new public library. Also to J.N. Dezell & Son went the contract for construction of the new 40 by 110 foot two-storey addition to the premises of the Northern Hardware and Furniture Co. Plans for this addition, and for the renovating of the older premises were drawn up by the Vancouver firm of Semens and Watson, and feature in addition to an extremely attractive frontal appearance and modern interior layout, a cafeteria for the staff—the first such service installed by any store in the northern interior.

New Housing

The first lot of the 50 houses due for construction under the Wartime Housing Scheme are expected to be ready for occupancy shortly. Rentals are expected to be between $22.00 and $35.00 per month, and preference will be given to veterans with two or more children.

Northern Medical Centre

Drs. E.J. Lyon and L.T. Maxwell, both well known physicians and surgeons of Prince George, have moved into their new premises located in a suite of nine rooms on the ground

Looking down at Prince George from the top of the hill on main highway.

STUART LAKE GARAGE

COMPLETE
AUTOMOTIVE SERVICE
'Evinrude' Sales & Service
- large stock on hand -

Hoy's
WATER TRANSPORT

FREIGHT & PASSENGER SERVICE
From Fort St. James to Takla Landing

FORT ST. JAMES, B. C.

FORT ST. JAMES STAGES

SCHEDULED SERVICE
Between Vanderhoof, Fort St. James, Pinchi Lake, Manson Creek and Germanson Landing.
CHARTER TRIPS
To Anywhere in B.C.

Taylor Brothers

Hardware & Furniture Dealers

Agents: Imperial Oil Co. Ltd.

VANDERHOOF, B.C.

REID HOTEL

* * *

CLEAN - COMFORTABLE
Fully Licensed

VANDERHOOF, B.C.

Fraser Lake Sawmills Ltd.

Sash, Doors and General Builders Supplies

'Imperial' Gas and Oil, International Harvester
— TRUCKS and IMPLEMENTS —

FRASER LAKE, B. C.

Vanderhoof Co-operative Association

MASSEY-HARRIS FARM MACHINERY AND APPLIANCES
Distributors of: 'ROBIN HOOD' - 'FIVE ROSES' & 'PURITY' Flour
Poultry and Stock Feeds *"SEALED QUALITY" EGGS*
RADIOS — WASHING MACHINES & LIGHTING PLANTS

VANDERHOOF, B.C.

L. R. DICKENSON

General Merchandise

Member of Consolidated Grocers

Fort St. James & Pinchi Lake, B. C.

Ernie's Garage

Authorized

J. E. Philpott & Sons

- New Garage
- Modern Equipment

Ford Sales & Service

Established 1929 — VANDERHOOF, B. C.

floor of the new Karl Anderson building which will be known as the 'Northern Medical Centre'. Of the 9 rooms, one is a chamber lined completely with copper for the application of short-wave treatment, another is fitted as a laboratory for blood analysis, storage of serums and other scientific preparations and will be in the hands of a laboratory technician while a third room is to be fitted as an X-ray room as soon as the equipment arrives from the manufacturers. The remaining rooms will be examination rooms, waiting rooms and offices.

Not Guilty—But Don't Do It Again

His Honour, Judge E. Woodburn, rendered, on the face of it, an impossible verdict during a recent session in court, to whit; **"Not guilty - but don't do it again."**

The accused, to whom this verdict was read, were two men who had been caught after having broken into a cabin, looked around, and then broken into a storehouse, taking various tools etc.

Said the two men when apprehended, "We thought the cabin was abandoned, and had no intention of breaking the law."

Said the judge, when he ordered their release, "I feel that these men are not crooks, but just plain errant fools—who should be very, very, clear on the law now . . "

* * *

Vanderhoof

Withdrawal Shortlived

The withdrawal of Vanderhoof from the Central B.C. Municipal Association in late August, following charges by Vanderhoof delegates that the association was 'dominated by Prince George and Prince Rupert' was shortlived. Despite protests by both large cities that such was not the case, voting powers were so revised as to give each town equal voice, and Vanderhoof is once again a member—having accomplished exactly what it wanted.

Airport Equipment Moved

Following persistent rumours to the effect that the airport just north of town had been declared a '24 hr. field' Geo. Ogston, secretary of the Board of Trade, was instructed to communicate with the Dept. of Transport on the matter, and in reply received a letter from the Hon. C.D. Howe which ended with the following: "For the present, it does not appear that any purpose would be served in maintaining the lighting and power plant and radio range, and steps have therefore been taken to use this equipment elsewhere. In the meantime you may rest assured that the airport will be maintained to meet local requirements so long as the present interest in aviation in that area is in evidence.

(The words 'pending developments' were not used, so Vanderhoof may rest easier. . . see Wms. Lake)

Business and Building

Most prominent new building under construction is the new home of Mel's Silver Grill, which will be a fine modern building of about 30 by 60 feet adjoining the L.C. French general store. Barely under way at this time, but slated for completion in the spring is the renovating and modernizing of Lee's Garage, which has been taken over by Maynard G. Kerr. The building is to be moved back from the street and a wide gravel driveway made to and from the garage. The new 24 by 40 foot, two storey Forestry building was opened officially on Nov. 10th. The ground floor- comprises- a two-car garage, with the balance of the (ground) floor space measuring 16 by 24 feet, divided into three offices. Local residents were pleased over the fact that as much as was possible of all material was purchased locally rather than 'outside' as so often is the case.

Though not a new building, the renovating and improving of the Reo Theatre by Cecil Steele, carried out during the past two years, has resulted in Vanderhoof having one of the finest theatres to be found in any of the small towns of the north country. In reconstructing the building, Mr. Steele not only installed the necessary sloping floor, and padded seats throughout, but has made generous use of a very expensive 'accoustic board' and installed the latest type of ground glass screen, thus assuring proper sound and vision.

The Vanderhoof Lumber Company moved in the planer which was formerly in operation at Fort Fraser, and will shortly be turning out up to 25 thousand feet of planed lumber per day for eastern markets.

FORT ST. JAMES

New Sawmills

Two new sawmills went into production during the summer and fall. Dave Hoy, veteran of the water freightways to the north, has set up a mill on the lakeshore near his home with a capacity of 6-8 thousand f.b.m. per day which has been working at full capacity all summer. On the south side of the lake, the new mill of the Vanderhoof Lumber Co. went into operation this fall. Capacity of this mill is about 40,000 f.b.m. per day.

Endorsattion

Because their interests are almost identical in the fact that major development will come with the 'opening up' of the north country, the Vanderhoof Board of Trade has endorsed the proposal of the Fort St. James Board to push for the completion of the Manson Creek-Finlay Forks road, and the renewal of the Nation River bridge which is reported to be in very bad condition.

A Letter

In our Fall issue we made public in these columns the fact that residents of the Fort St. James district were raising by public subscription the sum of $10,000, for the purpose of building a road from Manson Crossing to Finlay Forks. Following is a sample note accompanying donations which have come in:

Bruce Russel,
Fort St. James, B.C.
Dear Sir:

I noticed in the Cariboo Digest that you were heading a com-

Silver Tip Tire Service

J. R. Dundas
GENERAL Tires & Tubes
'STANDARD' OIL PRODUCTS
— Expert Vulcanizing & Recapping Service —
BURNS LAKE, B. C.

TED'S **TAXI**
Phone Central for 24 Hour Speedy Service
Charter Trips Anywhere **Vanderhoof, B.C.**

Burns Lake Cash & Delivery

S. TURNER. Manager

General Merchant

Flour, Feed, Fruit & Vegetables - Fresh and Cured Meats

The Main Street Store — where you can be outfitted completely for that Hunting or Fishing trip.

Agent: Home Oil Products

Burns Lake B. C.
"Gateway to Tweedsmuir Park"

SHELL SERVICE STATION

G. E. Williams
TIRE REPAIRS - WASHING - LUBRICATION - REST ROOMS
AGENT: "SHELL" Petroleum Products
Agents: Plymouth & Chrysler Cars — Fargo Trucks
'Service & Satisfaction" Our Motto
BURNS LAKE, B.C. Gateway to Tweedsmuir

BURNS LAKE GARAGE & HDWE. LTD.

SALES & SERVICE
CHEVROLET & OLDSMOBILE
Builders' Supplies and General Hardware

BURNS LAKE, B.C.

Gateway to Tweedsmuir

RADIO REPAIR & SERVICE SHOP

'PHILCO' RADIOS
AND APPLIANCES
Repairs - Servicing - Tubes
Burns Lake, B.C

Anderson & Co.

GENERAL MERCHANT
— Clothing —
Fresh and Cured Meats
A complete line of Groceries
DECKER LAKE, B.C.

NICLI

The JEWELLER
Watch Repairing
SMITHERS, B.C.

LEACH BROTHERS

Herb - Bill - Archie
* * * * *
QUALITY GROCERIES
Meats Fruits & Vegetables
SMITHERS, B.C.

mittee which is raising money to complete the road to Findlay Forks.

If the above is true, I will send you my donation even though it may be only a few dollars.

I assume your aim is to prove that this road can be built cheaply and will serve the same purpose as the Hart Highway which will cost a frightful sum. I am of the same belief, and you should have no trouble in raising the money if the people of vanderhoof and Fort St. James realize just how important this outlet is to them.

Here's success in your endeavour to "Break the Heart of the Hart Highway".

Art Price
(Campbell River, B.C.)

ENDAKO

Management of Endako's Hotel Annan, which was under lease to T. Jacobson for the past year, was taken over by Mr. and Mrs. John Berg who purchased it over a year ago. Mr. Berg is planning to re-decorate the premises and install an electric light plant in the near future.

Mr. Jacobson has had a new store under construction since early fall, to be the largest and most modern in the community, which he expects to have open for business soon.

Burns Lake

Water System For Town

Not to be left at the post by other towns of the north country, Burns Lake residents turned in an overwhelming vote in favour of authorizing the Village to borrow $60,000 and go ahead with the installation of a water system. The Village Council have pipe and other material on order and expect to get under way with the spring thaw.

It has been long contended by town and district residents that lack of water made Burns Lake an undesirable location for new business in the eyes of prospective investors in the north country.

New Hotel For Town

As if to prove that the above contention were indeed a fact, the by-law was scarcely a month old when it was announced that application had been made by a group of local residents to build a $100,000 hotel. About a year ago the town's (Omineca) hotel was razed by the worst fire in the district in years, and while rumours of parties interested in building a new hotel were constantly making the rounds, it was not until the by-law was passed that negotiations were carried out

Principals in the hotel deal are J. S. Brown, Wm. Bickle and M. Connley. Site chosen is east of the present liquor store.

5 Million F.B.M. Per Month

With nearly 50 sawmills cutting lumber in the immediate district, weekly shipments to eastern and export markets is in excess of 50 carloads averaging 22,5000 f.b.m. per car, making for a total of approximately 5 million feet per month. Whereas this figure averages out to only 4,000 f.b.m. per day per mill, the mills are bringing into the district approximately $200,000 in new money each month.

Power Commission Takes Over

After months of negotiating, the B.C. Power Commission has finally taken over the privately-owned local power plant. The town was woefully in need of improved power facilities, and while the B.C.P.C. is not planning on any major improvements being undertaken in the dead of winter, a new Caterpillar diesel-electric unit was installed to temporarily carry the load, in addition to which temporary lines and transformers were set up at strategic locations pending a complete overhaul of the system in the spring.

Prior to these installations many residents found it impossible to operate many of their electrical appliances. . . Adequate water and electricity are all that is needed to start Burns Lake forging ahead.

Business and Building

The Government has at last received a bid (for $47,000) on the new Government office building to be built at Burns Lake. The lone bidder, Mr. Mutch of Smithers, will not start construction immediately however , for the cost of materials has risen considerably since the tender was presented, and an upward revision of the contract price is expected. — Construction of a new liquor store has been undertaken by the B.B.C. Construction Co. of Burns Lake. The new store to be located between the (drug) store of T.P. Smith and the community hall, will be a 30 by 80 foot building. — To cope with rapidly increasing business the Silver Tip Tire Service has added a 32 by 44 foot addition to their shop. In addition to their regular service, they will handle the Massey-Harris farm machinery line. —The Standard Oil garage, known formerly as Highway Service was taken over by two veterans and is again open for business, bringing to 4 the number of garages now serving the district.

DECKER LAKE

The large new general store of S. Anderson & Co. is now open, and makes the third new department store to be built in the north country 'outside of a town', the other two being Lord Martin Cecil's new store at 100 Mile and Louis Krause's at Marguerite Ferry. — Construction has not yet begun on the proposed new $40,000, 16-room hotel, and it is felt by some that in view of the 40-room hotel to be built at Burns Lake, the project may be abandoned.

HOUSTON

Construction in this community is continuing at a good pace and includes a large new wing to the Jan Koning general store, a new $8,000 home for one of the Hagman brothers, and installation of a large new

Help Wanted

WANTED — Middle aged woman to work in kitchen of small cafe. No encumbrances please. Steady work to right person. — Write Alcanus Cafe, Houston, B.C.

TWEEDSMUIR MOTORS

Authorized - FORD & MONARCH - Dealers

LARGE STOCK of GENUINE "FORD" PARTS

AGENTS: Home oil Distributors Ltd. — Dominion Royal Tires

GENERAL REPAIRS — ELECTRIC WELDING

BURNS LAKE, B.C. — "Gateway to Tweedsmuir Park"

LOG CABIN
SNACK BAR

OPEN:- From 7:30 A.M. till 11.00 P.M.

► MEALS & LUNCHES
► GOOD COFFEE
► TOBACCOS

ALL WHITE HELP

SOUTH BURNS LAKE, B.C.

Sheardown's
Burns Lake Limited

Suppliers & Buyers

"WHAT WE HAVE NOT WE WILL GET"

We Are Open To Purchase Eggs, Vegetables, Fruit and Furs

BURNS LAKE, B.C.

' Gateway to Tweedsmuir Park '

JAN KONING

GENERAL MERCHANT

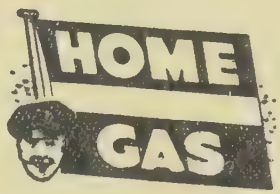
Prospectors & Ranchers Outfitted

Houston, B.C.

BERNT BROTHERS

GENERAL REPAIRS — Electric & Acetylene Welding — Washing & Lubricating
"Dominion Royal Tires" - "Willard Batteries"
HOME OIL PRODUCTS

TELKWA B.C.



Bulkley Valley
CREAMERY

Manufacturers of 'BULKLEY VALLEY BRAND' BUTTER

TELKWA B.C.

Telkwa Transfer & Garage

(F. W. Rosberg & M. M. Hoops)

Phone Telkwa Garage for: WRECKER or TAXI Service

Welding - Goodrich Tires - Imperial Gas & Oil

Complete Garage Service on all Cars and Turcks

► PHILCO Auto and Home Radios — SCOTT-ATWATER Outboards

Telkwa, British Columbia

R.S. SARGENT
LIMITED

General Merchants

"HOME" GAS & OIL
CAMPER'S SUPPLIES

TELKWA B.C.

WALL'S TAXI

Daytime 48 TELEPHONE Night 76

► CAREFUL DRIVERS ► COURTEOUS SERVICE

CHARTER TRIPS ANYWHERE — 3 CARS

George H. Wall, proprietor SMITHERS, B.C.

HOUSTON
MEAT MARKET

J. MacMillan, proprietor

QUALITY MEATS & FISH

WHOLESALE and RETAIL

HOUSTON, B.C.

planing mill and offices by the brothers, who are preparing for a future when rough lumber will not be so readily marketable as it is today.***The Alcanus Cafe is under new and better management and it is the intention of the new proprietors to modernize the premises and construct a new hotel.

Telkwa - Smithers

Large Scale Development May Come to Bulkley and Skeena Valley

Though the Vancouver firm of Dodwell & Co., B.C. agents for Britain's Blue Funnel Line, could throw no light on the matter, Vancouver newspapers reported recently that this British shipping firm had purchased the huge port installations built at Prince Rupert by the Americans during the war years. Involved in the reported transaction are a spacious four-storey ex- U.S. Army warehouse—one of the biggest on the coast, plus an administration building and marine repair depot.

As it is doubtful whether there is any connection between the American-owned Port Edwards Celanese plant and the British shipping firm, it is felt that this purchase could be the preliminary step to the development of the huge anthracite coal deposits of the 'Ground Hog' coal fields north of Hazelton.

The whole of the district has waited patiently for the development of these coal fields, and for the railroad which would come with such development opening up the whole of the vast country to the north.

With Britain suffering from a leak of coal, and with recent reports of interest in this coal field on the part of British interests, it is not inconceivable that one of the primary moves made by interested parties would be to secure adequate port facilities. Residents of the district are keenly awaiting further word as to what the purchase means and optimists are envisioning large scale development.

C.N.R. Property Untaxed Since 1921

In preparing maps of the railway yards at Smithers, officials of the C.N.R. found that part of the property along the right-of-way east of the depot, which had always been presumed to belong to the C.N.R., was in reality part of the incorporated Village, **and had gone untaxed for 26 years.**

Village Commissioners are inclined to be lenient, perhaps due to the fact that during the past 3 years the C.N.R. has paid the nominal sum of $300 'in lieu of taxes' which has been considered more or less in the nature of a gift due to the large amount of C.N.R. property going untaxed in the village. Payment of this sum was deferred this year pending a solution to the action being taken in the above situation.

With the town planning the installation of a expensive drainage system (for which some $40,000 is to be 'borrowed') the above situation calls for a hard-headed business attack, and the payment of taxes similar to those paid by any other business in the Village—rather than the lordly 'in lieu of taxes' payments of the past— be the taxes more or less than the 'gift'.

Streets To Be Drained

Perhaps one of the greatest drawbacks to town improvement in Smithers during past years has been, that despite all the new and modern buildings which have been built there in the past few years; despite all the cleanup campaigns, all surface seepage water still continued to drain into two large ditches, one on either side of the main business street, where it lay stagnating for most of the summer, thus presenting a most unfavourable 'front' for even the most modern of buildings. Apart from the unsightliness, its posible ill-effect on the health of the people was obvious.

At long last, however, the mess is to be cleared up. Concrete drains extending from the C.N.R. station to the Government buildings are to be installed along the main street, at an estimated cost of $40,000, after which the ditches will be filled to sidewalk level.

Chamber of Commerce Would Like To Know

In view of the disruption of travel last winter due to inadequate snow removal, the Chamber of Commerce, under the presidency of Art Dockrill, instructed secretary R.L. Brash to write to the local Dept. of Public Works asking for full particulars of their program for this winter. . . as we go to press their reply has not yet been published.

The above letter was prompted, no doubt, by incidents similar to the following:

During a heavy snow storm last winter the driver of a Canadian Trailway Stages bus just managed to make it to Smithers through a foot or more of snow. With no intention of trying to push on for 24 hours or so, which he thought would give the plows plenty of time to clear the roads, he saw to it that his passengers were cared for, and then relaxed for a well-deserved rest. The following day he inquired at the P.W.D. office about the roads, but was advised that the roads were still plugged. He waited another day, and received the same answer. On the third day, he expressed his anxiety as to when he would be able to get his passengers through to Pr. George, he was answered with the following: **"Listen—we don't care if your bus NEVER gets through..... There's a perfectly good train running to Prince George three times a week. Tell your passengers to take the train if they don't like waiting."**

Eby's HARDWARE

M. A. RAYMOND proprietor

● A Complete Line of Sporting Goods

SHELF & HEAVY HARDWARE — BUILDER'S SUPPLIES, STOVES

SMITHERS, B.C.

HUDSON HOTEL

W.J. WATSON, proprietor

► Modern Accommodation
► Licensed Premises
► Tourist Information

GENERAL HARDWARE

SMITHERS, B.C.

SMITHERS GARAGE

-. NORTHERN B.C's. MOST MODERN GARAGE :-

CHEVROLET SPECIALISTS

GENERAL MOTORS Products -:- "HOME" Gas & Oil

Tourist and Fishing Information

SMITHERS, British Columbia

TELKWA HOTEL

Modern Air Conditioning

Excellent Dining Room

Telkwa, B.C.

WALL ELECTRIC

► COMMERCIAL REFRIGERATION
► ELECTRICAL CONTRACTING
► NORTHERN ELECTRIC RADIOS and Appliances

STOVES — FLUORESCENT LIGHTING — REPAIRS

SMITHERS, B.C.

NEW HAZELTON HOTEL

Gust Christianson

On The Skeena Highway

Hot & Cold Water In All Rooms

Guide Service - Gas and Oil

New Hazelton, B.C.

WATTS & NICKERSON LTD.

► CLOTHING ► FURNITURE

and General Hardware

Smithers British Columbia

TRIANGLE MOTOR SERVICE

A. Benson - Proprietor

'IMPERIAL' Gas & Oil

"THEY TAKE YOU FURTHER"

Hazelton, British Columbia

R. W. CALDERWOOD

INSURANCE — REAL ESTATE — AUCTIONEER

Anything from $1,000 to $20,000

Buckley Valley Farm & Business Investments

SMITHERS, B.C.

Olson's FURNITURE

EVERYTHING

For The Homebuilder

SMITHERS, B.C.

HAZELTON HOTEL

FULLY MODERN
CLEAN & COMFORTABLE
FULLY LICENSED
Hazelton, British Columbia

TERRACE ELECTRIC & RADIO

- W. Chesher -

► RADIO SPECIALISTS
► SALES & SERVICE
► ELECTRICAL Contractors

BOX 233 TERRACE, B.C.

CORNER SNACK BAR

Mrs. F. Lambly, proprietress
LUNCHES - SANDWICHES
PIES and CAKES
TERRACE, British Columbia
TERRACE, B. C.

L.G. SKINNER

Established 1909
GENERAL MERCHANT
EXPLOSIVES and Prospector's Supplies — Gas & Oil
COPPER RIVER B.C.

Terrace Theatre

C. M. Adam
Owner - Manager
TERRACE, B. C.

MITTON'S REAL ESTATE

We invite your inquiries re our many listings of Farm Lands, Businesses and Homes
DAWSON CREEK, B.C.

HOSKINS GARAGE

O. H. Hoskins, proprietor
FORD Sales & Service — Cars & Trucks
ACETYLENE WELDING — A.A.A. Emergency Service
Modern repairs on all Cars & Trucks
SMITHERS, British Columbia

GM GENERAL MOTORS DIESEL POWER

Mill Operators

We are in a position to offer
FOR IMMEDIATE DELIVERY

Dependable G.M.C. Power Units

Gasoline and Diesel - The last word in Power Units

When in Prince George drop in and see a No. 248 Unit on our floor

W.M. MOTORS LTD.

Prince George, B. C.

LITTLE HAUGLAND & KERR LTD.

LUMBER MANUFACTURERS

ROUGH and DRESSED LUMBER ● LOGS, POLES and PILING

AGENTS For: International Harvester Company, Firestone Tire and Rubber Company, Philco Radios, Willard Batteries.

TERRACE, BRITISH COLUMBIA

Spencer's Garage

STANDARD DEALER

General Repairs
Welding

Continental 'Red-Seal' Power Units

TERRACE B. C.

Hazelton

Light . Power & Telephone

Ways and means of improving the above three services is still the major problem confronting members of the Hazelton Chamber of Commerce. ***At a recent meeting it was disclosed that despite the fact that earlier in the fall the B.C. Power Commission stated that it would not be ready to do anything about Hazelton power facilities until late in 1948, the Hazelton Light & Power Co. would undertake the sale of their plant to the P.C P.C. immediately (which would, if successful, tend to speed up the improvement of power facilities)***In anticipation of being able to 'tie in' to the new water system to be installed by the Indian Dept. on the local Indian Reserve, a petition was circulated among ratepayers seeking their consent to be assessed the necessary funds to install the water system. Every ratepayer signed the petition, and with the preliminary application, it has been sent to Victoria.***A new telephone exchange, 24 hour service, and direct lines, are the improvements being sought by the Chamber of Commerce. Editor C.H. Sawle, of the Omineca Herald commented thusly: ". . . with as many as six business establishments on one line, it is easier and safer to walk to the party one wishes to discuss matters with than to give a public rendition over the phone."

Something For The Tourist

The reopening of the New Hazelton Cafe by Dick Mouquin, formerly with Myros & Smith of Hazelton, will be well appreciated by tourists and the travelling public in general. Mr. Moquin, has remodelled the premises and installed considerable new equipment, and undoubtedly the establishment will be well patronized, as the district suffered, more than anything else, from the reputation of poor food.

Terrace

Large Temporary Payroll

An estimated $200,000 in new money poured into the Terrace district during a six months period ending in November. Since early spring the Mix Construction Co. has had nearly 250 men at work dismantling airforce and army buildings erected during the war at a cost of many millions of dollars. With most of the work completed during the summer only a small crew is to be kept on during the winter.

Logging Boom In The Offing

With the acquiring of 'managership' over tremendous timber reserves in the Terrace and Kalum Lake areas by the Port Edwards Celanese Corportaion, timber cruisers and logging experts have been giving the area a thorough check-over preparatory to the corporation embarking on large scale operations which it is expected will employ from three to five hundred men.

New Home For The Aged

British Columbia's new Home for the Aged will be the 330 bed former military hospital, built during the war at Terrace. Renovation of the 30-odd buildings comprising the typically constructed military installation will start in the spring. The establishment by the Government of this Home in Terrace, was due to a great extent, to the efforts of the Board of Trade when they circulated a petition asking for the reconversion of the hospital to its destined new use. . . The hospital had been slated for demolition along with other military installations. . .Another example of what a wide-awake Board of Trade can accomplish.

New Air Service

Skeena Airways Transport Ltd. is the name of the newly incorporated $20,000 company which will shortly be providing air service over a 200 mile radius from Terrace. With considerable business already assured, for its plan of giving plane service to Burns Lake, Smithers, Prince Rupert, Anyox, Stewart and Kitamat, the company has acquired a three-place plane for immediate use and plans to add a freight transport in the near future. The charter is expected through in time to start service shortly after the new year.

Prices and Wages Affect Rates

The Village-owned water system is having some tough sledding in trying to maintain the water system in good condition with revenue derived from charges based on depression levels, when top-notch pipefitters were to be had at 75c per hour and the cost of materials was one-third lower.

After a thorough study of the requirements, the Commissioners decided that it is necessary to pass two by-laws, one which would permit them to increase water rates in order to maintain the existing system properly, and the other authorizing the expenditure of large sums for the purpose of constructing a larger system to take care of the future heavy demands as the town grows rapidly — along with the scheduled large scale logging operations due for the immediate district.

Highway Open All Winter

With the completion of the Kwinitsa slide diversion it is expected that unless there are exceptionally heavy snowfalls, that the highway through to Prince Rupert will be kept open all winter. Previous to construction of the diversion, snowslides 30 feet deep covered the highway at this point during most of the winter months.

JOHNSTONE & MICHIEL LTD.

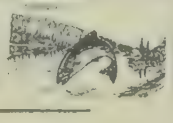
General Hardware and Furniture

Sporting Goods - Our Specialty

AGENTS: C.C.M. Bicycles - FRIGIDAIRE Refrigerators
DeFOREST Radios - MASSEY-HARRIS Farm Equipment
Local Distributors: 'IMPERIAL OIL' PRODUCTS

Terrace, B.C.

MUIRHEAD BROTHERS



Quality Dry Goods

LADIES, CHILDRENS and MENS WEAR

Wide and Accurate Information on Hunting and Fishing In the Bulkley Valley Area

SMITHERS, B.C.

MILL OPERATORS !

Have your Sawmill wired NOW — We have the equipment, materials and experience necessary to do your job quickly and expertly

ALL WORK GUARANTEED

Write Box 487 • Phone 144-L-1

BATER Electric SERVICE

Prince George, British Columbia

► WE ARE PREPARED TO GO ANYWHERE OUT OF TOWN ◄

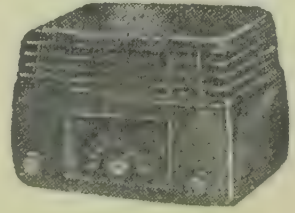
DAWSON CREEK CO-OPERATIVE SHIPPING ASS'N

SHIPPERS OF LIVESTOCK FOR THE PEACE RIVER BLOCK
(Our 1945 shipments totalled 20,056 head)

DAWSON CREEK, B.C.

KEN DODD'S LUMBER YARD

HEADQUARTERS FOR PAINTS
Complete Line of Lumber and Builder's Supplies
WESTINGHOUSE Radios Refrigerators and Home Appliances



FORT ST. JOHN, B.C.

Renie Dhenin

Class A Big Game Guide
Mountain Sheep - Caribou - Grizzly
MOOSE - DEER

FORT ST. JOHN, B.C.

Jack PATTERSON'S

Community Stores

Featuring High-Class Men's Wear & Shoes—also better class Ladies' Shoes

DAWSON CREEK, B.C.

ALASKA LUNCH

GOOD FOOD, WELL PREPARED
Across from Imperial Oil and "B-A" Distributors
DAWSON CREEK, B.C.
"ON THE ALASKA HIGHWAY"

FORT ST. JOHN FURNITURE COMPANY

FULL LINE OF FURNITURE AND FLOOR COVERING
BAGGAGE
BABY CARRIAGES, ETC.
FORT ST. JOHN, B.C.

Enjoy yourself at

LARRY'S PLACE

Indoor Golf, Snooker Pool
TOBACCOS, CONFECTIONERY

FORT ST. JOHN, B.C.

ORLO J. REID

Scheduled service between DAWSON CREEK & FORT ST. JOHN

General Hauling

FORT ST. JOHN, B.C.

Dawson Creek

The Senior Chamber of Commerce of Dawson Creek are of the opinion that the town, with a population in excess of 5,000, has outgrown the size where it can be administered properly as a 'village', and following a brief presented by S.E. Wade, outlining the advantages of incorporating as a 'city', the Chamber okayed a resolution urging the Village Commissioners to take such steps as are necessary to incorporate the 'City' of Dawson Creek.

An ammendment proposed by W. O. Harper, that the matter be tabled until the pros and cons had been discussed by the people at a 'round table' conference, was also carried.

Fire Alarm System

Since fire took the lives of two children in recent fires in the suburbs of Dawson Creek, residents have become acutely aware of the inadequate protection afforded in such a widespread community by a fire department relying on 'word of mouth' and telephone communication for word of fires. . . And nearly two hundred signatures were affixed to a petition urging the Village Commissioners to install a fire alarm system in outlying subdivisions and districts, and in each school. The petition, it is felt, will be acted upon.

HART HIGHWAY

The northern section of the new highway which will eventually connect with Prince George, and over which the Government intends to operate a truck and bus line connecting with the PGE at Quesnel, is nearing the completed stage. Though some sections have not had their final coat of gravel, the road from Progress (about 20 miles east of the town) to within 14 mlies of Azouzetta (Summit) Lake is said to be an excellent highway.

After returning from a motor trip through to the coast, during which he travelled on the best, and the worst, the country had to offer, and then making a trip over the new road, Mr. W.O. Harper had this to say, "Except for blacktopped roads, the new highway is undoubtedly the BEST gravelled highway in B.C., barring not even the famed Alaska Highway."

New Bottling Plant

The Peace River Block's first soft-drink bottling plant is now under construction at Dawson Creek by Aurel Carriere, proprietor for the past year of the Bluebird Cafe. The Pepsi-Cola company has issued a franchise to Mr. Carriere covering the entire B.C. section of the Peace River Block. In addition to this nationally known soft-drink the plant will produce other soft drinks such as ginger-ale etc., and is expected to get into production in the spring.

The 'M & M' Move In

With stores at Lethbridge, Calgary, Saskatoon and Fort William, the M & M Store recently opened its doors in the building formerly occupied by the Bowladrome. Though the stock consists primarily of Army, Navy and Airforce surplus clothing, they expect to add other lines and remain in business in the town permanently.

Bakery Chain Takes Over

Canadian Bakeries Ltd., makers of the famous 4-X bread have taken over the Peace River Block Bakery which has been owned and operated since 1930 by Hans Ludvigson. New ovens, doughnut-maker and other equipment will be added as soon as it becomes available.

New Charter Plane Service

The new charter plane service known as Inter Provincial Airways which received its charter early in the year, has been rendering a much needed service. Hunters found it by far the best way to get to Young Brothers Lodge located at Rocky Mountain Lake, 90 miles southwest of Dawson Creek. Until this service was started a trip to the lodge necessitated many weary and time-consuming days on horseback.

Radio Guild

Miss Wilna Moore, head of Dawson Creek's new radio station CJDC, which is expected to get "on the air" by Dec. 15th, is planning something out of the ordinary for small-town radio stations. With an eye to how the 'big brothers' do it, Miss Moore is planning to organize a 'Radio Guild' among the high school students of the district, for the writing, acting and producing of plays, with one of the teachers as 'production director'.

In addition to the guild, it is planned to conduct a 'citizen's forum' each week, in which district residents from all over the north country will take part in discussing the problems of the north country. (If the plans are carried through, C JDC should prove to be one of the liveliest stations in the interior)

The new East Pine bridge on the Hart Higway west of Dawson Creek

ALASKA HIGHWAY STAGES

Scheduled DAILY SERVICE

Lv. Fort St. John 9:30 A.M.

Lv. Dawson Cr. 4:30 P.M.

Head Office: **Fort St. John, B.C.**

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES

►In the Heart of B.Cs. Best Farming District◄

TOWN LOTS — FARM LANDS — ESTABLISHED BUSINESSES

Real Estate - Insurance - Land Conveyancing

Write **H.A. MASON** Wire

FORT ST. JOHN, B.C. on the ALASKA HIGHWAY

RIMBEY MOTORS LTD.

Chevrolet & Oldsmobile
Sales & Service

DAWSON CREEK, B. C.

For:

MOUNTAIN SHEEP
CARIBOU, GRIZZLY, MOOSE

In the Muskwa River District
Mile 363
"ON THE ALASKA HIGHWAY"
WRITE — WIRE

Lorne Haralson
MUSKWA, B.C.

PEACE RIVER BLOCK BAKERY

"WE KEEP THE QUALITY UP"
DAWSON CREEK, B.C.

C. C. BROOKS

REAL ESTATE
GENERAL INSURANCE
Notary Public
Specializing in farm lands
FORT ST. JOHN, B.C.

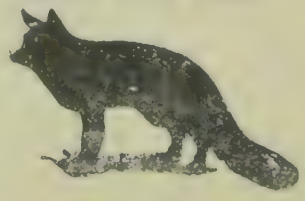
Carlton Cafe

GOOD FOOD — COOKED
THE WAY WHICH WILL
BRING YOU BACK FOR MORE
Next Door to Bus Depot
DAWSON CREEK, B.C.

Everything to
Eat - Wear - Use
Quality and Service

HARPER'S
DEPARTMENT STORE

CASH FOR FURS



Dawson Creek, British Columbia

AROUND THE TOWNS — WHAT'S GOING ON IN CARIBOO and NORTHERN BRITISH COLUMBIA (In Brief)

Pouce Coupe

When John Lund struck oil, with a flow of 15 barrels a day, while drilling for a new water supply for the town of Pouce Coupe, he was instructed to 'block it off' and to keep on drilling—foiwater. . . Yet, it is not so very many years since the government spent in the neighbourhood of $600,000.00 drilling for oil not 75 miles west of Pouce Coupe. . . It doesn't make sense.

Every year Canada imports gasoline and oil from the U.S. to the tune of over $200,000,000.00. It is one of the primary causes of the 'unbalance' of trade relations between the two countries which has forced the 'austerity' program upon us, and helped devaluate the Canadian dollar to where it is worth a scant 88 cents across the counter at Seattle. —yet when oil virtually squirts out of the ground at government drill crews, officials are annoyed and unmoved, and despite the possibilities remain inactive. . .

If the U.S. were.. importing. 200 million dollars a year in oil, and enduring voluntary restrictions on imports due to a lack of dollars with which to pay for the oil—and they struck oil as was done in Pouce C. —the surrounding district would in short order be covered with a dozen drill rigs probing for the oil indicated by the initial flow. . .

A policy for the development of the oil, metals and food resources of B.C. is long overdue. . .. Let us hope that the new Coalition Government (succeeding that of Mr. Hart's) is more active in this respect than the last. . . **Resources in the ground mean nothing until developed.**

Fort St. John

The OLD and The NEW

October 14th was a red-letter day in Fort St. John. It was the day that local citizens entitled to a vote went to the polls and voted 4 to 1 in favour of incorporating the town into a Village Municipality.

Most powerful argument in favour of incorporating was presented by Miss Georgina Murray, editor of the town's 'Alaska Highway News', when she used half of the front page on which to publish the following:

The OLD Way
(not incorporated)

REVENUE

13.2 mills tax on $502,452 worth of property	$6,500.00
Business tax, dog licenses, miscellaneous licenses	$1,000.00
Total	$7,500.00

How it has been spent

The P.W.D. grader over the town roads ONCE in 1947. $1,500.00 returned to the Fire Dept. $750.00, or 10 percent to the Provincial Government for collecting taxes etc.—which **leaves $5,250.00 unaccounted for.**

The NEW Way
(Incorporated)

REVENUE

Tax on $502,452 property	$6,500 00
Bus. tax, dog licenses etc.	$1,000.00
Poll tax, plus return on vehicle licenses registered in the area (approx.)	$800.00
Peddlers licenses	$200.00
Total	$8,500.00

How it Could Be Spent

Gravelled roads, more street lights, sidewalks around every block, garbage disposal, better fire protection, zoning and building approval, a Village Council, etc.

Against such a presentation of the facts it is little wonder that only 22 dissenting votes were cast from a total of 114 votes cast, with 2 spoiled ballots. **The town had much to gain.**

"I would not ask my worst friend to live in one."

The school situation north of the Peace is serious, and ratepayers are being asked to vote for the expenditure of $60,000.00 in two by-laws. That the spending of this sum is a necessity is evident from the following statements made at a special meeting of the Fort St. John Board of Trade for the discussion of school problems;

Inspector Stuart Graham: "Down at Victoria they have a tough time realizing that in this section of B.C. teacherages, barns, ice houses and outdoor toilets are all 'school buildings'. The teacherage situation is awful —I wouldn't ask my worst friend to live in the average one."

Trustee Frank Gross: "We've got 52 kids at Charlie Lake. We don't know where they all come from, but if they keep pouring in like they have we'll need another classroom by Christmas."

Inspector Graham: "Three hundred and fifty children must have clean drinking water, a place to wash their hands and adequate toilet facilities. . . Not a chinook in five months last year, and therefore not a chance in all that time to clean out the toilets."

Bellyaching Invited

At a recent Board of Trade meeting Tommy Hargraeves suggested that townsfolk be invited to bring their bellyaches to the meeting. Mr. Hargraeves went on record as being "tired of these damned people who criticise decisions made by the Board but who do NOTHING about helping make the decisions."

(A sentiment well expressed, which many, many Board of Trade members elsewhere will wholeheartedly endorse)

MOORE EQUIPMENT COMPANY

Agents for **I.H.C.** Trucks, Tractors, and Farm Equipment **Parts — Sales — Service**

FORT ST. JOHN, B.C.

POMEROY CAFE

NEWLY DECORATED

Home cooking that you will like"

FORT ST. JOHN, B.C.

FOR

Hardy Fruit Trees and Shrubs

WRITE;

ALASKA HIGHWAY NURSERIES

H. GILES, manager

P.O. BOX 538 DAWSON CREEK, B.C.

ATKINSONS

Machine Shop

* * *

Dawson Creek, B.C.

Dainty Pastry COFFEE SHOP

► The Home of Courteous Service ◄

DAWSON CREEK, B.C.

T. THOMPSON

MEN'S WEAR & LEATHER GOODS

" YOU SHOULD BE IN THOMPSONS SHOES "

DAWSON CREEK, B.C.

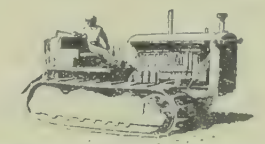
Northland Iron Works & Supplies

Mine & Mill Supplies ● Steel & Steel Products

Brush Cutters & Pilers

P.O. BOX 1041

DAWSON CREEK, B.C.



Rimbey's REAL ESTATE

Serves the Farming Belt of The Mighty PEACE

TOURIST SITES

Auctioneer

DAWSON CREEK, B.C.

TRAIL TRANSPORT

A. TRAIL

Contract Trucking to any point on the Alaska Highway

Dawson Creek, British Columbia

Sportsmen's Corner

FREE LOCKERS — ALMOST

A month before hunting season, Johnnie Erickson, who's (Cariboo) cold storage plant was completed this fall at Williams Lake, announced that he was offering free locker space for one year to the first person to bring in a bag limit of ducks, a deer or a moose. Perhaps in anticipation of getting this free locker space; perhaps for the reason they claimed, two American hunters put their foot through a whole filing cabinet of game regulations by bagging their moose in plenty of time to be 'first'—a full two weeks ahead of hunting season.

Killing moose out of season was only one of the breaches of game regulations with which they were charged. Others included, having unplugged shotguns in their possession and hunting big game without securing the services of a licensed guide. The hunters claimed that the Gold Commissioner at Golden told them that the season on moose opened on Sept. 1st north of the 51st parallel.

Because of this missinformation, the magistrate took a lenient view of the case and imposed total fines and costs of $291.00 after confiscating the moose, else this moose may well have been 'first' to arrive at the cold storage plant. . . We wonder—would they, or would they not, in such an event, have been entitled to free locker space. . .

Fishing is excellent along the route of the Monckman Pass Highway — witness these two nice ones taken below Kinuso Falls.

LOCKER WINNERS

Free lockers were won by Dr. Neville and George Owens. Dr. Neville showed up at 9 A.M. monday morning after bagging his limit of ducks at Springhouse, while Geo. Owens won a locker for the first deer by arriving a 4 P.M. with a nice buck taken in the Horsefly district. Geo. had also bagged a black bear and a coyote before coming in and had taken time out to skin the bear before comig in — he must have felt pretty sure that he was going to be first.

CALENDAR-READING MOOSE

Geo. Renner, editor of the Wms. Lake Tribune, reports on why a certain settler-friend of his is conspicuously absent from his list of callers

It seems that just prior to the opening of the season, this chap was running around telling everyone that he was definitely going to win the locker for the first moose of the season, as he had a pet bull moose cut his way that he had seen ever day for weeks, and that he knew exactly where to find it. He even went so far as to make arrangements with Mr. Erickson to have the cold storage plant open earlier than usual on opening day, stating that he would be there bright and early.

"There'll be nothing to it," he is reported as having said. "About 4 in the morning I'll just hitch up the team and wagon, drive over to where it's feeding, and. . . . . why shucks, it's just as tame as a cow."

Opening day came, and —. Yes, you guessed it. He didn't show up. Not that day, or the next, nor the next. . .. They say that if you call on him he will show you a calendar with the imprint of a bull moose hoof smack in the middle of it, one of many calendars to be found at

Pack horse train of game guide Renie Dhenin of Fort St. John, in the Prophet River country 150 miles northwest of Fort St. John

A trip into this section usually takes about thirty days, but the trophies to be brought back, such as the elk shown above, make it worth while.

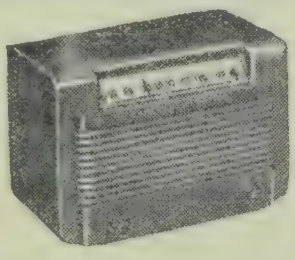
Prince George Hotel

Headquarters for Commercial Travellers & Sportsmen

DROP IN AT
GUNDY'S
NEWS AGENCY
WHOLESALE DISTRIBUTORS OF NEWSPAPERS AND PERIODICALS
PRINCE GEORGE, B. C.

Wells Radio Shop

Records and Public Address
RADIO & ELECTRICAL APPLIANCE - SALES & SERVICE
WELLS, B.C.



PASCHALS
Confectionery
TOBACCOS - FRESH FRUITS
STATIONERY
Wholesale and Retail
Prince George, B. C.

Drop In At — —
3rd Avenue **BILLIARDS**
-:-
Tobaccos, Confectionery
Soft Drinks
— Billiards - Snooker —
Where Friend Meets Friend
Prince George, B.C.

W. M. MOTORS

GOODYEAR Tires & Batteries - SHELL Gas & Oil

Complete Automotive Service

Buick — General Motors Products — Chevrolet

Prince George
BRITISH COLUMBIA

PAUL KRESTENUK
NAZKO, KLUSKUS, & ULKATCHO
TRADING POSTS
Dealer in STOCK, FURS, and GENERAL MERCHANDISE

NORTHWEST PRODUCE COMPANY
-:- Quality Grocers -:-
Fresh Fruits & Vegetables In Season
Fresh and Cured Meats
PRINCE GEORGE, B.C.

For subscriptions write Cariboo Digest Ltd., Quesnel, B. C.
RATES $1.25 PER YR. - $3.00 FOR 3 YEARS

Out Chilcotin way moose get to be a nuisance in the spring—witness the above. (Photo by Eric Collier)

SPORTSMENS CORNER

the spot beside the road where his pet moose had been feeding (one of a box of calendars lost from a Watkins traveller's truck) and the calendar is open at the month of September—which he presents as proof that he never had a chance (Frankly —we're a bit skeptical about this excuse)

"AS JACK TELLS IT"

Believe what you will of the calendar-reading bull moose, but here is a yarn about educated fish—rainbows— up in the Bowron Lake district beyond Wells, B.C., which Jack Boicey is prepared to swear is the truth, 'the whole truth, and nothing but . . . . etc.' (but then fishermen have been known to swear to the darndest things)

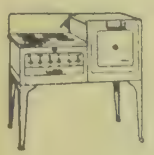
As Jack tells it, he had taken a peek into the clear depths of a pool near the site of the International Fisheries Commission Weir near Bowron Lake. A couple of beauties were idling there. He carefully dropped in his line. With a flash, one of them streaked for the baited hook, and with a flick of its tail, and quick as a wink, circled one of the pilings and ripped itself free before Jack, mouth agape, had time to do a thing. Undaunted, he baited up again and this time the second one drifted slowly over to it, started to turn away as if it weren't interested, and suddenly flashed back, mouth open, and in one swift lunge scooped up the bait, disappeared in a tangle of snags, doubled back and made off upstream —with part of his line in tow. . . From here on,

R.L. Marsh's 'Quesnel Belle' on Ques. Lake. The fish? A 13½ lb. rainbow.

BLAIR'S

General Outfitters

C. N. BROWN
N. T. RADLEY



Hardware
Ranges, Paints, Varnishes,
Men's Clothing
Prince George, British Columbia

BEN Baird
THE SMART SHOP

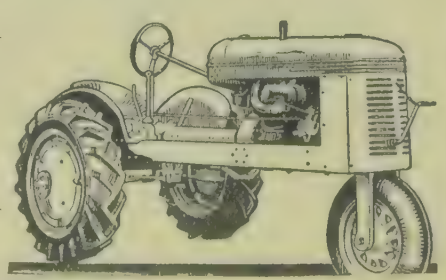
A better class of Outdoor Clothing for the tourist
HUNTING - SHOES - PACKS - BLANKETS - SLEEPING ROBES
Prince George ,B. C.

RITE SPOT CAFE

- We Serve . Only The Best -
Prince George, British Columbia

Assman Agencies

'ROBIN HOOD' FLOUR
'MILLED from WASHED WHEAT'
McCORMICK-DEERING FARM IMPLEMENTS



Phone 162R-1 5th Avenue
PRINCE GEORGE, B. C.

I. B. Guest

KODAKS, STATIONERY, CHINA-WARE, NOVELTIES, and
FISHING TACKLE
PRINCE GEORGE, B.C.

Gus Peeters Market

CHOICE QUALITY
FRESH & CURED MEATS
George Street
PRINCE GEORGE, B.C.

Wm. Bexon

QUALITY GROCERIES & TABLE SUPPLIES
PHONE 3 — Drawer 490

PRINCE GEORGE, B.C.

WALTER FLYNN

Groceries
Flours and Feeds

SOUTH FORT GEORGE, B. C.

Hughes & Ratledge

Ladies and Childrens
Ready to Wear - Hats
DRY GOODS

PRINCE GEORGE, B.C.

McCULLAGH

"THE JEWELLER"

Diamonds *C.N.R.*
Watches *Watch*
Repairs *Inspector*

PRINCE GEORGE, B.C.

SPORTSMENS CORNER

'as Jack tells it', we wouldn't dare print it.

MOBERLY LAKE TROUT PLENTIFUL

Perhaps Jack ought to take a trip up Peace River way, where Mr. and Mrs. Elgin Wilson drove leisurely out to Moberly lake of an afternoon, did a few hours fishing and arrived home quiet early with a string of fifteen ranging from 5 to 23 pounds. They used an 18 pound nylon line and Ruby Eyed Wobblers.

Not to be outdone, Earl B. Rimbey who's favorite pastime is making a business of breaking all fishing records in the district (whenever one sees a sign on his office reading 'Out of Town', it means he's gone fishing again). . . getting back to the point, Earl, guarding his laurels, pinned up the sign, hopped in his car, and came back that evening with a 28 pounder.

THOU SHALT NOT SHOOT
Upon The Highway

..From north of Fort St. John comes this interesting little bit of news in the form of a letter, published in the Alaska Highway News, which we reproduce hereunder.

"Dear Sirs:

Something must be done right away! Daily the office of His Worship, the Mayor of Trutch, is being besieged by belligerent truck drivers, who are complaining about the Big Game conditions along the entire highway, as far as the Yukon border, and B.C. Game Laws apply.

In October 1936, farmers of the Peace River decided to build an outlet to the Pacific through the Monkman Pass. Above is a view of the first stage of construction, and the type of terrain it was to be built through.

Though it was never completed—due to lack of funds and governmental assistance, they built many miles of passable road like the stretch shown above in the vicinity of Stony Lake.

If anyone doubts whether the road to Stony Lake was worthwhile, the above picture should be adequate proof that Stony Lake has the goods.

BLUEBIRD CAFE
R.D. White, proprietor
► Specializing in Light Lunches ◄
— Afternoon & After-Theatre Lunches —
PRINCE GEORGE, B.C.

Woodpecker GENERAL STORE
Groceries - Soft Drinks - Tobaccos
-: FLOUR and FEED :-
"IMPERIAL" Gas and Oil
WOODPECKER, B.C.
32 Miles South of Prince George

Rush Transfer & Storage
H.H. HATCH proprietor
Coal Dealers — Motor Haulage
Warehousing - Baggage and Furniture Moving
GRAVEL CONTRACTORS
— Full Line " CANADIAN LIQUID AIR" Products —
► Agents: WYLLIS 'JEEP' CARS & 'DIAMOND T' TRUCKS ◄
Phone 51 Prince George, B.C. Box 85

Hill Meat Market
LYNN L. HILL
PROPRIETOR
QUESNEL and WELLS, B.C.

NORTHERN LIGHT SERVICE STATION
(Bill Trinder & Art Stokes)

DOMINION TIRES - COYLE BATTERIES
Washing - Lubricating - General Servicing
Tourist Information
STANDARD OIL PRODUCT

Your First Stop When Entering — QUESNEL, B.C.

ANNEX HOTEL
MODERATE RATES
Comfortable Rooms — Hot and Cold Water
BARBER SHOP
Hair Styling - Specialists in 'ANDRESS' Hair Treatments
On Carson Avenue
QUESNEL, B.C.

THE
Cariboo Gold Quartz Mining Co. Ltd.
(NON-PERSONAL LIABILITY)
Mine Office: Wells, B. C.
Vancouver Office: 1007 Royal Bank Bldg.

Island Mountain Mines Co. Ltd.
WELLS, B.C.

SPORTSMENS CORNER

Due to this years game laws which prohibit anyone shooting within a mile of the Alaska Highway starting from a point 72.3 miles north of Fort St. John, it would appear that the anima's have all been tipped off by the Game Department, or the S. P.C.A. about this added protection, and the moose, deer, elk, bear, etc. are taking full advantage of the situation.

Daily they may be seen romping, carefree and happy, along the highway, especially the elk. Some of the older ones, no doubt feeling their age a bit, just curl up in the centre of the road and go to sleep. To add insult to injury, when remonstrated with by truck drivers over this objectionable habit they simply place a hoof to a long nose, as if to say, "Go on, you can't shoot me—I know th'law."

This is most annoying. His Worship has sent a letter to the 'Have-A-Heart' Government at Victoria requesting that a substantial wire fence be erected along both sides of the highway in order to stop this nuisance, and in order to insure the continued sanity of that valuable class of men, the 'Alaska Highway Truck Driver', particularly those of them who happen to be hunters by instinct. Should the fence materialize, we suppose we will then have to drive along listening to the animals sing 'Don't Fence Me In'.

Yours truly
Secretary to
The Mayor of Trutch

New SPORTSMEN'S ASSOCIATION

A central sportsmen's association was formed early in November at Williams Lake, when representatives of sporting clubs from Wells to Lillooet got together to form the Cariboo Game and Forest Protective Association, with N. Schroeder as president and J. Hansen as vice-president.

Executive body of the new club will be two representatives from each of the clubs in the area from Cache Creek to Lillooet on the south, and Wells-Barkerville on the north. Annual meetings will be held each year at a different club centre.

The association hopes to work in close co-operation with the B.C. Game Department, and at the inaugural meeting it was suggested that an Advisory Committee be set up comprising two members to represent the sportsmen, two for agriculture, two for trappers and two for the guides.

Considerable time was taken up at the first meeting discussing the method of licensing guides, and it was generally agreed that guiding should be brought to a higher standard with standardized fees, and that Indian guides (most of whom were Class 'B') were the worst offenders when it came to 'selling moose—delivered to the road', at ridiculously low fees.

Sportsmen — Or Meat Hunters?

At the meeting Herb Gardner stated that he believed some restrictions were necessary before another hunting season came along, if Cariboo was to have any game left. If there was no way of raising hunting fees and restricting hunters from other areas who were piling into Cariboo by the truckload and not leaving anything behind but spoiled game in the bush, then he believed that the bag limit would have to be reduced again, which would hurt resident Cariboo hunters, who do not like conserving the game for the meat-hunters from the coast.

(Editors note: More than ever before, this year was a year when carload after carload (and truckload) of 'meat-hunters' came up from the coast—bringing with them every last bit of equipment needed, including boxes of food, tents, sleeping bags, and in one case at least, spare drums of gas. They were NOT sportsmen. They were MEAT-HUNTERS. It is not for any of us to wish to deny anyone the privilege of shooting a moose, deer, or other game because they need, or want, meat—for the game, after all, is the property of the Canadian people. On

Morketown Falls on the Burkley River offers the very best of salmon fishing. Above is 'Wilf' Watson of Smithers' 'Hudson Hotel with an afternoon's catch.

Marsh Brothers

TRANSFER

WOOD - ICE - COAL

Mining Equipment &

Furniture Moving

a Specialty

QUESNEL, B.C.

WEARS PLUMBING

W.E. Wear & G.E. Madison

HEATING
& Sheet Metal Works

QUESNEL, B.C.

GRAND HOTEL

On the Barkerville road - 9 miles before reaching Wells

Fully Licensed

STANLEY, B.C.

C HEPPNER

Public Freight Carrier

PRINCE GEORGE - QUESNEL
WMS. LAKE, WELLS

WELLS, B.C.

BULKLEY HOTEL

Headquarters for Commercial Travellers
and SPORTSMEN
:-- Fully Modern -:- Licensed Premises -:-
— The Leading Hotel of —
SMITHERS, British Columbia

EVERGREEN COURT

All Log Cabins — Fully Modern

LIMITED NUMBER of Hunting and Fishing Parties Arranged
Under The Supervision Of Experienced Guides

Telephone 196-L-1 PRINCE GEORGE, B.C. P.O. Box 532

JOHNSTON BROTHERS GARAGE

General Motors Products
Imperial Oil Products — Goodyear Tires
Complete Automotive Service

Quesnel & Wells, British Columbia

About 70 miles west of Dawson Creek, E.A. Anderson and Don Leach bagged this bull moose. The Hart Highway is within a half mile of this spot.

SPORTSMENS CORNER

the other hand, with the B. C. consumption of livestock well in excess of one hundred thousand animals per year (cattle, hogs and sheep), it is obvious that if ALL the game in B.C. were killed off, it would satisfy only a small portion of the demand for MEAT. If present pracises continue, Cariboo Game Conservation Clubs might just as well disband and try to get their share before the game is all gone.... We heard one 'low-priced' guide boastfully repeat recently that he had taken out over 55 moose and 60-odd deer in one season for visiting hunters—and his neighbour was boasting that he himself had done almost as well—48 moose and 55 deer. All this game came out of one valley in one season. If these guides had conservation of game at heart, and could see further than the ends of their noses, they would have taken out less game, charged higher fees, and insured the continuation of the game reserves in their district.

ONE SURE WAY of putting a stop to such wholesale slaughter, would be to LIMIT the number of moose, deer, bear, etc. that guides 'take out' for visiting hunters. This would have the twofold benefit of inducing the guides to raise their fees, and conserve the game.

Moose Scarce in Horsefly Area

Fred Hooker, noted game guide of the Horsefly district says that the moose are pretty scarce out that way this year, and estimates that the moose population has dwindled off a full 50 percent since the close of hunting season last fall due to the depredations of wolves, the effects of ticks ,a tough winter and consequent conservation. To non-believers, Fred states that he can lead them to teh carcasses of 29 moose which died from one or other of the above-stated causes.

Moose Plentiful Elsewhere

Despite what depletion may have occured in moose and deer reserves since the close of the 1946 hunting season, there seems to be no dearth of game from the hunter's point of view. We have yet to hear of a visiting hunter going back without his moose or deer. By Oct. 30th, Cariboo Cold Storage at Wiliams Lake had handled some 95 moose. At a rough guess, the above figure would be approximately half of the total number of moose taken in the district from the opening of the season to that date. From Clinton to Prince George and Smithers, reports show a plentitude of game.

From Louisiana to Tweedsmuir

Long Hop in Private Plane

Flying from Louisiana to Ootsa Lake, northern boundary of Tweedsmuir Park was a pretty long hop

Sports Days AHEAD!

- Be warm yet Action-free this sports season in our snappy New Togs.
- To help you enjoy the winter activities we have - Ski Slacks - Parkas - Sweaters and accessories — Drop in and look them over.

LEE & MACARTHUR
LADIES WEAR
"PLEASING YOU MEANS OUR SUCCESS"

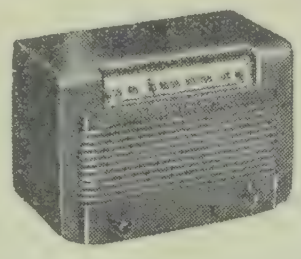
D. H. SMITH & Company

DEPENDABLE MERCHANDISE by LEADING Manufacturers

Philco Frigidaire and Beatty Water Systems — Marshall Wells Paints and Varnishes

Agent - JOHN DEERE Farm Implements

QUESNEL, B.C.



PAVICH TAXI

TELEPHONE 22

CAREFULL DRIVERS — COURTEOUS SERVICE

Charter Trips Anywhere, Anytime

WELLS, British Columbia

JOE'S TRANSFER

PUBLIC FREIGHT CARRIERS

GENERAL & SPECIALIZED Trucking

Contract Gravel & Lumber Hauling

PRINCE GEORGE, B.C.

NASH ENGINEERING WORKS

We manufacture - Sawmills Edgers, Trim Saws & General Mill Equipment

— Specialists in Mill Work and Mill Machinery Repairs —

On 3rd Avenue — PRINCE GEORGE, B.C.

Most REPAIR JOBS *are Urgent!*

E. G. Woodland & Son

The Home of: -

Fine Diamonds
Watches
Cutlery
Crystal

Official watch inspector for the P G. E Railway

Williams Lake, B. C.

SPORTSMENS CORNER

for Harry Schroeder, Jack Meehan, Bill McCain, Sam Holliday and Carl Thompson, but the south'n gen'lemen agreed it was well worth it. A three weeks stay with Ed Van Tine netted them four moose, one brown bear, and their limit of ducks and geese.

1947 Game Bag Equal To 1946

Game Department officials stationed at Cache Creek state the amount of game being taken south over the Cariboo Highway is definitely as great this year as in 1946, and may even exceed last years figures.

New Park Sites In Wells District

The Rod and Reel Club of Wells, B.C. have been successful in having two areas set aside as park sites, one at Indian Point and the other at Issacs Lake. Improving the sites now granted is expected to be on the Rod and Reel Program for next year. Club cabins are now being acquired at both lakes.

Coarse Fish Killed By New Chemical

A campaign to stamp out coarse and predatory fish in small lakes with the use of a new chemical is being undertaken by Frank Pells, Cultus Lake Hatcheries, Dr. W.C. Clements, University of B.C. and Game Commissioner Cunningham. The two lakes treated so far were 'Round' and Dry' Lakes near Princeton.

Two tons of poison, known as 'fish-tox', was used, with four boats towing 40-pound sacks of the chemical. Within ten minutes the lake suckers and other coarse fish were dead. It is claimed that within two months the water is again safe for restocking with game fish.

The Quesnel Rod, Gun and Guide Association is particularly interested in the possibilities of the new chemical as they have been waging quite a war on coarse fish in Bouchie and Milburn Lakes, and have netted and destroyed many tons of coarse fish in these two lakes in the past few years.

Record-Breaking Tourist Year

With figures available for only the first 8 months of the year, it is obvious that 1947 will be a record breaking year in regard to the number of tourists entering B.C.. Up to August, 150,468 vehicles entered B. C. under traveller's permits, as compared with 127,646 for the same period in 1946—an increase of some 18 percent. In anticipation of these visitors British Columbians spent upwards of $4,5000,000 in developing tourist facilities, while an estimated thirty five million NEW DOLLARS were left in B.C. by the visitors. . The time has passed when just a bed and a mediocre meal will satisfy tourists. They have the money, and are willing to pay for something much better.

45 minutes after he left home to go hunting up the Alaska Highway, Larry Schawecker of Fort St. John had bagged this moose not a hundred yards off the highway 12 miles north of town. He is shown here (right) in the act of sharpening his hunting knife before going to work on the animal. Mooce-steaks served at the annual 'game dinner' of the Rod and Gun Club were from this moose.

A LADY FROM BELGIUM

Perhaps the person who came furthest in order to hunt in B.C. this year, is the lady who came some 8,000 miles, all the way from Belgium in fact, in order to bag a Mountain Sheep and Grizzly in the Peace River district. Madame Anne Mishaegen has hunted in Canada before—in Cariboo and in northern Manitoba. This year she chose the Prophet River country west of the Alaska Highway north of Fort St. John, where her guide Bill Longhurst assured her that she would not be long in bagging her game. (See pics, showing guide Renie Dhenin's pack train and game from this section)

Game Conservation In Chilcotin

Frank Shillaker, pioneer merchant of Chezacut, says not to worry about game conservation out his way (200-odd miles west of Wms Lake) —at least not to worry about conserving game from the hunters. He states that about 30 miles or so before he gets to his place of doing business the road sort of peters out and that he is more or less 'on his own'. Certain he is, that the Dept. of Public Works is no longer behind him, nor before, where they should be. It is his belief that the P.W.D. has been 'taken over' on the q.t. by the Game Department, which accounts for the reason this (and other) roads are so bad—the P.W.D. being no longer interested in roads except to keep hunters off them so that the game is preserved. (We've often wondered whether the P.W.D. wasn't the S.P.C.A. in diguise.

Bridge River Bears Have High I.Q.

Have you ever taken a shot at a deer, seen it fall, but when you got to where it should be lying going through it's last convulsive shudders, found that it had somehow disap-

Hein Jewellery

► DIAMONDS
► SILVERWARE
► CRYSTALWARE

Longine-Wittnauer
Bulova & Rolex
WATCHES

* * *

PRINCE GEORGE, B.C.

WEST END MOTORS Ltd.

John Nielsen, proprietor
Home Gas and Oils
INTERNATIONAL Trucks *STUDEBAKER Cars*
Central B.C. Warehouse for Firestone Tires
Phone 94-R-2 PRINCE GEORGE, B.C.

SPINNEY

Trucking Services
LIMITED

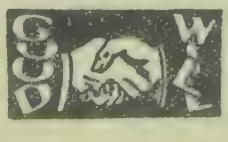
CONTRACT HAULING - ROAD CONSTRUCTION - EXCAVATIONS
EXPORTERS OF NORTHERN SPRUCE LUMBER
Cat-Train Operators to the Yellowknife
DAWSON CREEK, B.C.

Let's Get Together At
JAMIESON'S
BOWLING ALLEY
OPEN FROM 1 P.M. UNTIL MIDNIGHT
PRINCE GEORGE, B.C.

GOOD EATS CAFE & TAXI

HOME COOKED MEALS -- ALL WHITE HELP
24 HOUR TAXI SERVICE
Telephone - 1Long - 1 Short - 1 Long
BARKERVILLE, B. C.

Rex Theatre
- Company Ltd. -
(Paul Gauthier, Mgr.)



For 25 Years We Have Shown "ONLY THE BEST"

Quesnel, B. C.

SHOP - RITE LIMITED
Groceries — Hardware — Boots & Shoes
Mens and Ladies Wear
Authorized BEATTY Agents
BOX 562 — — — DAWSON CREEK, B.C.

150-MILE HOTEL
(Ken McKenzie)
Your best place to stop over enroute to
QUESNEL & HORSEFLY LAKE FISHING CAMPS
Fully Licensed - Good Meals & Rooms
On the Main Highway

SPORTSMENS CORNER

peared? Sure you have. And we'll wager that you decided to have your gunsights checked, or visit an optometrist. But don't worry about it any more—you were probably just serving as food-providor for a grizzly that day. Anyhow, that's what 'Skip' O'Keefe, Bridge River guide might tell you after his experience this fall.

Skip is no novice. He has knocked over his quota of deer every season for years. And when they're HIT, he knows it. But one day while guiding H.L. Dryer of California, who had already bagged one deer that day, they sighted a nice buck. Skip let Dryer shoot. He was positive that the deer had been hit, but the last convulsive jump or two took the deer over a ridge. They raced for the spot, and when they reached the ridge and looked down where the deer should be, the spot was empty. A miss? — Oh, no! They heard a noise over to one side in the brush, and there was a grizzly, with the deer in his arms, dragging it off through the brush. . . .

HELICOPTER HUNTING

From Yakima, Washington, comes a report of a very novel method of hunting coyotes. Tommy Hall and Jacques Filiol, both of Yakima, were flying their helicopter low along a hill when they spotted a coyote. They lowered their craft to within a few feet of the animal and lowered a rope, dangling it in front of the predator, which promptly bit at it.

The flyers immediately lifted the machine to a height of 100 feet or more with the coyote hanging on to the rope for dear life. The animal lost its hold and plummeted to the ground. The boys landed, picked up the carcass, delivered it to the game warden, and collected their bounty

Conscience-Stricken Hunters

Early in the season, two of Quesnel's well-known sportsmen, Harold Cleland, and George Johnston, decided to go up to Harold's lodge on Stuart Lake for a little fishing and duck hunting. Fish they got in plen-

Master of all he surveys —until someone shows up with a gun maybe. Construction crews at the base-camp on the north end of the Hart Highway made a 'not too tame' pet out of this fellow, and had a hard time saving his skin from over-entuhsiastic hunters.

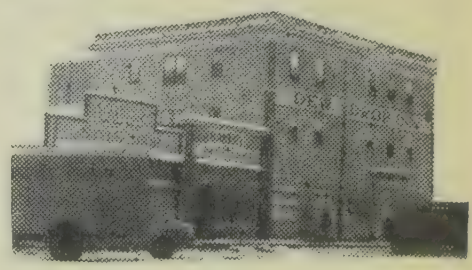
Low Fares
via
GREYHOUND
SAMPLE ROUND TRIP FARES
Prince George $30.05 • Quesnel $22.85
Williams Lake $18.65 • Clinton $14.00
2 Round Trips Daily to Vancouver
Fare & a quarter Excursions Every Weekend!
Consult your local GREYHOUND Agent for full information.
I-No. 4
GREYHOUND

FRONTIER
Lumber Co. Ltd.
. YARDS THROUGHOUT THE PEACE RIVER BLOCK

DAWSON CREEK MOTORS
A COMPLETE AUTO REPAIR SERVICE — TIRES, BATTERIES
Plymouth & Chrysler Cars — Fargo Trucks
— IMPERIAL OIL PRODUCTS —
Phone 18 DAWSON CREEK, B.C. Box 546

Dudley & Wilson
Cash Store
—IT PAYS TO PAY CASH—
A Complete Line of Quality Groceries & Men's Furnishings
DAWSON CREEK, B.C.

DEW DROP INN
FULLY LICENSED
Situated in the heart of Dawson Creek
40 Rms. Hot & Cold Water
DAWSON CREEK, B.C.



Carlsonia
THEATRE
Your continued patronage enables us to show
ONLY THE *BEST* FILMS
Every Weekday Evening
CARLSONIA THEATRE CO.
Fort St. John, B. C.

NORTHERN MOTORS Limited
Dodge & De Soto Cars & Dodge Trucks
B.-A. Oil Products
A Complete Garage Service
FORT ST. JOHN, B.C.

Drop in at
B. C. CAFE
—Mark Wah, proprietor—
Where Friend Meets Friend
Fort St. John, B. C.

Union Taxi
Phone 61

Careful Drivers — Courteous Service
Depenable 24 hr. Service
DAWSON CREEK, B. C.

C. C. BRANDT
Properties—Buildings—Suites
TO RENT or LEASE
FOR SALE - Fox, Mink, Marten and Beaver Pelts
Made up to your specifications
(when available in season)
FORT ST. JOHN, B. C.

DAWSON UNIVERSAL SALES
PONTIAC and BUICK Sales & Service
Complete Garage Service on All Cars & Trucks
-: B.A. GAS — PHILCO RADIOS — COCKSHUTT Implements :-
DAWSON CREEK, B. C.

ty for Stuart Lake is renowned for its fighting rainbow.

Then came the time for ducks. After travelling up the lake to a spot where the ducks were kown to be plentiful, they had hardly settled down when a flight came over. The hollow boom of their guns rang out and a couple of 'feathered friends' came plummeting down—we say 'feathered friends', for that is how their minds were working at the time. They looked at the bundles of feathers. . . and then at each other . . . . back again at the feathers, and at their very formidable fowling pieces —and conscience-stricken, departed for the lodge. . .

We doubt very much whether we would have told you about this incident, except that we noted a little item in Quesnel's 'Cariboo Observer' which advised the world at large that Mr. Geo. Johnston was no longer conscience-stricken when it came to shooting ducks. . . It didn't say so in so many words, but it did say that Mr. Johnston, along with four companions, had just returned from a trip to the Chilcotin, where they had bagged 18 geese and 80 ducks.

By Air . . . . Anywhere!

SEAPLANES for charter to " anywhere in the Northwest." Crews skilled in mountain flight: high performance, radio-equipped aircraft.

STANDARD aviation products and flight information available at all our bases: visiting pilots welcome.

PHONE, WRITE or WIRE

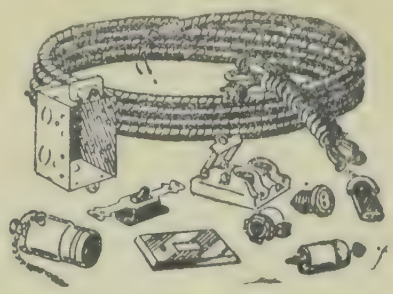
Central Airways
BRITISH COLUMBIA
FREIGHT • PRINCE GEORGE, B.C. • PASSENGER

Bases At — FORT. ST. JAMES and PRINCE GEORGE. B. C.

Stuart Lake has long been noted as an angler's paradise. The above view gives one an idea of the type of scenery there is at the upper end of the lake—where the fishing is reported to be 'best'. The above view was taken from the window of Harold Cleland's lodge.

T. Jamieson of Prince George with two rainbows which weighed in at eleven-and-half, and thirteen-and-half lbs. taken at the upper end of the lake (Stuart) These fish are said to be about 'average' for the lake.

GEORGE'S
Radio Electric
REPAIRS - SERVICING - TUBES
LIGHTING FIXTURES
Agent for "Renfrew" equipment
FORT ST. JOHN, B.C.



FORT ST. JOHN LUMBER CO.
Exporters of Northern Spruce Lumber
FORT ST. JOHN, B.C.
Heart of the rich Peace River farm lands

Opportunity is CALLING !
With the HART (Pine Pass) HIGHWAY scheduled for completion in 1948 and the impending completion of the P.G.E. – the PEACE RIVER BLOCK is today, more than ever before —
► *THE LAND OF OPPORTUNITY* ◄
Our listings of farms, large and small business opportunities, tourist resort & hunting lodge sites is COMPLETE
Anything from $1000 to $50,000
NORTHERN B. C. AGENCIES
- Vic Hansen - Wm. Stein -
Real Estate – General Insurance
AGENTS FOR: The "OLIVER" Line. The Finest in Farm Machinery
Box 2268 DAWSON CREEK, B.C.

J. D. McEACHERN
GARAGE SERVICE
McCormick-Deering Dealer - Dodge & DeSoto Cars
WESTINGHOUSE RADIOS, REFRIGERATORS & APPLIANCES
"HART EMERSON" CLEANERS
DAWSON CREEK, B.C.

Thompson Electric
LIMITED
Refrigeration & Repairs
Radio Service
ELECTRIC APPLIANCES
COMPLETE ELECTRIC SERVICE
Electrical Contractors
Authorized GENERAL ELECTRIC HOME APPLIANCE DEALER
DAWSON CREEK, B.C.

BLUEBIRD CAFE
— *Aurele Carrier, prop.* —
ROOMS & EXCELLENT FOOD
— 24 HOUR SERVICE —
DAWSON CREEK, B.C.

"HUSKY"
Bowling Alley
OPEN FROM 12 NOON TILL MIDNIGHT
FORT ST. JOHN, B.C.

Capital Motors
Mercury - Lincoln Sales & Service
-: B.A. Gas and Oils :-
COMPLETE REPAIR SERVICE
Cockshutt Farm Implements
POUCE COUPE, B. C.

T. W Hargraeves
Established for over 20 years
► REAL ESTATE
► NOTARY PUBLIC
FORT ST. JOHN, B.C.

EDITORIAL

continued from page 1

rate of use, they have less than 9 minerals which may be expected to last 100 years or more . . . "and what," asks Secretary Ickes, "is one hundred years, in the life of a nation?"

Mr. Ickes blames the war for placing the nation in such a position. Other observers believe that whereas the war did make for an unusually heavy drain, it has been **the insatiable desire of the U.S. to lead the world in trade, and industry, and in Exports, over the past 50 years,** which is primarily responsible for her shortage of expendable raw materials.

The U.S. is finally learning a lesson—the old old lesson of "You can't have your cake and eat it too" She is finding out that she can't have her resources, and most of the world's gold too—and that having the gold isn't half the fun it was cracked up to be. . .

With the well being; "the American way of life" of her 135 million people depending on her ability to maintain exports at an astronomical level, and imports negligible, the U.S. is finding out that, not only are her exportable resources running dry, a grim spectre haunting the near future, but that few countries in the world of today have any gold to spare for buying U.S. goods even if they wished to do so.

An example of this is Canada's 'austerity' program, wherein imports from the U.S. have been reduced to a minimum. Canada had always bought from 4 to 5 times as much from the U.S. as she sold to her. In the meantime we had always sold to Britain far more than we bought from her, and so we were able to balance one off against the other. It worked splendidly until Britain, bankrupt because of the war, found herself unable to pay Canada for her imports in GOLD (the one medium of exchange recognized by the U.S.) As a result Canada found herself short of gold, and in a sweeping move, slashed imports from the U.S. to the absolute minimum.

Canada, however, HAS NOT BEEN HURT by the collapse of the triangle —for there is very little on the list of 'banned' imports which cannot be produced here within our borders, with Canadian ingenuity and our vast reserves of raw materials.

The U.S., however, is faced with the fact that unless she can persuade gold-poor countries to borrow from her gold reserves, or unless she makes outright gifts of it (as proposed by Mr. Bevin, but which is hardly good 'business' in the American sense) her export-dependent 'way of life' is faced with collapse —thus the "Marshall Plan", for putting 420 billion gold dollars into the hands of 'poor' countries so that they may once again maintain U.S. exports at astronomical levels. . .

If the Marshall plan fails, the U.S. faces economic collapse. If this 'pot-primer' goes through, and it appears as though it will, then the U.S. will want hundreds of billions of dollars worth of raw materials to process for export, **and with the end of her own resources in sight there is little doubt but that she will turn to Canada, for our tremendous reserves have barely been scratched.....**

The $64 question today is: "Has the U.S. grown up yet? Have they passed out of the stage of youthful exuberance wherein the world was their nut and they were going to crack it? Have they heeded Secretary Ickes warning that they are just about down to the 'skimmed milk' of their resources?

It is the all-important question to Canada—for Canada has to decide whether Canadians are to become merely the 'drawers of water, and the hewers of wood' for a nation determined to carry on an 'export-economy' which they have already 'overdone', and which has outlived whatever usefulness it may have had. . . .

There is little evidence that the U.S. is, as yet, fully aware of her new position as a 'Have Not' nation. There has been no change in her 100-year-old policy of keeping exports at a maximum level and reducing imports to a minimum—no ban on the export of her dwindling resources—no 'tightening of the belt in order to conserve expendable raw material.

The answere to the $64 question seems obvious. There is to be no 'belt-tightening' in the U.S., no 'austerity'—not as long as long as there are politicians in Canada virtually begging them to come in and feed Canada's resources through the voracious maw of their economy. . .

How long would Canada's resources last in the face of the present productive capacity of the 'atomic age', when it took the U.S. a scant hundred years, starting in the oil-lamp age and with two-thirds less population, to reduce herself to her present state?. . . 30 or 40 years at best— and then Canada too, would be reduced to skimmed milk—and to what purpose? Pursuit of such a

concluded on page 112

Billboard Fund

Since making public in our Fall issue the campaign to raise funds for the construction of two billboards, one at Cache Creek and the other at Prince George, we are pleased to report that donations have been coming in steadily. Following is the list as it stands now:

I.B. Guest	$5.00
Bryant Motors	10.00
Smithers Garage	10.00
Muirhead Brothers	2.00
Eby's Hardware	5.00
Hoskin's Garage	10.00
W.T. Wark	5.00
Telkwa Garage	5.00
V.A. Taylor	5.00
Ken McKenzie	5.00
Quesnel Brothers	5.00
150 Mile Hotel	5.00
Total Cash	**$72.00**
Guaranteed	
Smedley & Sharpe	10.00
Burns Lake Board of Tr.	50.00
Total Previous Cash and Guarantees	215.00
Grand total to date	**$347.00**

....There is little doubt now that if each town does its share, the required $900.00 will be raised in time to have the billboards up by spring.

The Northerner Returns

by EVELYN WHATCOTT

Ambrose, the trapper, prospector and guide,
Rode into Prince George one high noontide;
Horse weary, clothes tattered, shoes tied on,
Bewhiskered, bedraggled, his hair all gone.
But his heart was light as the wind that shakes
The ripples to life on the Nation Lakes.
His last trap had been laid, last Silver trout played,
The golden dust at last had paid!

Prince George was a screetch of color and sound,
The old town had changed since he'd been around.
But he knew there was one who would be the same;
Thoughts of her now set his blood aflame.
He'd asked her to wait, this maiden fair,
With the long dark lashes and an innocent stare.
Just one year he'd take to make his stake,
Then he'd build her a cabin on Stuart Lake.

But Ambrose was busy and time passed fast,
Like winged trumpeters some years flew past.
Wracked by gold fever, he plunged forth
To wrest the fabulous spoils from the North.
Through muskeg, swamp and sub-zero cold,
He pushed relentlessly on in his search for gold.
But nights in lonely regimes by far-north streams
The face of his love he etched in his dreams.

When the Northland gives, she gives heart whole;
Now her bounteous nature lost control.
She made Ambrose rich beyond wildest ken
And free to see his love again.
He found her cottage as when he'd left,
Battered by time—of paint bereft.
Heart wild like a caribou many wolverines pursue,
He knocked three times as he used to do.

Ambrose, the trapper, prospector and guide,
Couldn't utter a word though hard he tried
When the door was flung, and she stood there,
His own dark maid with the innocent stare;
The same youth and beauty he'd etched in his dreams
Beneath starlit skies, by those far north streams.
And with a cry he pressed to his heaving breast
Elvena, the loveliest girl in the whole Northwest!

Whate'er had come o'er his promised bride?
She struggled free and pushed aside!
He felt an angry paw on his mackinaw clamp
While his nerves grew taut, his forehead damp.
And a shrewish voice grated in his ear,
"Who is this bearded fool, my dear?"
"What miserable joke does cruel fate evoke?"
Asked he of the fatted crone who'd spoke.

"Ma," cried the girl with the innocent stare,
"Get Pa to remove this grizzly bear!"
"Your pa," said the crone, with a terrible sneer,
"Lazy like lead, is pounding his ear:
If he were half the man as my Ambrose
This old tramp would leave with a bloody nose."
She gave a harassed sigh, mist in her faded eye,
As thoughts winged back to days gone by.

To the tall young man with the handsome smile
Who had gone for only a little while.
Then the hot-house plant from Vancouver she'd wed—
Had she only waited for *him* instead!
But she never expected to see Ambrose alive
When she'd heard he'd gone north of fifty-five.
Wistful eyes spun years between, lifted briefly age's screen,
Then glazed again with anger's sheen.

Ambrose saw like sun on ice the glare return,
Decided that—as moose steak he'd best be rare, or burn.
He knew now the mistake he'd made,
What a terrible trick his dreams had played!
His sad heart lurched like a drunken thing
Then suddenly—he was remembering
Sunsets over Takla Lake; the diamond gleam of a crisp daybreak,
The thrill of life when the North's awake.

Ambrose, the trapper, prospector and guide,
Rode north from Prince George with the even'tide:
Now glad, lips smiling, heart beating fast,
Knowing what it is to love at last—
The hushed welcome of a wilderness.
Lakes and streams, the North's embroidered loveliness;
Finding the thrill all lovers seek, gazing again at a snow-capped peak
From a lonely rendezvous at Manson Creek.

Book Review

BALLADS OF THE PACIFIC NORTHWEST
by Robert Allison Hood
Ryerson Press -- $2.50

Written by a British Columbian, and printed in Vancouver, this good offering is a delightful volume of prose and poetry dealing with incidents in the early history of British Columbia and the northwestern states. The contents are divided into five sections, with subheadings, and marginal notes which carry one along in the story. The first, titled The Sailor, is a tale of Captain George Vancouver, as a young lad under Captain Cook, and later when, a commander himself, he brought his ship to anchor in Nootka Sound to meet Quadra, the Spanish commander. Following The Sailor is The Indian, or The White Slaves of Maquinna, a beautifully-worded story of the coming of the brig Boston into Nootka, of the strange life that was the lot of two of the ship's crew who were taken as slaves by the Indians, and of their rescue years later.

The Voyageurs, a saga of Sir Alexander Mackenzie's epic overland expedition, gives a vivid picture of the country traversed and the trials that beset the voyageurs. In like vein, The Explorer follows with graphic accounts of the Great River of the West (the Columbia), embracing the explorations of David Thompson, the historic Indians' Pilgrimage to St. Louis, the story of Princess Sacajawea, the Lewis and Clarke expedition, and a portrayal of the beloved Doctor John McLoughlin during the period when he was in command of the H.B.C. post at Fort Vancouver.

In the final section the reader finds himself transported to the Cariboo, in the days when its name was on everyone's tongue. The chief work here is the story of John "Cariboo" Cameron, of his phenomenal find and on to the sad journey east with the body of his wife. Another piece of fine writing is found in the reflections of the last surviving camel, speaking with venom of the days on the road, and with nostalgia of his native land.

The variety of verse-form precludes any monotony of reading, and the clear, straightforward wording, such as the teller of tales would use in common conversation, makes most realistic and pleasurable reading. Explanatory to the ballads, and adding greatly to the reader's knowledge of the historic events of those faraway years are the prose selections, which give interesting insight into the characters of the pioneers who played such an im-

About Game and Wolves

continued from page 3

and sadly enough he has never heard about the Balance of Nature as propounded by the savants. However, he does know the woods. Since his living comes from the woods, he watches what is going on, and since he has sharp eyes, he can see. "Ten year nutting this country. White policeman he raise hell, me get lunk on lum (drunk n rum), he put me jail, he make for me pay monee. Why whiteman police he no gettum wolf? Wolf he raise more hell I do allatime. I tink whiteman scare dis bush place."

Well, there you are, Alex and Vern. It's hard to put the finger on what is wrong. I am inclined to think there is far too much attention placed upon the importance of pheasants in the Fraser Valley, trout in the Cowichan Valley, and the rod and gun clubs of British Columbia (which, as anyone knows, is a small area, twenty miles in width, running from Hope to Vancouver, following the birds to Victoria, and eventually winding up at Campbell River.)

Oh, and by the way, and for the information of those erudite people who know so much about India, Asia and Europe, but so cock-eyed little about B.C. There are wolves in every inlet on the coast south of Rupert. They are in Smith's and Dean Channel, on Vancouver Island, and everywhere else. It might pay the Game Department to realize that comes the day there is no game there will be no need of game wardens. Comes no need of game wardens and there will be no need of a game department. But, tut tut, I am again coming into the sphere of THE BALANCE OF NATURE.

Sincerely yours,
FRED LINDSAY.

In other words . . .

A clergyman was driving along a highway when rounding a bend he spied a stop sign and without warning jammed on his brakes and came to a sudden stop. A truck which had been following had great difficulty in stopping as quickly—only by expert manipulation of the wheel and shrilly protesting brakes did the driver manage to avert a collision with the clergyman's car. The truck driver climbed out of his vehicle. "Why didn'cha signal you were goin' to stop?---You dang blasted idiot," he addressed himself to the clergyman. "Why, for two pins, I'd—I'd. . . "For a full two minutes he stood, calling the other everything that truck-drivers are wont to call careless drivers.

The clergyman eyed the truck-driver reproachfully, and replied, "I suppose you know that a man of the 'cloth' such as myself cannot resort to such language as you have been using. But nevertheless, I fervently hope that when you get home your mother runs out from under the porch and bites you."

Brown was visiting a girl who lived in the country; as they walked through the fields they noticed a cow and a calf rubbing noses in bovine love.

He spoke up: "The sight of that makes me want to do the same."

"Go ahead," she replied. "It's all right. It's father's cow."

Indian Chief introducing self to paleface visitor: "I am brave Eagle. This is my son Fighting Bird. And this is my grandson, Four Engine Bomber."

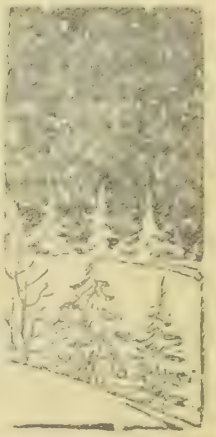
portant part in the development of the west coast. Splendid illustrations, copies of photos and paintings by well-known artists depicting notable episodes form a fitting complement to the author's work.

This is indeed a book for your bookshelf, a most welcome addition to anyone's collection.

E. A. Thomas.

CARIBOO TRADING CO.
Mile 116 — Cariboo Highway
MEALS -:- LIGHT LUNCHES
FANCY GROCERIES
Tobaccos & Confectionery
LAC LA HACHE, B.C.

M Walter
Xmas Tree Shipper
Can. Representative
A. Pinchbeck
Wms. Lake, B.C.



Bryan The TAILOR
LADIES' and MEEN's Suits and Overcoats - Made To Measure from Finest Quality Canadian and British Woollens.
WMS. LAKE, B.C., Borkowski Blk

S.R.S. Store
Suppliers of QUALITY Food
McBride & Vanderhoof, B.C.

FORT FRASER GARAGE
(under new management)
Fred C. Johnston

FORD V-8 Parts & Service
IMPERIAL OIL PRODUCTS
FORT FRASER, B.C.

None But The Brave . . .

continued from page 23

unravelled my neck again, raising it silently like a periscope above the cottonwood. Looking around eagerly, peer as I might, I could see nothing at which to shoot. Looking up at Verne inquiringly, I followed the line of his horror-struck gaze 'til finally my eyes focused upon a huge grinning skull. The shock was terrific. I could hear my feet telling my trembling knees to make way for somebody who could really run.

The gleaming skull was peering at us just at the corner of the slaughter-house and was moving out of sight in quick, spasmodic jerks. With mouths wide open, heedless of the aromatic atmosphere being gulped into our complaining and, by this time, well fumigated lungs, we watched the bony replica of Satan disappear from sight around the corner of the building. At that precise moment, our great minds with but a single thought, Verne and I wheeled in terror-struck amazement and d a s h e d blindly towards the security of the car. Upon reaching the trusty automobile and being safely ensconced therein, we gradually came back to normal, at least attaining our usual degree of sanity and dignified bearing. In the hush of the following moments my analytical mind began its process of breaking results down to their cause and, jarring Verne out of his lethargy, I asked: "Say, Verne, wasn't that just a steer's skull?" My companion also showed normalcy. "Yeah, that's what I thought it was at first. But why did it move when it saw us?" "Maybe it was scared of us," I suggested. Verne looked at me reproachfully, then I had a brain-wave. "Say, Verne, I'll bet something had hold of it and was pulling it. Maybe a bear or a coyote, or something."

Verne brightened up immediately, coherency lighting his eyes. "By gum, Bill, I think you've got something there. Let's go have a look." Cautiously alighting from the haven of the Chev, we stole on quaking limbs back towards the rear of the slaughter-house and (so I thought) certain death. As we drew near, that heavy breath of Autumn assailed us again in undiminished intensity. It seemed worse this time because darkness had settled its inky envelope over our courageous shoulders. Even if a bear or a coyote or something was dragging that awesome skull, we wouldn't dare shoot at it anyhow. The night was too dark to take any chances like that. We all know what a wounded bear will do in close quarters.

We rounded the corner of the slaughter-house and there, not ten feet away, swayed a huge black shadow, much darker than the night itself, munching joyfully on the stuff from which originated that foul gas we had so recently weathered. Of course, as I have said before, everyone knows the foolhardiness of shooting at a bear in the dark and, quite realizing how easily the old bruin could upset our equilibrium, we decided to return to the car in a dignified and orderly manner. So, with this in mind, we turned slowly—about as slowly as a spinning airplane propellor. Verne must have spun at least half a dozen times before he got headed in the right direction, and gracefully our feet beat a whirring tattoo over the wilted ground. As we were going around the corner of the building the bear let out a startled "Whoof!" which only served to increase the beat of our flying feet by at least another one hundred revs per minute. With neck to the fore like a racing greyhound, Verne hit the cottonwood log and turned three complete flips, landed on his feet right side up and never missed a stride. His acumen was marvellous to behold. However, fast as he was, I was faster. I was sitting in the Chev, had his door open and the motor running, ready for the take-off by the time he caught up with me. It had all happened so fast that we were half way up the hill and out of the place before our dignity managed to catch up with us again.

When we were well away from the slaughter-house and free from any sword of Democles, in the comparative safety of the Chev, I suggested to Verne that once we attained the highway we take a spin up the road in the hopes of spotting a coyote. Verne fell in with the idea with quick approval, adding that he thought coyotes were more our size, especially at this time of the day, so, upon reaching the main road, a flip of the steering wheel turned us Southward Ho in quest

WINDER & FLEMING

(E.A. Winder & E.R. Fleming)

Your Home is worth More today

Increased Values Make Increased Insurance A NECESSITY!

SOME GOOD VALUES IN FARMS AND SMALL BUSINESSES :-

TELEPHONE 29 Quesnel, British Columbia P.O. BOX Z424

of further adventures of lesser magnitude. The trusty Chev, minutes later, had carried us perhaps a mile down the highway (a Cariboo mile, if you please), when, in the gloom ahead, two fiery eyes, collecting their venomous reflection from our headlights, gave us defiance personified. I was first to see the glowing orbs and, in my greater experience, imperiously commanded Verne to stop.

"What's the matter? What do you want to stop here for?" Then, catching sight of the flaming eyes, he snapped: "My Gawd! A mountain lion! The biggest that was ever seen in this country!" Verne by this time had stopped the car and as I grasped "Kildeer" (my gun) more firmly, he meshed the gears again and we stole slowly forward. The thrill of the moment was excruciating. Our j a n g l e d nerves were pitched at an all-time high. Anything could happen as we advanced. The great creature might spring at any moment. An animal of such evidently tremendous proportions could easily smash the doors of a car, so it will be easy to understand how insecure was our position at this moment. However, pioneer blood flaming through our veins, Verne and I, as brave men often will, advanced against overwhelming odds.

"You'd better get your gun ready to shoot, Bill. There's no telling what might happen," whispered my companion hoarsely. The moments dragged into eternity as Verne swung the car so that the headlights would be played directly full upon the monster, so defiantly barring our progress. I really believe we had not breathed for at least five minutes and, with the blood pounding at our temples, we stood ready to face the supreme test.

At this particular point I would like to make the picture as clear as possible. This will give a more thorough understanding of the situation as it really transpired and, of course, will add considerably to credit we undoubtedly earned during this night of nights.

As Verne swung the car so that the full glare of the headlamps would illuminate our quarry, we felt as brave as any of Fenimore Cooper's heroic characters. The romance of the Great West was in our souls as, daringly, with not a single thought for our own safety, ready to sacrifice our very lives in a grim struggle with the ferocious beast of prey, thereby saving the women and children first, and clutching our guns, whose barrels projected so menacingly to the fore, we started to open the doors of the Chev, to slay the huge predator whose very existence was a detriment (so we presumed) to the very land in which we lived, when our searching gaze finally found the object of our stealthy approach fully and brazenly outlined against a background of shadowy brush.

There he stood in sinuous poise, his sleek back arched in readiness for flight or fray. With jaws open, allowing us to catch a glimpse of sharp, white, cruel teeth, he stood returning gaze for gaze. He was a spiteful-looking creature, but nonetheless not what we had expected. He was big, too, as cats go, but still, in any guise would not have misled us into believing he was other than what he really was. The pent-up breath we had been holding for so many hours—or so it seemed—expelled itself in a whistling gasp and didn't stop exuding until we were as deflated as punctured balloons. At this moment all the chivalry departed from our souls as our romance turned into disgust. Yes, we were aiming our guns at nothing but an ordinary house cat. As we looked, disillusion darkening the inmost recesses of our hearts, the darned cat looked at us in pity and meowed. That was the last straw. With muttered curse on our breath, we wheeled silently and stalked indignantly back to the car. With silence that shattered the nerves, Verne turned the Chev around and we headed for home, cursing, mentally, the people who leave their poor cats out to suffer the chill of a Cariboo Autumn night. As the tires sang their song into the cool dark air, my companion must have had the same thoughts, for he suddenly broke the silence with: "Some people shouldn't be allowed to have cats at all." With which statement I fervently concurred.

And so ended our hunt. We returned home empty-handed but clearly undaunted in spirit, for before reaching our respective domiciles we had already made arrangements for a more thorough search for game, and next time . . . well, just wait and see!

HOTEL AMAN
COMFORTABLE ROOMS ● FULLY LICENSED
Modern Conveniences -:- Home Cooked Meals -:-General Store
Government Telegraph Service
ENDAKO, B.C. Halfway Between Vanderhoof and Burns Lake, B.C.

Two friends met on the street and on of them noted that the other's hands were very dirty.

" How come your hands are covered with soot?" he inquired.

The friend replied that he had just been down to the station to see his wife off on a long trip to visit with relatives.

"But why are your hands dirty?"

"I patted the engine."

BOVILL MOTORS

Car and Truck Servicing and Repairs . From A to Z
Smithers, B.C.

War Canoe Waterways

continued from page 29

that twenty-ton bear squatting all over me.

"Well, I gets a hold of that bear's stump of a tail, and I grips good and tight. Then I jabs that hunting knife in his sit-down. One mighty 'woof' and that bear's outa that stump and a-draggin' me with him. That nine-hour rain covers the country twelve feet deep with water. Moose an' deer was swimming all over the place, an' all the little animals was settin' up in the trees, the rabbits an' foxes an' badgers an' everything. She sure was some rain."

Native taboos die hard, and Indian superstitions will linger long before the white man's modern ways drive them out.

At Fort McLeod we were talking to a couple of aged Indians down by the water's edge. As one of them philosophized, I idly thrust a stick under a frog and tossed him. He landed close to the Indian talker, who promptly emitted a fearsome howl and got up and ran. His companion shook his head at me, reprovingly.

"That's bad business," he said. "No good to scare old man that way."

When I pressed for further explanation, he said that frogs had the evil eye, that they should be left very much alone, and that to kill or injure a frog would bring certain death to the offender.

Joe, our "ever-unfortunate," kept up his record. Striving to make the best of an exceptionally heavy "frog" over a very long riffle, he whistled cheerily, pretended to admire the scenery which could be glimpsed at, perhaps two-hour intervals through a slanting curtain of downpour.

"Looks like she's going to clear," he shouted, glancing expertly at the leaden sky.

But you mustn't glance at leaden skies, nor at anything else, when you are "frogging." You must look where you are putting your feet. Joe stepped into a very deep hole and disappeared from view.

A persistent chap, Joe. He dumped me once in that selfsame Crooked River, when he tipped a canoe over whilst trying to demonstrate a fancy paddle stroke. We had a week's camping gear aboard. I made shore first, and there was no sign of Joe. Just as I was sure he had been drowned, he bobbed up forty yards downstream. In one hand he clutched a tin of salmon, in the other a pair of socks. He didn'tknow how he had got them. Instinct, I suppose.

Summit Lake again, and three and a half weeks of a very long and very varied water jaunt behind us.

It's a great country!

And "Ol Man River, he'll just keep rolling along!"

CONDILL HOTEL

FULLY LICENSED FULLY MODERN

Lunch Counter

The leading hotel serving the northern airways Alaska Highway and the very large district of Fort St. John

MEMBER - A.A.A., A,M,A,

FORT ST. JOHN, BRITISH COLUMBIA

A young lawyer was browbeating an opposing witness unmercifully.

"Was it a man or a woman you saw leaving the scene of the crime? Answer yes or no." he roared.

"Well—uh—some questions can't be answered yes or no." the witness said.

"I challenge you to ask me a question which I can't answer yes or no,' the lawyer thundered.

"Well," the witness asked triumphantly, "Do you still beat your wife?"

The artist was proud of his latest canvas, a futuristic painting supposedly representing a Dutch landscape He exhibited it in the art museum, with a printed notice which read: "Do not touch with cane or umbrella."

When he went back for his painting after the exhibit, he found that someone had added the following postscript: "Take an axe."

NORTHERN DAIRIES LTD.

QUESNEL, BRITISH COLUMBIA

Supplying PRINCE GEORGE, WELLS, BARKERVILLE, QUESNEL and WILLIAMS LAKE with

FRESH PASTEURIZED MILK

The Trees of YULE

by H.B. BINNY

A CERTAIN traveller, whose name is lost in the misty past, came by night to the City of Joppa, which city stands on the Mediterranean shore in Palestine. The night was calm and clear; the stars shone brillantly; one, indeed, far more brilliantly than the rest.

But the traveller did not note the brightest of the stars which, even then, was guiding three Kings of the Orient steadily to the East. He tied his donkey to a tree beside the road and hurried to enjoy the warmth and welcome of his host's fireside.

It was, perhaps, some hours later when the traveller went to put his donkey in the stable for the night. And now his amazement and consternation knew no bounds. The halter rope had been attached to the top of a tree which was prone on the ground and yet, before his very eyes, the tree was now straight and erect and the poor donkey was suspended in mid-air and as dead as he could be.

And ,in those days, when news travelled but slowly, it was quite some time before the traveller discovered that the tree was prone only because it was a certain twenty-fifth of December and, along with all the other trees, it was bowing, bowing to the East, where the brightest of the stars had halted, bowing towards the little town of Bethlehem.

☆ ☆ ☆

NATIONS of the world have boasted many great Queens, all the way from Jingu-Kogo, Empress of Japan, to Queen Victoria, ruler of the British Empire. Hippolyta, Cleopatra, Elizabeth, their names are numerous, and in this distinguished roster we must include the name of Hatshepsut or Hatasu, Pharaoh of Egypt in the Eighteenth Dynasty.

For, possibly, one of Hatshepsut's greatest attributes was her desire to stimulate trade and commerce with the outside world. More than one naval expedition was fitted out and sent by her south through the Red Sea and past Aden to the land of Punt, which we now call Somaliland, on the East African coast.

Many and strange were the commodities and the forms of merchandise which the sailors brought back, but among the most highly treasured were living myrrh trees. "The myrrh of Punt has been brought to me . . . They have brought to me the choicest products . . . of cedar, of juniper and of meru-wood . . . all the goodly sweet woods of God's-Land." Thus exulted Queen Hatshepsut, and the woods were used and the trees were planted to beautify her Temple of Der-el-Bahri at Thebes. There, in the Temple garden, she claimed to have walked at eventide with her God, Amon; a strangely coincident story when we read of the Creator of the World in the Book of Genesis walking in the Garden in the cool of the evening. (Genesis III—8.)

But, surely, whatever we may or may not believe about the great Queen's less credible claims, we must attribute to her singular credit for advocating and popularizing the merits of the "goodly sweet woods." For, fourteen hundred and fifty years later, it was products from these trees and woods, frankincense and myrrh, that the Three Wise Men brought to the lowly manger in Bethlehem.

☆ ☆

WEARIED by a long and doubtless tedious journey in some Phoenician galley, the Saint, Joseph of Arimathea, when he landed near Glastonbury, in what is now the county of Somerset, England, struck his staff in the ground and rested. And, while he rested, the staff took root, put out leaves and blossomed, and, thereafter, blossomed regularly on Christmas Day.

This it continued to do throughout the years until the time of the Puritans when, naturally, the reverence in which it was held was regarded by them as a particularly vicious form of idolatry. And so it was a Puritan who took his axe and destroyed the Thorn of Glastonbury, though history relates that, in the process, a chip flew up and put out his right eye. And the Thorn itself was destroyed but temporarily, for the trunk sprouted and flourished again and provided slips which were planted elsewhere and which, if we believe what we are told, blossom unfailingly on Christmas Day.

☆ ☆ ☆

THERE, then, are three stories depicting the contributions made to the Story of Christmas by trees. It can do no harm to believe them, and anything more than very passive incredulity would seem to put the right eye in serious jeopardy.

But the trees do much more for Christmas and there are many more pretty legends describing the origin of their association. Mistletoe, being epiphytic, could not be without trees, and many there are who think that your Christmas party without the mistletoe and the peculiar licence its presence allows would be dull affairs in sooth.

"A branch of the mystic plant is suspended from the wall or coiling and any one of the fair sex who, either from advertence, or, as possibly may be insinuated,

or purpose, passes beneath the sacred spray, incurs the penalty of being then and there kissed by any lord of the creation who chooses to avail himself of the privilege."—Chambers, "Book of Days."

And trees provide the "Yule Log." Correctly, part of this year's log should be carefully preserved to provide kindly for next year and, **on no account whatever,** should a person who squints, anyone with bare feet or a woman with flat feet be allowed in the room where the Yule Log is burning.

☆ ☆ ☆

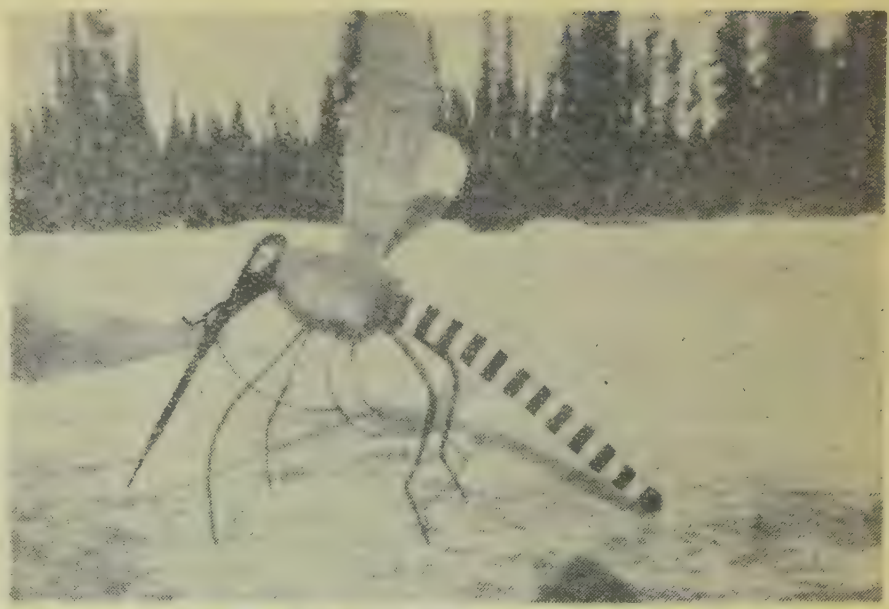
BUT it seems there is little doubt that the most important assistance that trees give to Christmas appears in the form of Christmas Trees.

There are numerous stories about the origin of the Christmas Tree and its successive introductions to various countries are quite well dated and documented. Haply the most delicate and the most appropriate story of the origin of the Christmas Tree is the following:

Many, many years ago, in the depth of cold winter, a wood-cutter and his family were sitting down to their rather meagre meal when there was a soft knocking on the door. On the threshold, ill-clad, cold and hungry, stood a little child. Although the wood-cutter and his wife could not possibly afford such charity, they immediately brought the child in, placed him before the fire and clothed him as best they could. Then he shared their humble meal which, somehow, seemed to go further than they had imagined it ever could.

Then, when the meal was finished the child went to the door, and, opening it, walked out beyond the threshold. When he turned to face them, they beheld a wondrous transformation and realized that, unknowingly, they had played host to the Christ Child Himself. The Child bent and picked up a fir bough which He struck into the ground. Immediately it took root and became a beautiful tree.

"This tree shall be a sign unto



A north-country baby mosquito, of the species known as 'ringistailiobo' — photographed in the vicinity of Burns Lake by 'Gordie' Williams.

Even these 'baby' ones are dangerous, and will attack a man on sight. (see next page for outcome of this this battle.

CARIBOO TRANSPORTATION

— Heavy Hauling Specialists —

- 5 Trucks at Your Service
- No Job Too TOUGH or Too BIG
- Anything - Anywhere - Anytime

Telephone 63-R 2 Quesnel, B. C. P.O. Box 825

you," said the child. "For your kindness to a strange and wandering child, this tree shall be a sign of abundance and plenty for the rest of your lives."

And, maybe, this IS the true story of the Christmas Tree, and certainly it points the true spirit of Christmas. If we think of the words of the Child in the story, we think also of the words of One who said:

"Inasmuch as ye did it unto one of these my brethren, even these least, ye did it unto me. . . . ,"

—Matt:25:40

The victor and the vanquished. The potographer states that he barely escaped a similar fate; that only by diving into his car was he saved.

A LAUGH or TWO

In a small fight club the fans were disgusted with the lack of action in the ring. The two battlers did nothing but circle each other, with no punches being thrown. A forbidding silence mounted in the arena. Then—

"Hit him now, yah bum," a spectator called. "You got the wind with yah."

One of Harry S. Trueman's favorite tales is about a man who established a bank in Missouri many years ago and made a lot of money. Asked by a friend how he ever had the nerve to start a bank in the (then) backwoods country, he said: "'Well, sir, I just rented a room and stuck up a sign 'Bank' and waited for results. The very first day, a man came in and deposited $100. The second day a man dropped in and left $500. And another man put in $100. And blamed if I didn't get a little confidence in the thing myself by then and put in $500 of my own money.

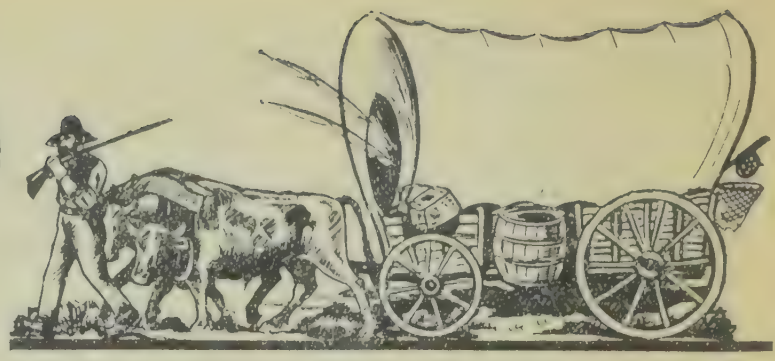
Ardent swain: "Your hair is like spun gold. Your eyes like two limpid pools, your lips—gee, what a mess you must make on the rim of a cup of coffee."

The telephone company put its new employee to work as collector of coins in pay phones. For two weeks after he got the job he failed to appear in the office. Then one day he walked in nonchalantly and said he had lost the key to the boxes.

"Where have you been?" stormed the manager. "The cashier has been holding your salary for you."

"What!!" exclaimed the amazed neophyte, "do I get a salary too?"

Cottonwood Picture



by Emelene Thomas

In the dignified setting of the library at the University of British Columbia, where they are esteemed as valuable contributions to the history of British Columbia in general and the Cariboo in particular, is a set of account books from the famous old stopping-place known as Cottonwood House at Cottonwood, twenty odd miles from Quesnel on the road to Barkerville. A gift to the university from Mr. William Boyd, son of the owner of the hostel, their authenticity assures them an honored place among the historical data there. These volumes, daybooks and ledgers, are of two sizes, and are bound in heavy cardboard of mottled pattern. Turning over the stiff yellowed pages to read the wealth of financial entries, and the interspersing notes of personal events, there unrolls before one a fascinating panorama of the romantic years when the dust, mire, and snow of the Cariboo Road was churned up by the countless travellers, both man and beast, who passed up and down, up and down, in a never-ending procession, the years when towns now but sadly neglected plots boasted populations in the thousands. They all came to the Cariboo then, old and young, rich and poor; the butcher, the baker, the candlestick-maker; judge and jury, minister and layman, doctor, lawyer, merchant, chief --- they stepped through the sturdy doors of the House, and its floors were marked by the tread of strong feet, as the wayfarers paused for an hour, a day, or even a month to refresh themselves with a bite and a sup, to purchase supplies before continuing on their way, or to sell their often hard-won gold and linger awhile to hear the latest news from the outside world.

The exact date when the house was built, its size and appearance, is of minor historical moment, its chief interest and value being that it reflected faithfully the life of the Cariboo of the latter half of the nineteenth century, an era that can never be duplicated, for customs and manners change and life moves ever faster as the world spins round.

You remember Cottonwood, named for the great trees from whose sticky buds such a honied fragrance drifts in spring, the great towering trees that in summer cast long cool shadows and in autumn make a golden glory of the countryside. You remember Cottonwood, the broad fields basking peacefully in the sun, the grey weathered barn and the wide heavy gate, the swift brown river and the gentle hills sloping to the clear sky. You have stopped, perhaps, to pick the flowers that spring up and burst into bloom almost before the snow has melted, and as you stopped to gather them, a shadowy hand reached form the past, a faint gesture from a dreamer of long ago, remembering when winter-tired eyes gladdened at sight of the gay little tokens of spring.

It is fitting that the earliest of the books bears the date 1863, for that was the beginning of the second big rush, the hey-day of the Cariboo. On the fly leaf is inscribed, in beautifully formed letters,

Cottonwood House
Day Books -- John Boyd's
Cold Spring House
Cariboo, B. C.

Throughout all the books except where some assistant took a hand, the penmanship is the same, the letters so even in height and space, with the oldfashioned form of the double "s" the first "s" resembling an "f", and the heavily shaded capitals a work of art seldom come upon these days. From it one can form a mental image of John Boyd, a gentleman of the old school, thorough, precise, metriculous as to neatness and detail. A study of the entries complements the picture, giving a concept of the mans character, competent in business, just to himself and others, kind to his family and charitable to the needy.

The books are distinguished by the titles Day Book and Cash Book, the latter the more interesting. The Day Books contain the individual accounts, and bring to light little personal vanities and indulgences, but the cash book is the mirror of the times. On its pages are recorded the sales at the house and store, and memos of important household and local occurrences of the day. Birth and death are there, financial contracts are set down in minutest detail, and small intimate entries round out the scene as the years roll on and the door swings to and fro as the makers of Cariboo history make their entrances and exits on the stage.

What intriguing names appear there, especially in the hectic yeays when men of every nationality, hurrying to the gold fields, or to work on the construction of the Road, dropped in for supplies, a meal to stay their hunger, or a drop to wash down the dust. Sometimes,

indeed, the drinks are many, as in the case of - - -, who, starting in with a modest two, went on to "Dittoes" - - ah, those dittoes! - - until the total for the day was thirty-four! But perhaps just perhaps, the buyer was generously setting them up for friends.

Look, here they come now, up the road, down the road, the pioners of the Cariboo; Frisky, Halfbreed Dick, Dutch Charlie and Dutch Peter, Dancing Bill, Newfelder, "Dad" Liverpool Jack, Coat's Man, Seller's Man, Hendricks, Ward, Cameron, Antoine, Ned Toomey, Frenchman, Blacksmith, Ma Gee and Ah Wong, Little Billy Indian Johnny, Pablo, and someone referred to only as Little One. Into the dining-room strides Major Thorpe and his staff, their places at the board later taken by Haggerty and Rankin, Bell, Beedy Dud Moreland, an old timer now, for he was one of the first prospectors inthe Horsefly country, going in in '59; Mike Fitzgerald, Doctors Chip, Trevor and Bell, Thomas Spence, whose name is forever perpetuated in Spence's Bridge, which he constructed; Evens, Pearson and Poole, the roll call of the Cariboo.

Summer is in its full strength, and the road is white beneath the August sun, but inside the sturdy log building the air is cool and quiet. On the shelves of the store and stacked on all the available floor space beyond, are the staples that make up the bulk of the miners, purchases, with a few fresh vegetables from the ranch. Prices are high, accounted for by the long slow freight haul and the tolls ,and luxuries are few if any. Flour, sugar, bacon, yeast powder, tea candles; lamp chimneys and wicks, butter at a dollar a pound, beans, barley, soap a $1.25 a bar, and in the meathouse sides of beef and pork. There are tools at one end, picks and shovels, hammers and nails, saws, sledges, axes, and files. On one shelf is ranged an array of nostrums, liniments, ointment, pills of various kinds, painkiller, and Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, an unfailing cure for ailments of chest and throat, and which is still advertised today by modern drugstores. There are clothes too, heavy durable shirts, pants, gaiters of canvas, socks, and in foot-wear thick boots and warm mocassins. The heavy door swings open, "Dad", hot and dry, saunters over to the counter, where he selects a pair of mocassins against the coming winter, then buys six boxes of raisins before moving on to quench his thirst. There is a wide range in that line also; gin, rum, absinthe, Lager beer at $1.25 a bottle, Brandy (both Inferior and Dark) Old Tom at $2.50 a bottle, case Brandy at $3.50 per bottle, whisky, porter, milk punches --take your choice, boys!

A farm boy who had gone to work in the city wrote home to tell of his experiences. In his letter he painted a glowing picture of city life. "Thursday," he wrote, we autoed out to the Club where we golfed until dark. Then we motored to the beach where we week-ended."

Not to be outdone, his brother replied: "Yesterday we buggied to town and baseballed all afternoon. Then we went to Ned's and pokered until sundown. Then we suppered and piped for a while. After that we staircased up to our room and bedsteaded until the clocks fived."

Apparently provision was made for cards and dice, for we find entries charging drinks to Monte Game, Monte Bank, and just Game. Down in the book it all goes, and should a customer depart leaving a bill and forgetting perhaps what is due, the page can be turned up, with the date and the reckoning, plain to see.

This is almost entirely a man's world, as except for an entry in 1863 reading "Man and Woman" etc., there is no hint of feminine travellers until '66, when a Madame Samone makes a brief appearance.

In the earlier books there is frequent mention of tolls being paid. These were collected by a contractor or his agent, for a section of the road, and were to compensate him for expenses over the arranged-for amount. There are also charges for "Crossings" which may have been for ferrying over a stream or using a bridge. At all events, we come to an entry in Mr. Boyd's neat script, which reads;-

May, 1864,

To Crossing Train up and down twice, forty-five animals.

At this period, there are a great many animals, mules, packhorses, cattle, and oxen, to be fed and cared for at 50 cents a head, and many "crossings" to be made. In the field stands a Pinto mare colt, also one small Dun Horse Mule, left by the owner to be ranched at $6.00 a month. In the store Mr. Anderson pays out $8.00 for a garden shovel, and Mah Gee shoulders a pick and and goes off with it, dreaming no doubt of the gold he will uncover with its aid, while Mr. Boyd sets the amounts down in the ledger and opens the large package of seeds that has just arrived, for it is springtime again. As further proof that gardening time has arrived, he sets off for Quesnelle in quest of a new plough and cabbage plants. The Cariboo Road is so far only a narrow pack trail, and he pulls to the side to make room for Oppenheimer's train of mules, laden with freight for the gold fields.

All through the years one can follow the seasons without benefit of dates. "Ah," one murmurs on spying the annual entries for seeds and young plants, "spring has come again." Summer and Autumn follow in their turn, with the haying calling for extra men, then in due course winter denoted by a purchase of sleighbells, and mittens for chilled hands. So the pages turn as the seasons pass, and again it is autumn, the golden leaves of the cottonwoods drift through the quiet air, and a film of ice forms on the ponds. Two men stand in the thin sunshine, gravely debating the merits of a Durham cow. The price is finally agreed upon, the Durham cow finds a new pasture in the home field, and the agent for Fulsher and Co. jots down the amount, $100.00, in his note-book.

The big boom years of '63 and '64

fade into the past, and '65' whirls in on the heels of a snowstorm. Well wrapped to withstand its fury, Mr. Dragon's partner comes up from Quesnelle Mouth, and as he reaches the shelter of the stopping-place, shakes the snow from his coat and cap strips off his heavy mitts, and in the dining-room revels in the warmth as he sits down to a hot meal while waiting for a wagon-tongue to be made.

Three days later we are introduced to one Antoine Malbouf, trapper and general handyman, a rollicking, happy-go-lucky chap, who spins a bright thread across the pages as he comes and goes. Early in January is found this illuminating entry:-

Antoine Malbouf Commenced to work at $100.00 per month and board. Idle time to be deducted.

So Antoine commences work, whistling, I think, as he turns his hand to any job requiring his attention, a plug in his cheek, a drink under his belt, and newly purchased moccasins on his feet. His tenure is of short duration, then off to his trap-line, for he is primarily a man of the woods. While he covers the miles with easy strides, Henry McDames, then at Van Winkle, a cluster of rude dwellings farther on, arrives at Cottonwood, where he pays part of his bill for "sundry items at sundry times," and the till is further enriched by receipt of money from Fuller and Briggs, who conduct a store at Barkerville, for new milk and meals.

Why, here is Antoine again, jolly fellow, needing new clothing and a cash advance. He is accomodated with both, for like all the men of that day, his word is good, and the business concluded, waves goodbye to the familiar buildings as the sun grows hot and the waters run free.

A few weeks more and the quick heat floods the fields, the tiny pale green leaves uncurl, and turnip and beet seeds are carefully pressed into the fertile soil, the seed-sowing followed shortly by the setting-out of two hundred and fifty young cabbage plants. With the opening of the streams, fresh names appear on the pages of the book; Ah Young,William Patterson (he and his brother took out gold to the value of $10.000. in five weeks mining on Lowhee Creek); Steele, Stannard, Winn Lunn. and G. B. Wright, who won the contract for construction of the Cariboo Road from Quesnelle to Cottonwood. One hundred white men and two hundred Chinese were employed in the building of that stretch, which at its completion cost $85,000.00. From his claim below the canyon on Williams Creek comes the famous man of riches and poverty, John "Cariboo" Cameron, whose story is a saga in itself. A 'Frenchman with Sheep' follows, and Ah Doo, who is on his way to try his luck on the creeks. An old pair of Spring Balance passes over the counter, while into a sack are stowed candles, bacon grease, yeast powder, sugar, flour, and a "paper" of tea. Prices are still high, eggs at $4.00 a dozen (Mr. M - - buys but half a dozen) flour at $15.00 a hundred. A new cook, Ah Fatt, is installed in the kitchen, and like all Orientals, has 'fliends' who frequently have 'bed and breakfast' at his expense. George Galer is a customer, also Mr. Clark, butcher and Mr. Mannifer, ditto. A Mr. Chisholm steps in to trade flatware for quicksilver. Antoine back once more, breaks a tumbler in his exuberance, settles for the damage, and well-heeled, is off again, only to reappear in a month's time, for there is the new house to be built, and who so good at bringing out the heavy timbers as Antoine? Ah Doo leaves the creek to work at Cottonwood, and John Cameron too is added to the payroll. In this matter there is an interesting sidelight - - - whenever a white man is hired a note is always appended re Idle Time, but in the case of Ah Doo, no mention is made of such a contingency; one can only surmise that Ah Doo was not one to indulge in idle time!

At the ranch there is much to do, with the animals to be cared for as well as those left by their owners until such time as they are required. Some of these are stabled; others at a cheaper rate turned out into the fields to graze. Logs for the house are snaked in, and by mid-July Antoine has fashioned Three thousand three hundred shakes at $18.00 per M.

As July melts into August, the blue berries in the hills turn sweet and plump, and a large picking is brought from an Indian, some to be eaten fresh, the rest is preserved or pickled. In the matter of blueberries, a loose sheet of paper, covered with rather unformed letters, is the medium for a homely picture - - - a neighborly soul, maybe a woman, or mayhap an experienced sourdough, paper in hand, saying,

Wilkes & Hardy Ltd.

Featuring ► *OFFICE SPECIALTY* ◄ Equipment

A Complete Line of Office Supplies & Equipment

► **For Immediate Delivery** — LEDGER OUTFITS, Ledger Sheets, Binders, Journals (up to 36 col.), Specialty Files, Expanding Files, Carbon Paper, Order Books, Elastic Bands, Staplers, Paper Punches, Counter Check Books, — PLUS - the hundred and one other items required in your office.

Agents for "ROYAL" Typewriters - Standard and Portable
A COMPLETE ADDING MACHINE and TYPEWRITER SALES AND SERVICE

Box 162 — Prince George, B.C.

"Here ma'am, is that recipe you wanted, the one for pickling the blueberries."

A document to catch the fancy, so different it is from the curt directions of today, it is reproduced here for the reader's pleasure, and as worthy a place as a souvenir of the Cariboo.

Receipt for Pickling Blue or Huckel Berries.

Clean all sticks and leaves from the Berries wash clean then nearly fill a large mouthed Bottle with the Berries then put in about a dozen of hole black Peppers and about 18 or twenty hole cloves and a table Spoonfull of good Sugar or a little more if you wish, then take as much good Vineguar as will fill the Bottle & put it into a jug in a Pot of water on the fire and let the Vineguar come to a Simmer then Pore it on to the Berries and cork tight and place in Seller for fucher use.

Berries in the hills, golden grain in the fields, and long rows of vegetables in the garden. The root crops are so bountiful that the gunny sacks on hand will not suffice, so off to the wagon road Mr. Boyd takes his way to secure more.

On November, 15 of that year is the first record of a cheque, made out on the bank of British Columbia, which in 1863 had opened a branch at Williams Creek. Besides this bank, similar services at the creek were provided by McDonald and Co. with head offices in Victoria.

Now winter sets in in earnest, customers are few, the cash sales for two days amounting only to $4.50. Antoine, who some time ago returned to his line, brings in seven teen prime martin pelts, and with the year drawing to a close, Johnny Hamilton, stagedriver of Beaver Pass, brushes the snow from his clothes before sitting down to a good hot dinner, after which he loads turnips, onions and cabbages on top of the rest of the freight.

And so, with Christmas passing unnoted, 1865 makes room for 1866, a clean new year. Hardly has it gotten into its stride when a newcomer is introduced, Madam Samone, who makes a deal for 1070 pounds of hay at .07 a pound. One wonders who Madam Samone was and what her business, for apart from three billings for hay, we learn nothing about her.

Dated January 10 is a short entry --No cash sales Today. However, it is midwinter, and business is always slack then, and a quiet day pleasant, with things about the house to be attended to. Tomorrow Mr. Beedy is expected, and perhaps his teamster. Mr. Beedy runs a freight line, and later on starts up a store at Stanley.

How quickly the days lengthen, even though timbers snap with the cold and the dry snow creaks underfoot. Already supper can be eaten without the lamps being lit. As Ah Fatt stacks the dishes, and the great heater is replenished, a lithe figure on snowshoes, with wide-spreading pack on broad shoulders, comes swinging over the blue shadowed snow. Antoine is back, calling a cheery greeting as he stands his snowshoes on end in the drift, and pushes open the door, letting in a rush of cold fresh air. With a flourish he tosses the pack on the counter, loosens the thongs that fasten it, and draws forth glossy beautiful mink, and rich soft marten, for which he receives the market price.

A second rush of air heralds another traveller, John Cameron this time. He glances around the well-stocked shelves of groceries, reckoning as he does so, then asks for flour, beef, tea, and matches. As he turns away, crusty loaves of bread catch his eye, and though they are dear, two for seventy-five cents, he buys a couple for a change from the usual bannock. A little gold dust changes hands, then into a chair by the glowing fire he settles to talk for awhile of the prospects for the year.

A soft Chinook soughs through the trees, a hundred tiny streams trickle downhill at the touch of spring, and an early bird calls from the meadow, Picking his way through the soft mud is the butcher. just in time for dinner. He stays for supper too, and is duly charged in the book for "2 meals with eggs." Eggs, still a luxury item at $4.00 a dozen, up the cost of a meal, but they are a treat for a hungry man accustomed to only the plainest of fare ,so Little Billy, hard on the heels of the butcher, also indulges in this rare delicacy.

The long-dreamed-of Cariboo Road

Geo. Ogston
NOTARY PUBLIC
General Insurance
Nechako Valley Lands
VANDERHOOF, B.C.

The
PRINCESS SHOPPE
Victor 'DECCA' Records
'RCA Victor' Dealers
GIFTS — BABYWEAR
WATCHES - JEWELRY
Tobaccos Confectionery
SMITHERS, B.C.

Watson's Store
LIMITED
QUALITY ● GROCERIES
FRUITS and MEATS
Flour & Feed - School Supplies
SMITHERS, B.C.

Terrace Drugs
B.R. Dodds, proprietor)
Rexall DRUGS
DRUGS -:- STATIONERY
Periodicals, Tobaccos, Stationery
TERRACE, B. C.

Skeena Bridge
Tourist Camp

Cabins by Day or Week
In The Heart of
"THE CANADIAN ALPS"
Excellent Hunting and Fishing
Throughout the District
GOOD Beds - CLEAN Cabins
TERRACE, B.C.
South of the Skeena Bridge

has been a reality for some months now, and the horses can make good time. Barnards Express, the harness of its four-horse team jangling merrily, pulls up with a smart stop, the wheels making deep ruts in the mire. As the snow still lies deep on the upper levels, a sled is hired for the rest of the journey, and the freight transferred, while Ah Fatt, who has never heard of union hours, prepares another hot meal. Ah Fatt is a likable, hospitable chap, with many friends, who stop in on their goings and comings to enjoy with him a round of brandy and dittoes. All these gentry seem to go by the prefix Ah, ---Ah Fatt, Ah Hoy, Ah Sam, Ah Shing, Ah Yett, and so on. Indeed so common is the term that farther on we find a temporary bookkeeper, a bit of a wag, maybe, referring to Mr. A. H. Lindsay as Ah Lindsay! A. H. is known as a fellow who dearly loves a joke, so probably just chuckles ponderously when he hears of it.

The stage, rolling in on June 2, 1866, is an object of unusual interest and speculation, as down from the coach steps Mr. Andrew, of Niles and Co., followed by a bevy of buxom maids. Quickly the word is passed around that these damsels will provide in themselves welcome partners for the men at the dances at the camps, and many a covert look is sent their way as they stand demurely by, long full skirts carefully gathered from the dust, while their escort arranges for transportation to their destination.

Two people there are at Cottonwood who are not concerned with the new arrivals. For weeks now a Mr. Lewis has stayed at the house, helping with the work while an ailing relative, son, father or brother, is cared for by the kindly Boyds. But now the long watch is over, a fresh grave is dug on the hillside, and one more death is recorded in the annals of the Cariboo. And where but in a frontier district will you find such modest remuneration for such taxing services as were rendered the sick man? Here in the account book lies before us an entry which speaks for itself of the kindness that was worth more than all the gold in the creeks.

T. B. Lewis	
To attending A. Lewis during his sickness, death, and burial	$23.00

Cash business is always good in summer, when travel is brisk, one day's business in June being given as follows:-

Cash from passengers	$7.50
Gained on gold dust	$.63
To Heath at Quesnelle	536.00
Today's cash	900.00
Boyd's partner,	

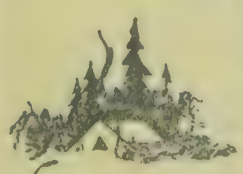
Heath, a few days previously had taken to Quesnelle the sum of $603.75, and a fortnight later delivers a further $487.62, so it is readily understood that the financial standing of the house was high.

Four months have passed with no sign of Antoine, but in mid-June here he is on the job once more at $70.00 a month, and due notice re idle time. While he is busy with hammer and saw Mr. Boyd travels to Van Winkle, by stage, the fare being set at $5.00, and Thomas Spence, now Government agent, stops in for a cooling drink one hot summer day.

All too soon summer and autumn

continued on page 98

NORTHERN INTERIOR LUMBER PRODUCTS
Limited
Lumber Manufacturers
Dealing In: SPRUCE, HEMLOCK, CEDAR and PINE
Rough and Dressed Lumber for Dominion and Export Markets
Smithers, British Columbia

The **COTTONWOODS**
NEW and MODERN

● Meals ● Lunches ● Soda Fountain
TELKWA, B.C.
"BEAUTY SPOT OF THE NORTH"

Farm That Trapline!

first. Wild rice WILL NOT prove a success in landlocked lakes. Neither will it produce proper results in lakes where there is but little exchange of water. But if there is a good head of water coming in and an equally good head going out, and if the bottom soils be fairly rich, than a few pounds of wild rice seed should reproduce. The seed should be sown as early in the spring as ice conditions warrant. The "floating" leaf will reach the surface around June 20th. At this stage of its growth, if for any reason the water raises twelve inches or more the entire sowing will be a loss.

By August 1st the main stem should be two feet or more above the surface and by August 15th the tassel commences to form. It is upon this tassel that the grain matures. The grain begins to go into the milk around September 1st and will be ripe by September 30th. One healthy stalk of wild rice produces from 20 to 60 seeds and when ripe these seeds fall from the head and sink to the bottom to produce a crop the following year (if geese or duck do not get them). The seed should not be sown in over three feet of water and produces best results at two feet.

Wild rice, though, of itself is not the entire answer to rat production here in the Interior or up in the north. For under those conditions where sometimes the waters are frozen to a depth of two feet or more the muskrats become shut off from the shallower waters. However, sago pondweed, spatterdock or wild celery thrive in waters up to five feet in depth and the tubers or rootstocks of celery and pondweed are both heavy in starch content. Both can be sown from the seed in the Fall or by broadcasting the rootstocks in the spring. My only knowledge of spatterdock is that of planting from the seed, which can be harvested around the latter end of August. The long stalk of this plant is an excellent winter feed for muskrat and produces a very dark pelt. And, incidentally, its root system is one of the best beaver foods I have yet come across (used of course in conjunction with the shrubs). The more spatterdock there be in a beaver watershed the more colonies will there be.

Once a bed of sago pondweed is established it spreads rapidly. Four years ago, in a pot-hole containing no more than two acres of water, I seeded about five pounds of pondweed. This seed was harvested by myself from other lakes. The following spring the seed established a root system. Today the pondweed has taken over the entire pothole and not only does it yield me a certain number of muskrats each spring but every fall some twenty or thirty mallards and other ducks use it as a feeding ground. Before the pondweed was introduced it had no aquatic growth at all.

The seed of sago pondweed is very small and extremely hard to harvest. But fifteen or twenty pounds will seed an acre and on such feed one should trap 85% seal rats.

Wild celery seed is contained in

Stephen Holmes
& COMPANY
Groceries and Provisions
QUALITY - SERVICE - VALUE
VANDERHOOF, B.C.
---Gateway to the Omineca---

F. B. BASS
INSURANCE - INVESTMENTS
— REAL ESTATE —
WILLIAMS LAKE, B.C.

Mac's
CIGAR STORE
Agents For *WATKINS Products*
Billiards - Snooker
WILLIAMS LAKE, B.C.

MARTINS GARAGE
"HOME" Gas & Oil — "FIRESTONE" Tires
Equipped to completely repair ALL MAKES of Cars and Trucks
DODGE & FORD V8 Service — Battery Charging
TELEPHONE 20 for Day or NIGHT SERVICE
Hazelton, B. C.

VANDERHOOF LUMBER CO.
Manufacturers & Exporters of Quality Lumber and Timber
Spruce - FIR - Pine
Head Office: VANDERHOOF, B.C.

Ideal rat marsh. Note heavy stand of beaver food on farther side. Beaver have already taken this marsh over. In three years time dense stand of rat feed will be flooded out. Re-seeding will then have to be embarked upon.

In 1939, this was dry, profitless marsh. By damming its outlet and reflooding, $200. worth of muskrat pelts were harvested in three nights trapping, March 1945.

long pods, not unlike the string bean, each pod containing from 150 to 300 seeds. This is costly material to begin with, as it has to be imported, and therefore if one is to get maximum results it is necessary to chop the pods up into lengths of a half inch and broadcast these in the waters. If the pods be sufficiently ripe they will sink into the mud and in a few days burst open. This is nature's way of spreading the seeds. The following spring a tiny root system is established but the plants will bear no seed pods that fall. But the following year the plants will attain full growth and commence to reproduce.

This entire subject is a lengthy one and one which cannot be sufficiently dealt with in a single article. For we are, I think, delving into a subject which but few people have ever really studied. It is a subject which not only affects the fur trade but also plays a major part in waterfowl production as well as propagation of sporting fish. And in these days of ever-diminishing game supplies, these two latter are by no means trivial matters. One does not need to be an aquatic biologist, neither does one need to possess a university education in order to probe its depths. Whilst a university education is quite a nice thing to possess, it does more harm than good unless used in conjunction with a practical knowledge which can only come from years of actual experience in the wilderness. There are some things which cannot be learned from copy book rule.

Experienta docet! One can perhaps learn more about these things out on his own trapline than he will in any classroom. If he has the desire to do so. Every living plant that grows does so from seed. And it is only by a close study of these aquatic seeds that one will be able to get them growing throughout all the waters on the trapline in which they will grow. It is an interesting study and a profitable one.

Some years ago I had a piece of water from which I used to take around fifty muskrats each spring. Then a colony of beaver moved in, raised the dam at the outlet and completely flooded out the existing food supply—for muskrat. And the water became almost barren of muskrats. This has happened to several of what used to be very good rat waters upon the trapline. And for a time it seemed that the more beavers I raised the less rats I would have. For the best rat feeds grow in from one to four feet of water. And beaver, as a rule, raise their water high enough so they can build their runs into the bank, thus flooding out the rat feeds that were growing in the centre waters of the marsh.

Three years ago I commenced re-seeding these waters with aquatic plants harvested from other lakes, the majority of which seedings were a success. Today, besides some fourteen or fifteen beavers in the colony, I am also getting my muskrats back again.

If it can be done on a one-acre pot-hole, it can be done over several thousands of acres, as I believe it will be done in the years to come. The fur resources of the Continent have known little but vicious exploitation since the first early days of the trade. Take what you can take but give nothing back. A common formula between trappers, fur buyers and government agency. Agriculture has developed experimental farms as a means of assisting the individual farmer; Forestry and Fisheries have each spent generously of their funds in order that such industries might be made more healthy for the individual operators. As I have stated before in previous articles, the B.C. Game Department derives no small portion of its annual revenue from the fur trade. But although that Department has done much to encourage certain individual trappers who are endeavoring to rebuild the fur assets of their own lines, it has not, to my knowledge, attempted very much that might benefit the industry on a provincial wide scope. Prices of raw furs fluctuate, but royalties on each pelt remain the same. Today, Game Department is raking in Midas-like profits through the vicious exploitation to which our big game is being subjected. But to those of us who live in the wilderness and are able to witness the disastrous effects that exploitation is having upon this heavily abused heritage, the handwriting

upon the wall already takes certain pattern. At present rate of business, that game is not going to last very many more years. And when closed seasons become an urgent necessity if that game is not to vanish entirely from the face of our land, the B.C. Game Department might, one grey morn, find itself desperately pressed for funds with which to carry on business. Total game revenues have, I believe, in the last two or three years almost doubled themselves. Whether such happy state of affairs be due to proficient game management or whether it be due to a policy of proclaiming a bargain sale of those big game herds which once upon a time roamed the wilderness is a question I would not be so bold (or so foolish) as to try to answer. However, one thing is certain: These increased revenues are enabling Game Department to employ more badly needed wardens; they are enabling Game Department to erect more hatcheries in order that trout waters, overtaxed by excessive fishing, can be supplied with additional fish.

Once upon a time there was a goose that laid a golden egg. The Pied Piper of Hameln tooted a right pretty tune indeed, but when the music stopped (as all such music must eventually stop) and the bill came in, there was hell among the burghers. Fables, yes, but there is many a true word. . . .

I believe I could produce facts and figures which would convincingly prove to any intelligent audience that if given fair treatment the fur-bearing resources of the province could be made to yield ten times their present returns to general revenue. Game Department has in its backyard several geese. One of them, anyway, might lay bigger and better eggs if the bird were fed a larger ration of corn.

For Sale!

(Subject to permission from the B.C. Game Commission)

REGISTERED TRAPLINE — Situate in the heart of Cariboo's best Big Game District. Excellent opportunity for one wishing to open up Fishing and Hunting Lodge. Good road, within easy distance of the town of Williams Lake. This trapline has been selling between thirty and fifty beaver per year. Well stocked with beaver today. Embraces large marshes ideal for heavy muskrat production. Some marten in higher altitudes. — For Further particulars write: B.C. Registered Trappers Ass'n., Riske Creek, B.C.

INFINITY

It is a haunt where pale-face never tread,
That great and soundless vacuum of the dead.

* * * * *

Upon that plain, where grass and peavine twined,
Albertan warriors met their Western kind:
And ceased not till each band of men
Was writhing fifty thousand in the fen.

Then the Tyee—greatest one of all—
Drowned camp fires 'neath angry broken clouds,
Drowned love and life in heart-blood victory.
And mountains spread their mystic shrouds.

The coyote slinks beyond the vanguard mounds,
With fearful itch upon each pending paw.
As other beasts—who tho' a friend,
The Redman was their law.

The lone moose snorts about the crystal lake,
Its spirit soul scents kindred all around.
Tho' terrified, it clings to one long hope
And stamping, beats the sacred ground.

An old squaw stoops with clenched hands
And moves her withered lips—but tears
Come not to eyes long dried and dimmed
With the dust of anguished years.

There is no breeze to stir the silver leaves,
No singing bird to break the toneless key;
And ever-mottled darkness steeps the pines
That guard the slumberers of infinity.

It is a haunt where pale-face dare not tread,
That great and soundless vacuum of the dead.

Jean E. Barlow.

STANDARD DEALER

93 MILE HOUSE

COFFEE SHOP ● MODERN GARAGE
Scheduled Truck Service from 93 Mile House to Bridge Lake and way points each Tuesday & Sat.
Cabins — Horses — Licensed Guides — Tourist Information

B.C. TAXI

TELEPHONE 88 TELEPHONE
5 - CAR SERVICE ● DAY and NIGHT
— STAND - Opposite Strand Theatre —
PRINCE GEORGE, B.C.

V. Byman
GENERAL STORE
GROCERIES -:- DRYGOODS
Perow, British Columbia
40 miles west of Burns Lake
60 miles east of Smithers

cottonwood house - cont.

are but memories and winter grips the valley. In the forest fastnesses Antoine makes the circuit of his trapline, taking from the traps the usual catch of mink and marten. Some beaver skins he has this time too. The price for these lovely furs is so small (only $29.00 for four mink and 10 marten) that only a man born to follow the trail could be contented with such meagre returns.

January 1. 1867, salutes five chaps beginning the New Year right by paying their bills, some in full, the rest as finances permit. These laudable acts are followed by a similar one at the end of the month when money is refunded to someone who had paid too much by mistake.

Taken as a whole 1867 is a dullish year, except for trips to Van Winkle and Williams Creek for the purpose of collecting monies due, making new sales, and also purchasing various necessities.

January 1 1868, the cash on hand totals $1021.00 so apparently the business of the house was satisfactory. This amount is transferred to a new Cash Book, a narrow one necessitating all entries being squeezed into one column. Very few records are kept during the next two years, and those not in Mr. Boyds handwriting. Though it is a bit difficult to decipher, it is clear enough for the reader to conclude that the stopping-place is still catering to the needs of the population, supplying them with such items as copper rivets, pick handles, envelopes, ink, door locks, and even hat hooks. It is a pity that there is so little record of these two years for interesting events have occurred which have not been chronicled, and history is that much poorer.

The third volume, dated 1870, is much larger, 14 by 8, an honest-to-goodness account book, all nicely lined, with double colums. And though, after all, the entries go down as before, and the far column used only for totalling, what matters it as long as every penny is accounted for, and the books balance, which is indeed the case. This book is a pleasure to the eye, filled with John Boyd's artistic penmanship and neat figures. A journey to Williams Creek, which yielded returns of $375.25 starts off the year's records, followed by one that tells of some unhappy soul, plagued with an aching molar, calling in for Toothache Liniment. Old friends continue to drop in, and new names, soon to become familiar, are inscribed on the pages. It is a winter of heavy snow; the soft flakes fall steadily down, covering everything with a thick blanket, until at the end of the month the barn roof is unable to bear up against the weight and collapses with a loud rending of timbers.

As February's sun gives heartening promise of winter's back being bent, if not quite broken, a sleigh glides up to the door, and from the whappings that enfold her climbs a woman, thankful to stretch cramped limbs. This is Mrs. Allen, or as she is soon more generally known, Scotch Jenny, an immensely fat woman, proprietress of the Pioneer Hotel at Cameron, and later at Mosquito Creek, Poor Jenny, hers was one of the all too common tragic ends, for as she was driving from Lightning to Barkerville, and looking back over her shoulder, her horse went too close to the bank, and in the ensuing struggle Jenny was thrown into the canyon of Williams Creek.

This year wages are up a bit., John E. being paid "$4.00 a day plus board and lodging," no mean wage, but with everyone hoping to find a bonanza on some creek it was hard to get, and harder to keep, competent help, even in winter. There in, however, at this time, one man who stays for several months. Compared to the lusty, colorful Antoine, O- - - seems a poor meaching sort of person, given to much tobacco chewing, though most disruptive to his stomach, and is frequently ill, then alleviating his troubles with painkiller and port wine. A lay-off from work strengthens him, and he is able to sit up and partake of liquid refreshment while participating in games of dice and cribbage. A few day's work follow, then alas, the entry "O- - - sick again this morning." It is easy to see O- - -, meandering through the hazy summer days, valiantly, no, doggedly, tossing forkfuls of hay onto the growing load, seeking relaxation after a day's chores are done, then pouff! by morning beset with divers pains; The familiar plaint, "I don't feel so good this morning; must've been something I et," is heard again. Recourse is had to the port wine, and as the pain subsides somewhat a fresh plug of tobacco is procurred from the store, and a well thumbed deck of cards appears. A dismal sort of creature, O- - -, who must have been a trial to his employer, but there! probably he was a hard and willing worker when up, and pathetic when down, and one must take the ill with the good.

Meanwhile, the story of the country builds up as the Cariboo tides of fortune ebb and flow. In the midst of the shifting scene Cottonwood House stands staunch, a landmark to all, steadily continuing its ordered existance through all times and weathers. What a welcome sight it must have been to the skillful stage-divers, the Hamiltons, James Black, Indian Johnny and the rest, as they lifted their horses to a rousing pace on the homestretch to its gates!

Overnight, it seems, the hours are brightened by the fluting of birds and the sound of running water as the evernew magic of spring unfolds.

CARLSON BROS.

TAXI
WE MEET ALL TRAINS
Francois Lake Stage Service
Public Freight Carriers
'CHARTER TRIPS ANYWHERE'
Tel. Central, BURNS LAKE, B.C.

In the long dining-room two gentlemen from Nevada, Messrs. Ely and Kennedy, who have come in on the stage, set to with good appetite, while in the store whipsaw files for the Lightning Ditch Company are counted out, and a dozen pair of merino socks, bought in Quesnelle at fifty cents a pair, are handled and admired.

No sooner is it summertime, with all outdoors calling, than the hordes of mosquitoes swarm around. They make the night, and day too, a torment, so Ah Fatt pads in on slippered feet to ask for a fresh supply of Mosquito Bar. A month later as he slips for a moment from his domain to watch the arrival of the stage, his dark eyes note a lady being handed down, and a child, to! Ha! Two ladies already this year! This is Mrs. Nason. whose husband, in company with Mr. Daly, operates the Antler Restaurant at Williams Creek. An allnight stop is made by these interesting newcomers, the following formal entry being made in the book;

July 6 Nason - by Lady & Family
To one night's entertainment $3.00

A nice word, entertainment! Not exclusive in its use, either, for two nights later Mr. Byrne, who sells goods on commission at Williams Creek, is billed for,

"Entertainment for self and horse."

A cash present to a blind Indian boy is set down and Mr. Spence, a frequent visitor, puts his team of horses on hay while he breaks his journey overnight. Summer is waning, and haying and crop-harvesting speeded up. A spirited game of cards takes place in the evening, during which,

A.-- is charged for one wollen socks at cards
B. -- one plug tobacco at cards
A. -- " " " " "

A Fatt, a thrifty chap who does not believe in frittering his money away, draws a full year's wages, buys a coverlid for $6.00 and a clock for $8.00, and soaks the rest away, while O--, who has been laboring in the fields sets out for Quesnelle with a cautious $2.50 advance, and Mr. Boyd cordially greets his Honor the Judge, who wishes to hire a horse.

As the winter storms begin, cash sales pick up, possibly due to the men coming by on their way to the coast, or others perhaps stocking their larders for the long cold months. Angus McPhail, who has proved himself a capable, reliable assistant, is sent by his employer to Soda Creek and Williams Creek on business. The stopping-place is busy attending to the needs of the travellers, most of whom are charged merely for "bed and breakfast". But for Judge Elwyn, that man of parts, the more formal entry, "To Entertainment etc. on trip up and down" is used. Judge Elwyn is not really a judge in the accepted sense of the term, but one of the officials known as Stipendary Magistrates, who also serve as Assistant Gold Commissioners Asst. Comm. of Lands, Collectors of Revenue, and Coroners, all for $250. per annum. Judge Elwyn -- few call him Thomas-- is from Lillooet, and is always a welcome visitor, for he can tell interesting stories of his experiences of some years ago when he was first in command of the corps of picked men that made up the Gold Escort.

December 21, the shortest day of the year, and the skies leaden. Always, at this season, the reader is struck by the seeming lack of Yuletide festivities, Christmas Day being the same as any other; with the arrival of the daily stage, and a customer or two in for supplies. Later on, to be sure, the Christmas spirit is evident, but not yet. Many a stout lad, passing the winter in his dark, small cabin must surely have paused, on Christmas Day, to remember happier occasions, and promised himself that next year he would be "out" with his pockets jingling with gold and money in the bank besides. But this year, the days of Christmas week move quietly a long without celebration. Steadily the old clock ticks off the last hours of December 31. The icicles that hang from the low roof sparkle in the light of the cold moon, that rises above the somber trees, the myriad of stars blink and twinkle, a branch snaps in the bitter cold, and the House gathers itself more closely together as 1870 slips over the hill.

(to be continued)

ALCANUS CAFE

- Home Cooking That You Will Like -

• Meals • Lunches • Confections

ON THE MAIN HIGHWAY - HOUSTON, B.C.

NEW OMINECA CAFE

New Modern Premises

Our Aim

TO GIVE THE BEST FOOD
QUICKEST SERVICE
At the Lowest Prices

Burns Lake, B.C.

A WINTER ON THE TRAPLINE

continued from page 13

of the rotten wood ready for the trip. After the usual chores were done in the cabin I cooked some bannock and sliced some caribou steak and placed it in the packsack along with tea, sugar and canned milk. Then I got out two fishing lines and stowed them in the pack along with cups, plate, knives and spoons. We then played cribbage and turned in for the night.

Next morning we started early and arrived at the lake about eight o'clock. We cut long slim pine rods, tied on our lines, baited our hooks with the white worms and were all ready. Harry made the first cast and hooked one right away. I took it off the hook for him and put on another worm. He cast again and hooked another one right away, the same size as the first one, about a pound. He was as tickled as a kid with a red wagon, and it did me good to see the fun he was getting out of it. At last I had found out what Harry was good for. He sure could catch trout. In about two hours we had over twenty trout,all about a pound in weight. It was all we wanted. We cleaned the fish, had lunch and headed back to camp. Harry was in high spirits. He sang the 'Banks of the Wabash' louder if not better, than he had ever sung it before, and told great stories about his superior knowledge of fishing.

Upon rearching the cabin, we made a rack of split cedar and laid the fish out to freeze. Naturally, we had trout for supper, and were they ever good. Just imagine being about fifty miles from nowhere out in the wilds and sitting down to a meal of those beautiful trout rolled in beaten eggs and crackers and fried to a queen's taste in bacon fat, plus potatoes boiled in their jackets and little white beans baked with a slice of salt pork and well flavoured with onions, salt and pepper. The bannock was made of flour, salt, baking powder and cold water, cooked in a frying pan in front of a fire of logs outside the cabin. To top it all off we had gravy made from the bacon fat thickened with flour and seasoned with salt, pepper and chopped onions and brought to the right consistency by adding boiling water and stirring rapidly to keep from burning. . . Such is the life of a trapper. I often feel a strong desire to spend another winter in the woods.

When we arose next morning we found that a light snow had fallen. We went off over our respective traplines, but I had poor luck that day. Two traps were sprung, but the marten had got away owing to the fact that the pole which drops on the marten was too light. The other otter had not come out from under the ice. I went back to the cabin and turned my fur on the stretching boards, cut a pile of dry wood and started preparing the evening meal. Harry arrived looking very downhearted. He had caught nothing. "Did you get anything?" he asked.

"Not a thing today, Harry."

"Well it sure beats me, why I don't catch something besides those darn birds," he said dejectedly.

"Well you can't catch birds and marten too," I remarked. "You should fix up your traps so that the birds can't find them, and they'll be ready for the marten when they come around."

Harry got sore at this, and said that he didn't need any lesons from me on how to set traps.

"Well, I don't know much about trapping," I said. "Im just fair enough to see how little I do know about it all, but when I was as green as you, I also thought I knew it all."

"You think because you had some fool luck in the beginning, and because your line is the better of the two, that you know it all," was his retort.

I looked at him for minute after that one. So that's the way his little mind was working, I thought. "Well, if that's what you think, I'll trade lines with you, and show you how my figure 4 wooden traps work. I'll even leave the trap which I have set for the other otter. He'll be coming out anytime now, and he's sure to get in the trap. Now let,s have supper. The smell of these trout are making me really hungry."

DAWSON
AUTO ELECTRIC
Brinson & McLevis, proprietors
Magneto, Generator, Carburetor,
Fuel Pump & Tune-up Services
DAWSON CREEK, B.C.

Harry did not sing his song that night. He was too peeved. We went over our lines the next morning, and I got one marten, and also had the good fortune to get the other otter. I was at the cabin and had both animals skinned and stretched before Harry showed up. I also had a good meal ready. "What luck?" I called out.

"Luck, hell-" he snapped back. "Someone must have put a curse on me. Did you get anything?"

"One marten, and the other otter," I replied.

"Well I'll be damned!" he said.

"Will you trade your trapline for mine now?" I asked.

"I'd rather use the steel traps." was his reply. He was looking over the otter and said that he could now see that it was an otter and not a wolverine as he had first thought.

"Are there any more otter on your line?" he inquired.

I replied in the negative.

We put away a hearty meal and then strolled up the creek a little way and discovered that marten were coming down to the low ground which meant that we were in for a heavy fall of snow. I mentioned this to Harry and he said it was hot air.

I had a hunch that our friendship was due to be severed. I decided to go over all my traps just once more and spring them, and then head out for civilization. If Harry wished to come it would be alright, if not he

could stay there. There were provisions enough in the cabin to last one man a full year.

After supper I split a board out of a cedar tree, planed it smooth. It was to be my toboggan to haul my fur and clothing and a few supplies the forty-odd miles to town. Next morning I started out on my line taking my rifle with me. I took down all my figure 4 traps and left them lying on the snow. I got one marten and on the way back went off a little to the west to look the country over, and came upon a clearing where a snow slide had at one time swept down the steep mountain making a large fan-shaped clearing.

I was about to turn in the direction of the cabin when I spotted a huge bear emerge from the bushes and start across the slide. I was near the timber line at the edge of the clearing and took cover in the timber quickly. Sneaking down through the brush I hid behind a large boulder. The bear was heading directly toward me. I peeked over the rock. The bear was much nearer than I had expected, and he sure looked dangerous. I had a great advantage over him, as I was higher up the slope and the ground was rough and strewn with jagged boulders from the slide. I figured I could get four or five shots into him before he reached me if my first shot did not kill him. The big Silver Tip was in no hurry. He kept digging bits of vegetable matter out of the snow. I raised my gun and waited for him to get in a good position, but he failed to do so, and turned to go straight down the mountain. I had my sights trained on him, and gave a sharp yell. He turned broadside to me and stopped to listen. I moved my gun slightly, drew a dead for the spot just behind the ear , and fired. I didn't wait to see if my shot had taken serious effect, but reloaded quickly, and then looked up. The bear was not in sight. I thought for sure that I had missed him completely, and started down to where he had been when I shot. The bullet had found its mark alright, but the bear had fallen down behind a little bench of rock which had hidden it from view. He looked quite dead, but I was very careful in approaching him, and waited a few minutes to make sure there was no fight left in him. Believe me, I was very uneasy from the moment I first spotted him. If you don't hit a grizzly just right with the first shot, you are sure to have a big fight on your hands, and only if you have a cool head and steady trigger finger can you win out.

I skinned him where he lay. It was all I could do to roll him over, and the skin was going to be all I could pack. I found three bullet holes in him, old scars; one on the top of his shoulder, one on the ham, and one low down on his breast. They were undoubtedly the wounds inflicted early in the spring by the two men he had killed on the slide.

The hide was a number one and of great size. (Incidentally, I later sold it to a man from New York, who had it tanned and used it for a rug in his parlour)

Arriving at the cabin I was stretching out the hide in order to roll it up into a smaller bundle when Harry came out.

"What have you got there?" he enquired.

"I landed the big bear," I said.

He turned around and went into the cabin. I could read his mind. I knew he was very envious of my good fortune to date, and I could see that our partnership was about over. He had got no fur that day either which did not help matters. It had been late when I arrived, and by the time I had the bearskin rolled up to my satisfaction and went into the cabin, I found that Harry had cooked and eaten his supper and had crawled into the bunk. The fire was out and there was no water for me to cook my supper.

My blood boiled but, I said nothing and instead busied myself with cooking a meal.

Finished with supper I brought the skins in from outside and laid them on the floor. Harry got up then and said that I was the most selfish person he had ever seen.

"You don't give a dam for anyone else's pleasure but your own," he snapped out.

"What do you mean?" I asked, trying hard to keep my voice normal despite my inner feelings.

"Well, you might have come to get me to help you shoot that bear.

Hart Hotel

HEADQUARTERS FOR COMMERCIAL TRAVELLERS AND SPORTSMEN

LICENSED PREMISES ● CAFE IN CONNECTION

POUCE COUPE. B.C.

Administration Centre For The Peace River Block

DAWSON IMPLEMENTS

-: MASSEY - HARRIS FARM IMPLEMENTS :-

Washing Machines — Tractor Service Parts — Fanning Mills

' HUDSON' Cars -:- SALES &SERVICE -:- 'REO' Trucks

'P.-M' POWER CHAIN SAWS

DAWSON CREEK, B.C.

You've had all the sport, and I've had none. You have all the fool's luck and you pass me up like a white chip, as if I knew nothing could do nothing." He gave me a look of sheer vicious hatred, and continued. "You think you're pretty smart, but before you leave I'll show you that you're not as smart as you think you are—d'you get that!"

I gave it to him straight "You've had all the opportunity in the world to show me what you can do, and from what I've seen of your ability I wouldn't have you in a bear fight for anything. I had you once and you were scared green and shouted to scare the bears away—you were afraid they might come your way. And I feel quite certain that you never before saw a bear, or caribou, or marten or an otter, and you never trapped in your life before until you came with me on this trip. I had a hunch that you were a greenhorn as soon as you started to help me pack the horses back in Lillooet, I figured you would be good company and that I could show you the ropes, but you're too conceited to even admit that you don't know anything about trapping, so I can't teach you anything."

If looks could have killed, I would have been dead long before I got that far, but I was relieving myself of something that had been a long time building up, and I went on. "You're the most useless man I ever saw in my life and the world champion hot-air artist. You had better dig up that trunk of gold sovereigns that you have cached in a swamp, and open up that vein of radium ore or get that million-dollar girl—and get a safety-valve on your hot air machine and try to be decent. Forget about woodscraft and trapping. You will never know anything about it. You are too much of a coward. I have fifty-two steel traps here and eight pack-horse loads of food, and there's lots of good meat. I paid for everything, but I will leave it all to you. I'm getting out of here tomorrow. You can have everything your own way from then on."

"When you sell your radium mine or marry the million-dollar girl you can pay me for the outfit, 'cause you sure won't make enough money trapping to do it."

He glowered at me darkly. "I'll see the day you won't talk to me like that," he promised.

"Oh yes, I added, " and when you were a prizefighter, if you couldn't fight any better than you do anything else, you sure must have gone hungry a lot of times.

That was the final straw that set him off. I had told myself that the reason I was leaving was that I didn't want to start fighting with my 'partner', but subconsciously that must have been just what I wanted to do , which explains why I kept egging him on. He started to kick things around then, the water bucket, table and stools. One of the stools caught me on the shin bone. Hot blood rushed up my neck. I reached for him. He made a pass at me and I ducked, and he clawed the air like a drunken Indian. I landed a good right which put him down. He got to his feet slowly, and then whirled suddenly clawing at the rifle on the wall. That finished it. I took a leap and landed on his back, and pummled him for a full three minutes, after which I ordered him to his bunk and told him to stay there until I said he could get up.

I then put away all the knives, axes, hammers and everything he might use to slug me with. I took all the cartridges belonging to his rifle and cached them in a sack of beans so that he could find them, but only when I was far enough away so that he couldn't use them on me. I then set to work packing the fur in a snug pack and collected the things I wanted to take with me and got everything ready for an early start in the morning.

I looked out once. It was snowing heavily, and I could see that it was going to be no cinch to make town in one day. I was going to have to average four miles an hour for ten hours straight, through at least a foot of fresh snow, to make it. With everything ready, I turned in for a little sleep. Four o'clock found me cooking my breakfast, and soon I had my spare clothes and blankets lashed tight to the load on the toboggan and was ready to go.

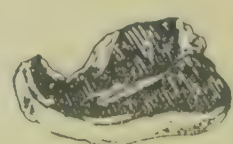
Harry poked his head out from under the blankets and said, "Aren't you going to divide the fur with me? We're on a fifty-fifty basis you know, and. . . "

"Don't mention fifty-fifty to me you scatterbrain," I interrupted. "I bought everything that went into this trip, and you weren't even decent enough to try to learn the ropes. Now I'm leaving you with a year's supply of grub—which you certainly don't deserve. No, don't mention any fifty-fifty to me, I'm not in a very good mood."

With that, I covered the load with a small tarpaulin and hit the trail heading due east. About three miles on I hit a trail which brought me out to Albert Canyon. At midnight I arrived at the outskirts of Lillooet. I was played out. The snow had been over two feet deep over the mountain, and though the load on the toboggan was not heavy, by the time

The WELMORE Cafe

The Home of Good Cooking



Steaks - Cooked To Your Liking

WELLS, B.C.

I reached town it felt like a ton.

I pulled in at a little cabin at the edge of town where an old friend of mine, Dan Riley, was batching. I rapped on the door, and a voice called out, "Who's there?"

I made myself known, and the door swung open. "Well I'll be darned!" he exclaimed, giving me a hearty handshake. "I heard that you had gone north trapping for the winter."

"I did," I replied, "but I got through and came out. Can I run my toboggan into your shed? My fur and blankets are on it, and I don't want them to get snowed on."

"Sure run'er in. I'll get a fire started and cook you up something to eat. You must be pretty hungry."

I ran the toboggan in, undid the ties, and took the caribou ham, which I had brought along, in to the cabin.

"How far did you come today?" asked Dan.

"Forty miles. I left the cabin at five this morning, and came straight through."

"Great guns! Just you sit yourself in that easy chair there, and I'll have one of these caribou steaks ready for you in a jiffy." There was a good fire going by this time, and the water was hot in the kettle. As the steak was browning Dan got out two glasses, put a spoonful of sugar in each, followed by a little grated nutmeg, hot water and a liberal amount of brandy. He handed me a glass. "Here, tuck this under your belt," he encouraged, "and you'll feel a lot better."

During the meal I told him of my trip and my experiences with my partner Harry.

He laughed as heartily over my account of some of Harry's experiences as I had when they occurred, but agreed that a man was a fool to take a stranger out in the wilderness with him, and that I'd done the only thing left open for me to do.

"If you had tried to stick it out," he said, "we'd have probably found you sometime in the spring with a bullet in your back." — I agreed.

Next morning, when I unloaded the bear skin, Dan remarked on its size, saying that it was the biggest he had ever seen. I stretched it very carefully, also the last marten skin I had caught. The other three bear skins were already dry and I combed them out and smoothed out the wrinkles. They all looked good.

I went into town and asked Peterson ,the man from whom I had hired the horses, whether the boy got back safely with the pack-horses.

"Oh, sure," he replied. "Did Harry come out with you?"

I shook my head.

"What beats me," he ventured, as he scratched his head, "is how in tarnation you ever got in with a guy like that."

"I'm not sure myself, just how it happened," I told him, "but I'm always doing dang fool things like that, and I never seem to learn."

He laughed and said, maybe I would someday. We went over to the hotel to quench our thirst, and ran tnto Summit Pete, the man I had been looking for. "Hi, Mac," he called out. "What brought you back so soon, I though you were good fr a year?"

"Just what I thought, too," I replied, "but here I am."

"What did you do with the canary, bring him out with you?"

"No, I left him there. The place got too small for the both of us, so here I am. He'll be out when he runs out of perfume for his traps— c'mon, let's have a beer."

We sat down and had a few beers. "What do you mean,perfume for his traps," Summit Pete demanded. So I told them of my experiences with Harry on the trapline, and the crowd got quite a kick out of it all. I wound up my yarn by saying, "The only thing Harry was good at, was fishing —provided someone baited his hook for him."

"How about the Silver-Tip?" asked Pete. "Did you get him?"

I told him about how I had landed the grizzly, and about the old scars, and then glancing at my watch, I saw it was about train time, so bid them all adieu and left to get my belongings at Dan's cabin.

I didn't stop travelling till I reached Toronto, where I sold my fur for a good price, and when I next came back to Lillooet Harry was fast becoming a legendary example of the type of partner not to take trapping.

Though it has not been my lot to follow the call of the northwoods, I always look back on that winter on the trapline as a highlight in my experiences, and feel that I would like to do it all over again—but not with Harry as a partner.

CANYON HOTEL

FULLY LICENSED — DINING ROOM — HOT and COLD WATER

Just of the Main Highway at —

YALE, BRITISH COLUMBIA

The Mens Furnishing Store

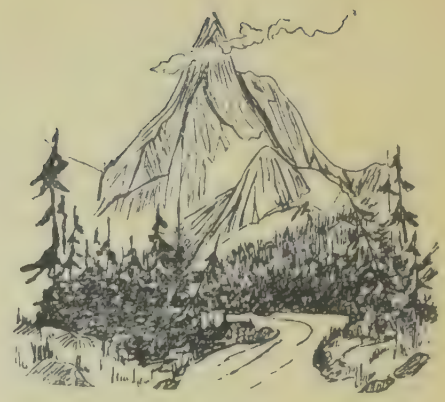
Joe Berkowski

A Complete Line of Quality Men's Dress and Work Clothes Boots & Shoes

Williams Lake's Newest Store -

WILLIAMS LAKE, B.C.

In Ancient Repose



by W.D. MORRIS

Hidden deep in the forest at the foot of towering snow-clad peaks — an ancient stone statue. carved in the image of a woman — buried beneath moss and rotting vegetation..... Who carved it? Who erected this tribute to womanhood? Certainly not our North American Indians. They did not so revere their squaws that they would toil with primitive instruments to carve such a statue.....

At first sight Fort Hope, B.C. appears to be just an ordinary little town fortunate however, in the fact that it is beautifully located on the banks of the picturesque Fraser River at the foot of towering snow-clad peaks, which setting will forever remain one of its chief assets. Underneath the modern hustle and bustle of this village, with its talk of industries, new highways and future growth lie the remains of one of the oldest Indian villages in B.C., dating back to - no white man knows how far. But Indian legends of the district read something like the Arabian Nights.

The fact that these tales are not generally known, is indeed unfortunate, as to realize fully the primitive background from which this village has sprung up, would add greatly to the charm that already belongs to this district.

People, aware of part of the historical background, would delve yet deeper, and bring to light additional facts from which a more complete knowledge of our primitive predecessors can be obtained. As an illustration of how little is known of the district and its earlier inhabitants, I would like to relate an incident which occurred eleven years ago, and which should arouse the interest of all the inhabitants of the district, and of those historians who may chance to read this article.

One evening, in the early fall of 1936, I was lighting my pipe, after having cleared away all traces of a belated supper in my 'Batchelor's Hall' on the banks of the Fraser, when a knock sounded on the door. Ever eager for company, I bade whoever was there to enter. My neighbour, whom I shall call John Cox, walked in making his usual social visit. Now, as Cox was well versed in politics and at the same time an avid reader of the daily newspapers, his conversation was both topical and sensible. Our political leanings being happily similar, it was inevitable, that in the privacy of my cabin, a new system of govern ment was born, thousands of miles of super highways built, a huge conservation plan for our natural resources put into operation, and a new economic program put into effect. Of course none of this progress ever got beyond the door of the cabin, but Cox and I spent many a happy hour in this manner, rebuilding our country and solving its economic problems.

Many feasible and useful ideas have been born under just such circumstances. That night however, pro duced no world-shattering idea. It produced instead a mystery unanwered to this day. When I say it produced a mystery, I mean, that as a result of our conversation that night, we unearthed facts about the primitive race which had inhabited the district heretofore unknown.

As I previously mentioned, John Cox entered, greeting me with a cheery 'hello', as he sought a favorite chair close to the fire. He accept ed my proffered pouch of tobacco and while tamping tobacco firmly into his pipe with an experienced finger, said,"Well, Bill. I went hunting today and instead of deer, I found an old muzzle-loading gun."

John knew of my keen interest in guns, and of the effect his words would have on me. As he no doubt expected, I demanded that he tell me all about it, and sat back expectantly as he launched into his account.

"This morning," he began, "I went out to the old American Creek Flats. That's the Indian Reserve six miles up the river. I didn't see any deer, but I took a shot at a willow grouse. While searching in the undergrowth for the bird, I accidentally uncovered what I thought was an old crow-bar, as rusty as the dickens, needing such an implement at home, I dug the thing out and found it to be an old gun. I was so excited that I rushed home and have been cleaning and polishing it ever since."

John lived next door to me, and I demanded that he take me with him immediately to see the ancient gun. He did so, and after examining it thoroughly, we decided that it was indeed a museum piece, and I made John promise to take me back to the exact spot where he had found the relic on the following day. It was not a difficult promise to exact as John too wanted to look the place over again, as perhaps there were other museum pieces buried there. I returned home and made preparations for the trip.

John showed up at 10 o'clock the following morning. He had his lunch with him, and his rifle, just in case we ran into a deer. I tucked a few sandwiches into a knapsack, and we

set out briskly on the six-mile hike to American Creek Flats. In an hour and a half we were on the scene of my friends discovery of the day before.

After hours of painstaking digging and scratching in the vicinity, we were about to give up in disgust, when a curious 'unnatural-appearing' hump attracted John's attention. With absolutely no idea of what might lie under the hump, and out of sheer curiosity we made our way through the underbrush toward it and began pulling off the thick mossy covering in order to reveal what ever lay underneath. Imagine our surprise a few moments later when we found that we were uncovering an ancient stone statue carved from what apeared to be the native rock of the district. When we finally had it uncovered, we were astounded to see that what we had unearted was a stone statue of female figure—a goddess— about five feet six inches, or life size, in height, crudely carved and of obviously great age. At once we thought of taking it back with us, but after a second look with this in mind, we knew it was out of the question, for it would be all that six men could carry, let alone John and I.

I had been primarily interested in guns that day, and after returning home gave no more thought to the statue until years later. One morning in the summer of 1946, while having a cup of coffee in a local cafe,, a stranger walked in and made his way directly to the propriteor and said, "Good morning. Are you Freddie Bears?"

Freddie nodded, after which the stranger went on, "I was travelling through this part of the country in 1911 and I remember camping one night about four or five miles out of Hope. I camped that night beside a big stone statue. Can you tell me where it is? I can't remember just where it was and as all the old landmarks are gone now it would be useless for me to try to find it. I was told that you are an old-itmer around here and that you might know where it is. If you can help me, I'll sure make it right with you."

Fred shook his head. "No, I'm afraid I can't help you. I've never heard of any statue around here. Of course there's the Indian paintings to be seen up the Kettle valley, but I've never heard of any statues."

After a few more questions the stranger left. While he was quizzing Fred, I suddenly remembered the statue that John Cox and I had discovered eleven years earlier, but I hesitated in telling the stranger about it; for some reason,not quite clear to me even, yet I felt that the discovery was historically valuable, and I hugged my secret to me, and let the stranger walk out and away while I pondered his possible reason for being so interested.

However, time changes many things and I no longer seem able to find any reason in my mind for with holding the secret, and so, I make these facts public. The statue stands on American Creek Flats to this day. The fact that it is carved in stone in the form of a goddess, is very strange. None of the known Indian tribes have ever to our knowledge worked in stone. The totem pole, carved as a rule from a soft cedar tree, has, as far as we know been the sole effort of symbolism of the primitive peoples who inhabited B.C. for countless ages past. Aside from the fact that none of the Indian tribes have ever worked in stone, which of them ever held in reverence a goddess—a female. To our knowledge none of the Indian tribes have ever held their squaws in such reverence that they would have precerved her likeness in stone for centuries.

If then our knowledge of the customs of the Indians precludes the possibility of the statue being of Indian origin—who then, were the peoples who carved this goddess so laboriously, with primitive instruments, from a block of solid stone? A race of people who inhabited B.C. before the red-skins? It must be so —certainly not the red-skins themselves, for theirs was the art of the wood-carver, and their respect for the female of the species did not run so high.

It has ben suggested more than once that the west coast of North America was in ages gone by, settled by inhabitants of the south-sea islands. Much logic has been brought forth,but very little evidence, as to why this must be so. Perhaps this statue would serve theorists along these lines well. Certain it is, that natives of the hot climates not only reverred woman, but carved in stone.

Perhaps discovery of the statue, and examination of it, will allow ethnologists to push back the moldy veils and peer into the life that was the 'North American way-of-life' before the American red-skin appeared on the scene.

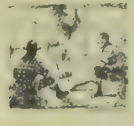
First Communist: "Nice weather we're having."

Second Communist: "Yes, but the rich are having it too."

BEAR TALES

by NELLIE R. CAMPBELL

One cannot be a homesteader in Northern B.C. for long without meeting up with BEARS. Nellie R. Campbell, who, with her husband 'Bert' homesteaded in the Nechako Valley.in glancing through her diary, decided to record a few 'incidents' as experienced 'down on the farm.



"O-K. bub, you've got your picture, now scram before I get really peeved." seems to be what this bear would say if he could talk. Anyhow that would be our interpretation. — photo by Ivor B. Guest

May 24th - - - I met my first bear to-day, - that is, I would have met him if it hadn't been for Bert. I closed the diary. It was the one that I had kept the first year that Bert and I had spent on the homestead. Just those few words but they brought to my mind a vivid picture of a huge, black bear fishing on the shore of a northern lake.

The dug-out with our lunch stowed carefully away in its bow, glided over the clear, blue surface with hardly a ripple. We had discovered an ideal picnic spot on the north shore. The low wooded banks sloped to the water's edge and the hard, sandy bottom of the cove made it an ideal place for swimming.

Our noon-day meal was over but still we lingered around our dying camp fire. Someone had told Bert about another lake that lay on the other side of a high ridge along the shore about a mile north of this point. He was all eagerness to spend the afternoon exploring but the late magazine that I had brought along held far greater attraction for me than a hike over a high ridge, probably over a tangle of windfalls, even if a beautiful little lake did lie at the end of the trail.

I watched Bert and sonny paddle away and then settled down to read, but somehow the words blurred and grew dim. The grating of the canoe on the gravel shore woke me with a start. Bert leaped out, seized the lunch pail and coffee pot and thrust them into the canoe. "Get in," he ordered brusquely. I was on the point of refusing when he picked me up bodily and pushed me toward the canoe. "Sh! there's a bear coming along the shore. We could see him from the lake. He's just behind that point there."

Bert paddled swiftly and silently along the shore for about five hundred yards and just as he guided the canoe expertly beneath the low hanging branches of an alder the bear rounded the point and ambled over to our dead camp fire. She nosed about, overturning a pail that Bert had forgotten, then she waded into the shallow water along the shore and stood there perfectly motionless. Not a muscle moved.

"She's going to fish," Bert breathed.

It was the spawning season. Each spring, from the middle of May until about the first of June, thousands of suckers come from the deeper waters of the lake to lay their eggs among the rocks and gravel close to the shore where they are fertilized by the male and the warm spring sun can shine upon them. The slightest disturbance of the waters sends the fish scurrying back into the deeper places but when all is still again, they return to the shore. Bears love fish and this is their fishing season.

Suddenly a huge, hairy paw shot out and sent at least a dozen unwary suckers flying through the air. They landed on the beach, well beyond the water's edge. The bear leaped after them snapping them up in his huge jaws as they flopped helplessly about. For at least five minutes he had maintained statuesque stillness, then in a moment he had become a veritable dynamo of activity.

At sonny's sudden squeal of delight at the bear's antics, he wheeled and went crashing through the bushes. He was gone.

One does not have to live very long in this northland before he becomes accustomed to seeing bears. Three times last summer one suddenly loomed up on the trail just ahead of me. As a rule the black bear, and it is the black bear that is common here, seldom attacks a person unless he is first molested, however, the mother bear is always ready to fight in defense of her cubs. For that reason, before making a hasty retreat, it is good policy to try to locate her offspring which are certain to be not very far away, and then retreat in the opposite direction.

Mother Nature has seen fit to endow the bear with many characteristics that make for his preservation. He not only possesses great strength but he is an expert swimmer, a good climber and he can easily outrun a man. Not long ago Bert and I watched a large bear swim from the north shore across the lake to a point of land jutting out on the opposite bank. He waded through the shallow water near the point, shook himself and then disappeared behind the bushes. No doubt he would have lingered awhile on the sunny point had the canoe not been so close.

A full grown bear will weigh from five hundred to six hundred and fifty pounds and will measure from six to seven feet from the tip of the nose to the root of the tail. The ears are small, well rounded and covered with short, black fur. The eyes are exceedingly small, while the snout is short. He has powerful legs and large feet, each having five almost immovable unretractable claws. The fur is from three to five inches long with shorter under fur. Because of his sitting, sliding, hugging and tumbling habits and his ability to walk erect when approaching a person, his fur often becomes rubbed and matted so is of little value.

Although grizzles inhabit the mountainous regions of British Columbia it is only this winter that one has been seen here in the Nechako Valley. As the black bear always dens up each winter, the Indian who traps just east of our cabin, had no thought of meeting a bear, least of all a grizzly, as he followed his trap line one morning this last winter. Just from a casual glance at the huge animal standing beneath the snow laden trees at the foot of the trail, he supposed it to be a moose. It was not until the creature suddenly reared up on its hind legs and started toward him snarling visiously as he came that the Indian realized that he was face to face with a grizzly. He quickly slipped the heavy pack from his shoulders and fled. At the top of the steep trail he glanced back. The bear had stopped to investigate the pack. At the nearest cabin over a mile away the Indian asked for the loan of a rifle. As the grizzly weighs from two to three thousand pounds and is from ten to eleven feet in length, it would have been suicide for him to have attacked the bear

BISSETT'S HARDWARE LTD.

J. I. CASE Farm Implements

GOODYEAR and ATLAS Tires

YOUR HARDWARE and SPORTING GOODS HEADQUARTERS

DAWSON CREEK, B. C.

CAMERON GARAGE

LES — — CAL

-:- LATHEWORK — WELDING — GENERAL REPAIRS -:-

BOX 1159 DAWSON CREEK, B. C.

with the 22 that he was carrying. As the settler had only three cartridges the Indian decided to return to the Reservation for his own rifle and sufficient ammunition. Upon his return to the spot early the next morning he found a badly mauled pack but the grizzly was gone and the light snow during the night had completely covered his tracks.

Perhaps there is no animal that chooses such a wide variety of food as the bear. In early spring he pokes around overturning rotten logs in search of ants and bugs which he is sure to find beneath them. During the spawning season there is a well beaten trail in the hard sand close to the water's edge made by the bears as they pace up and down the lake shore watching for fish. At no time during the summer months are the young moose or deer safe from an attack by bears.

One day as Bert was pulling the nets, a moose with a calf only a few weeks old, crashed through the bushes and raced along the shore. In places the banks were steep and the willows and alders grew to the water's edge leaving no shore but the moose plunged into the water running swiftly with her calf always close beside her. They vanished in the heavy timber farther down the shore just as a monstrous bear appeared. This time they had sucessfully eluded their pursuer.

Nor is the bears taste for meat confined wholly to wild game. If it is not easy to obtain he is not at all averse to dining on choice young veal, or pork or a plump goose or chicken is not to be passed by. Last summer one of the neighbors kept two bear cubs up a tree while her husband tackled the mother bear that had just killed one of his calves. Another bear intent on feasting on young pork was shot a mile east of our cabin.

Bears are especially fond of berries of all kinds and even dried fruits appeal strongly to them. Bert was working with a construction crew one summer in the far north. Great quantities of food had to be

Entrance to a bear's winter hide-out — about a mile north of our cabin. (Shall we go in and pay a social call?)
photo by N.R. Campbell

brought in in advance of the men. When it was discovered that bears had broken into the most northern cache and were eating the dried fruit and butter, it was decided that some one must stay to guard the food so Bert found himself alone in a log cabin miles from any human habitation with a rifle and four cartridges. There turned out to be seven bears who made daily visits to the cache. For a couple of days his mere presence kept the bears at a respectful distance but then hunger and the remembrance of boxes of raisins, firkins of butter and pails of honey just inside the cabin made them bolder. It was when one climbed on the shed roof and commenced to rip off the poles that Bert had so carefully nailed back in place that he knew that something had to be done. The first bear he shot was about fifty feet from the cabin. With a nice juicy bear steak in mind, he started to skin the animal. At a sharp clicking of teeth he loked up. Mrs. Bruin

POMERY & DONIS HOTEL

MODERN CAFE IN CONJUNCTION — FULLY LICENSED

CATERING ESPECIALLY TO TOURISTS AND BIG GAME HUNTERS

Friendly Service - Our Motto

FORT ST. JOHN, B.C.

stood less than twenty feet away with lips curled back displaying her sharp white teeth.

From the cabin window Bert watched her drag the hide with the head still attached, a short distance down the trail. Presently she returned for the insides and then settled down in plain sight of the cabin to feast upon the morsels that she had retrieved. It seems that although a bear seldom kills another for food that they do possess cannabalistic tendencies and that they have, no scruples whatsoever about devouring their mother or grand-mother as the case may be, should she meet with a sudden and violent death.

By fall the bears are rolling in fat and ready to seek out a sheltered spot, usually on some southern slope, where they can sleep the long cold northern winter away. Late last fall Bert discovered a bear's den less than a mile north or our cabin. The fresh tracks in the loose soil about the entrance were evidence that Mrs. Bruin had not yet retired for the winter. She had not dug straight into the bank but had made a sharp turn and tunneled for seven or eight feet back into the hill at right angles with the entrance. Thus her sleeping quarters would be warm and well protected from the wind and melting snow.

We waited impatiently for winter to set in and then one afternoon we waded through the newly fallen snow to the bear's den, quite confident that she would no longer be roaming through the forests. I took my camera but Bert carried his rifle just in case the bear should resent our taking a picture of her winter abode. As we approached the entrance to the den I stopped, glued to the spot by fear. Click, click, click, I could think only of gnashing teeth, - then a low hollow moan. I grabbed Bert's arm. He pointed to a loose piece of birch bark flapping in the wind just above the entrance to the den and a dead branch of a tall poplar rubbing against the trunk of the silver birch beside it was emitting those mournful groans. Relieved, we crept to the entrance

LEACH

Tire & Radiator Service

GOODYEAR TIRES — — WILLARD BATTERIES

DAWSON CREEK, B. C.

BOWES & HERRON GARAGE

Chevrolet & Oldsmobile Sales & Service

REPAIRS - PARTS - WELDING

"IMPERIAL" Gasoline & Oils

FORT ST. JOHN, B.C.

Dawson's

5 Cents to One Dollar Store

B. McKenzie, proprietor

Light Hardware, China & Glassware

Novelties, Stationery, School Supplies

DAWSON CREEK, B.C.

Olsen Transport

OTTO OLSEN, proprietor

Reliable Trucking

General Contracting

Winch and Semi-trailer Service

FORT ST. JOHN, B.C.

which was partially closed by the recent snow. I doubt if Mrs. Bruin asleep in her bed of dried leaves, was even aware of the fact that we had paid her a visit and taken a picture of her winter home.

It is during the time that she is in her den that the cubs are born. There may be two, three, four or even five but very rarely only one. They are very small at birth but by the time the days have grown warm and the snow has melted, they have reached the playful stage and may be seen romping about the entrance to the den. It is then that the mother bear emerges, thin and in a weakened condition, due to her long fast and the constant drain upon her system from nursing her lively offspring. She makes her way slowly, often crawling to the nearest jack pine and with teeth and claws tears the bark from the sunny side of the tree lapping the slightly bitter sweet sap and eating the juicy inner bark. This seems to give her strength and after a while she ambles slowly away in search of food.

For a long time Bert and I were puzzled over the fact that so many of the jack pines near our cabin had been stripped of their bark. It was an Indian that finally told us it had been done by the bears. Although the wounds in the trees have healed, a close examination will reveal long scratches in the wood that have been made by the bear's claws. It was by watching the bears that the Indians learned the medicinal value of this inner bark of the pine. They too, use it as a spring tonic, - good for bear, - good for Indian.

This is the north. There are bears and bear tales. If you should visit this country and fail to meet a bear you surely would not leave without hearing at least one bear story, for it is very doubtful if there is a settler who has not at some time encountered a bear and so has a tale to tell.

A good bear story comes from my nearest neighbor. Len Barrett was working in a logging camp when this incident took place. Jerry, a heavy type roan horse, used for skidding logs during the winter months, seemed obessed with a great antipathy for bears. Usually docile and easy to handle, Jerry reared and bucked at sight of a bear. Even the smell of bear sent him racing madly down the tote road. The flunky threw all of the waste from the kitchen in a pile not far from the cook-house . Soon a huge black bear and a yearling cub were coming daily to feed on the garbage.

The men began to encourage the bears by feeding them bits of food that they had saved from their meals. It was not long before the bears would come to the cook-house door and beg. All would have been well if it had ended there, but other bears began to appear. Weekly the number increased until fifteen bears were roaming around the camp, snarling and fighting over the food that was thrown out. Something had to be done. It was then that Jerry took a hand in affairs.

Len had come in late that day for dinner and the flunky had just thrown out the waste. Presently a large, black bear emerged from the timber and crossed the clearing. A yearling cub followed at a respectful distance. The old bear was in an ugly mood and when the cub would have joined her she cuffed him roundly and sent him away whimpering. Apparently she felt that there was only sufficient food to satisfy her own hunger.

The barn boss crossed the yard and in a moment the stable door swung wide and Jerry stepped into sunlight. His nostrils dilated, - bear. He gave a snort of rage and with lowered head and thudding hooves raced toward the offending bear. She saw him coming but no horse had ever before intimidated her. She rose on her hind legs growling, ready to grapple with her antoganist. Jerry reared, striking out viciously with his front feet. The bear side stepped just in time to miss the well-aimed blow. The horse reared again and struck out savagely, snapping at her with bared teeth.

This was no ordinary enemy. She could not come to grips with him, for those steel-shod hooves struck out each time he reared. The bear dropped to all fours and raced for the heavy timber two hundred yards away, across the clearing. It is doubtful if the old bear had run so fast for many a day as she did to keep ahead of those pounding hooves. It was not until she had disappeared in the forest that Jerry returned to the yard only to find the young bear at the garbage hole. Again he charged. The little bear raced for the nearest tree with Jerry close behind nipping his rump. He jumped and caught the trunk of the tree about five feet from the ground and scrambled up to safety.

For all Jerry seemed to be grazing contentedly, he kept one eye on the little bear. Each time the bear tried to come down, Jerry drove it back. It was not until Jerry was put back in the barn that the young bear made its escape. It was summer so the horse was no longer needed in the woods for skidding. He was free to roam about the camp. From then on there was no more trouble from bears, for Jerry was undisputed boss of the yard.

My diary is old. Under each date there are only a few words, but that is enough, for each entry brings back some adventure that Bert and I shared in those early days of homesteading.

> May,24th—I met my first bear today. Of the many bears I have seen here, north of -54, one will ever stand out clearly in my mind. He is a huge black bear, patiently fishing on the shore of a lonely lake in the interior of British Columbia."

J. HUNTER
Carpenter Shop
Furniture & Carpenter Shop
Cabinet making — Sash & Doors
Kitchen Cupboards made to order
POUCE COUPE, B.C.

- Cariboo and Northern B. C. Advertiser's Directory -

HOPE & FRASER CANYON

Alexandra Lodge 31
Alex Gammie 31
Big Horn Cafe 31
Brett's (Hope) Ltd. 31
Canyon Hotel 103
Fort Hope Garage 31
Gateway Garage 31
Lytton Drug Store 31
Spuzzum General Store 31

LILLOOET & BRIDGE RIVER

Bridge River Meats 37
Dunbar Motors ins. front cov.
G.E. Speer 37
Hotel Victoria 35
Larry's Grill 35
Lillooet Builders Supply 35
Lillooet Co-operative 35
Minto Hotel 35
Model Bakery 37
Ogden General Store 35
Simpson's General Store 35
W.G. Sumner 33
14 Mile Creek Station 35

ASHCROFT & North

Ashcroft Hotel 35
T.U. Auto Camp 33

CLINTON and North

Boyd's Garage 33
Cariboo Trading Co. 83
Clinton Motors 33
New Cariboo Lodge 35
Parkies General Store 33
Robertson Brothers 33
93 Mile House 97
P.W. Ogden 41
150 Mile Store 39
Likely General Store 41
150 Mile Hotel 76

WILLIAMS LAKE

A. Pinchbeck 83
Blackwell's Photo Studio 43
Brandly Drug Store 37
Bryan, The Tailor 83
Curly Bryce 43
C.H. Dodwell & Co. 41
Dog Creek Stages 39
E. G. Woodland & Son 74
F.B Bass 95
Hodgson Brothers Trucking 41
J. & G. Machine Shop 43
Lake Taxi 43
Lakeview Hotel 39
Lee & MacArthur 73
Mac's Cigar Store 95
Maple Leaf Hotel 37
Maple Leaf Cafe 39
Marge's Style Shop 37
Paramatta Airways 41
Pat's Tire Shop 39
Quesnel Brothers Garage 39
Rancher's Retail 37
R.M. Blair 41
Smedley & Sharpe Ltd. 43
Stan Dowling 43
Tony's Leather Shop 41
The Men's Furnishing Store 103
Ure Laundries 39
Wms. Lake Dry Cleaners 39
Wms. Lake Lumber Co. 39
W.J Thomas 41
Louis Krause Gen. Store 15

QUESNEL

Allison Drug Co. 45
Annex Hotel 70
Barkerville Stages 47
Bank Service Station 12
Beath & Sharpe Ltd. ins. fr. cov.
Cariboo Hotel 43
Cariboo Transportation 88
D. H. Smith & Co. 74
E.J. Norman 45
Fardal's Meat Market 45
Fred Langeler 29
Hill Meat Market 70
H.J. Gardner & Sons Ltd. bk. cov.
John A. Fraser & Co. 11
Johnston Brothers Garage 72
Marsh Brothers Transfer 72
Northern Dairies 86
Northern Light Service Stn. 70
Nugget Cafe 43
Overwaitea 7
Paul Krestenuk 66
Pierce Garage 37
Quesnel Taxi 45
Quesnel Tobacco Company 45
Rex Theatre 76
S.N. William & Co. 45
Traveller's Rest 45
Ward R. Taylor 9
Wears Plumbing 72
Woodpecker General Store 70
Willis-Harper Hardware 105
Winder & Fleming 84
Yvonne's Style Shoppe 45

WELLS

Cottonwood House 47
Grand Hotel 72
Cariboo Gold Quartz Mining Co. 70
Cariboo Rooms 47
C. Heppner 72
Chris' Self-Serve Grocery 47
Craine's Cafe 47
Good Eats Cafe & Taxi 76
Island Mt. Kitchens & Bakery 47
Island Mountain Mines Co. 70
K.H. Sing General Stores 47
Mackenzies Ltd. 47
Pavich Taxi 74
Riley's Taxi & Confectionery 47
Welmore Cafe 102
Wells Photo Service 45
Wells Radio Service 66

PRINCE GEORGE

Assman Agencies 68
Astoria Cafe 49
Bater Electric Service 60
B.C. Taxi 97
Ben Baird 68
Blairs General Outfitters 68
Bluebird Cafe 70
Bryant Motors Ltd. 18
Cariboo Meat Market 49
Carmichael's Shoe Store 6
Evergreen Auto Court 72
Fred Wall & Son Ltd. 89
C B. Williams 6
G.O. Toombs 49
G.S. Wood 4
Gundy's Newsstand 66
Gus Peeters Meat Market 68
Hein Jewellery 76
Hughes & Ratledge 68
I.B. Guest 68
Jamieson's Bowling Alley 76
Joes Transfer 74
John McInnis 49
McCullagh The Jeweller 68
Nash Engineering Works 74
Nechako Bakery 49
Northwest produce 66
Nova-Lite Advertising Ltd. 13
Panama News 49
Paschal's Confectionery 66
Pollard Brothers Ltd. 22
Prince George Hotel 66
Pr. Geo. Machinery Depot 29
Red Bird Cafe 49
Refrigeration Service Shop 49
Rush Transfer & Storage 70
Sam Stevens 6
Six Mile Lake Sawmill 49
Vet's Taxi 49
Walter Flynn 68
West End Motors 76
Wilkes & Hardy Limited 92
W.M. Motors 59
W.M. Motors 66
Wm. Bexon 68
Wright Way Cleaners 5
3rd Avenue Billiards 66

VANDERHOOF

E. A. Ahlm 17
George Ogston 93
Hawker's Meat Market 17
L. C. French 17
Nechako Motors 17
Reid Hotel 51
Reo Theatre Circuit 25
S.R.S. Store 83
Stephen Holmes 95
Taylor Brothers Hardware 51
Ted's Taxi 53
Vanderhoof Co-operative Ass'n. 51
Vanderhoof Lumber Co. 95

FORT ST. JAMES

Fort St. James Stages 51
Fraser's Store 17
Hoy's Water Transport 51
L.R. Dickenson 51
Stuart Lake Garage 51
Fort Fraser Hotel 17
Fort Fraser Garage 83
Fraser Lake Sawmills 51
Hotel Annan 85

BURNS LAKE

Burns Lake Cash & Delivery 53
Burns Lake Garage & Hardware 53
Burns Lake Plumbing & El. 20
Carlson Brothers Taxi 98
Lakeshore Lodge 16
Log Cabin Snack Bar 98

Omineca Cafe 99
Radio Service Shop 53
Sheardown's (Burns Lake) Ltd. 55
Shell Service Station 53
S. Anderson & Company 53
Silver Tip Tire Service 53
Tweedsmuir Motors Ltd. 55

HOUSTON
Alcanus Cafe 99
Houston Cash & Carry 15
Houston Meat Market 55
Jan Koning 55
V. Byman (Perow) 97

TELKWA
Bulkley Valley Creameries 55
Bernt Brothers Garage 55
R.S. Sergent 55
Telkwa Garage 55
Telkwa Hotel 57
The Cottonwoods 94

SMITHERS
Bulkley Hotel 72
Bovill Motors 85
Eby's Hardware 57
Hoskin's Garage 57
Hudson Hotel 57
McRae Hotel 10
Muirhead Brothers 60
Nicli The Jeweller 53
Northern Interior Forest Prod. 94
Olson's Furniture 57
R.W. Calderwood 57
Smithers Garage 57
The Princess Shoppe 93
Wall's Taxi 55
Wall Electric 57
Watts & Nickerson 57
Watson's Store 94

HAZELTON
Grandview Hotel 16
Hazelton Hotel 59
Martin's Garage 95
New Hazelton Hotel 57
Triangle Motor Service 57

TERRACE
Corner Snack Bar 59
Johnstone & Michiel 60
Little Haugland & Kerr 59
L.G. Skinner (Copper River) 59
Spencer's Garage 59
Skeena Bridge Auto Camp 94
Terrace Drugs 94
Terrace Electric 59
Terrace Theatre 59

DAWSON CREEK
Alaska Lunch 60
Alaska Highway Nurseries 64
Atkinson's Machine Shop 64
Bissett's Hardware 107
Bluebird Cafe 80
Cameron Garage 107
Dawson Auto Electric 100
Dawson Co-operative Shippers 60
Dawson Creek Motors 78
Dawson Implements 101
Dawson's 5 Cents to $1.00 Store 109
Dew Drop Inn 78
Dudley & Wilson 78
Frontier Lumber Co. 78
Harpers Department Store 62
Jack Patterson's Stores 60
J.D. McEachern 80
Leach Tire & Radiator Service 109
Mitton's Real Estate 59
Northland Iron Works 64
Northern B.C. Agencies 80
Peace River Bakery 62
Rimbey's Real Estate 64
Rimbey Motors 62
Spinney Trucking Service 76
Shop Rite Limited 76
Thompson Electric 80
T. Thompson 64
Union Taxi 78
Hart Hotel (Pouce Coupe) 101

FORT ST. JOHN
Alaska Highway Stages 62
B.C. Cafe 78
Bowes & Heron 109
Carlsonia Theatre 78
C.C. Brooks 62
Condill Hotel 86
Fort St. John Lbr. Co. 80
Fort St. John Furniture Co. 60
Georges Radio Shop 80
H.A. Mason 62
Husky Bowling Alley 80
Ken Dodds Lbr. Yard 60
Larry's Place 60
Lorne Haralson (Guide, Muskwa) 62
Moore Equipment Co. 64
Northern Motors Ltd. 78
Olsen Transport 109
Pomeroy Cafe 64
Pomeroy & Donis Hotels 108
Renie Dhenin 60
T.W. Hargraeves 80

MISCELLANEOUS
Canada Western Greyhound 77
Coast Breweries back cov.
Columbia Paper Co. Ltd. 33
Evinrude Outboards 3
Johnson Sea Horse Outboards 2
Paragon Supplies Ltd 21
P.M. Products (1947) Ltd. 21
Sick's Breweries back cov.
Vancouver Breweries back cov.

EDITORIAL

continued from page 81

policy would merely 'stave off' the day of 'belt-tightening' for the U.S., and add more gold bullion to the pile now under Fort Knox (plus a percentage to Canada on the side). This would be the result —despite the fact that the U.S. is finding out that its reserves of gold are of less value to them than the resources which the gold replaced.

Canada must decide NOW, whether she is to become the economic satellite; the 'grab-bag', providing raw material for our neighbour to the south, so that their top-heavy economy can be maintained, as long as our resources hold out, or whether she will restrict the exploitation of Canada by U.S. capital in order to conserve our resources for future generations of Canadians.

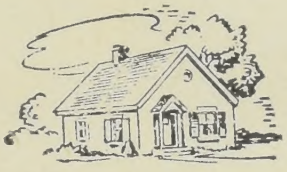
Canada has not yet decided upon her course. Proof of this lies in the fact that the quest for Canadian raw materials by the U.S. is definitely speeding up. Bringing the matter home to northern B.C., we find that the Celanese Corp. of America, a U.S. firm, has agreed (following a guarantee by Minister of Lands Kenney, that sufficient timber for their needs will be put at their disposal,) to build a 15 million dollar pulp mill at Port Edwards. Only by guaranteeing billions of feet of Canadian timber was this corporation 'enticed' into B.C. so that pulp may be manufactured for export to the U.S. for remanufacture into high-priced goods for the maintenance of their export trade and economy.

Admittedly, the spending of 15 million dollars will bring a certain amount of prosperity to the people residing in the district where it is to be spent, but the overall plan is that 'managership' over billions of feet of Canada's resources is being taken away from Canadians and handed over to U.S. interests for all time to come.

Future generations of Canadians can have what is left in the area after the Port Edward Celanese Corporation has first picked out the 'cream of the crop' for its own use. Add to this the rumour that the same corporation is interested in the vast timber reserves north of Summit Lake in the Prince George area (to which local timber operators have been denied access) and then multiply the rumour plus the fact a hundred-fold across Canada and you have a fair idea of what is about to happen to Canada's mineral and timber resources. . . . .

Today Canada and Russia are the two leading 'Have' nations. Let us be sure that 100 years from now we are not a SKIMMED MILK nation due to the shortsightedness of our present day leaders.

H. J. Gardner & Sons Ltd.



- Everything for the Builder -

Donnacona insulation Board, Gyproc wallboard.
All papers & patent roofings, paints & builders hardware.

Brick, Lime, Sash, Doors etc. Our own mills for dimension lumber. Full line of coast finishing and flooring in our warehouses.

Quesnel - Wells - Williams Lake

British Columbia

DONNACONA
INSULATING PRODUCTS

CARIB #4

J.W.Beban
RR#1
Wellington B.C

Sick's Capilano Breweries

Coast Breweries

Vancouver Breweries

Vancouver, British Columbia